STEWART ALSOP REPORTS FROM EUROPE

The Berlin Crisis: Khrushchev's Weakness

The Saturday Evening POST

Dec. 16, 1961 20¢

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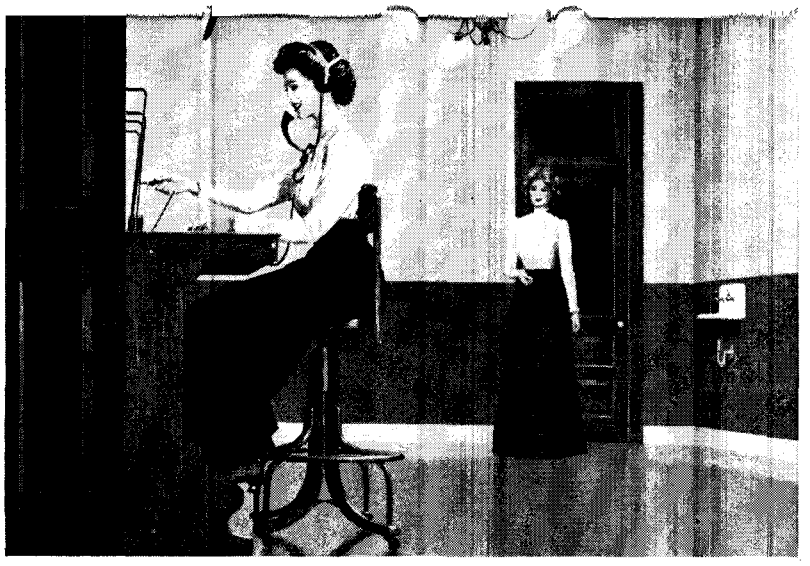

1911 Then, telephone operators wore long dark skirts, white blouses and heavy headsets.

They sat on high stools before long lines of switchboard positions. Most calls were of a simple type, usually in the same town or city.

And *every* call was operator handled.

1961 Today, most local calls and many long distance calls are dialed directly.

But far more operators are needed than before dialing was introduced. Their work is more varied. They assist with such calls as person-to-person, reverse charge, and credit card calls. Others handle special services such as information and calls to mobile telephones.

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25 *million* times a day Americans are assisted by one of these friendly, unseen girls. With modern equipment, which will soon include the pushbutton console shown below, she will continue to give you the finest telephone service in the world.

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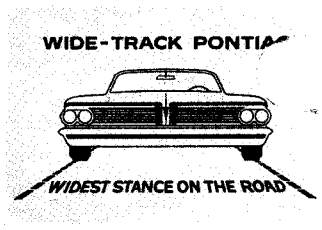

Wide-Track Pontiac *CATALINA • STAR CHIEF • BONNEVILLE • GRAND PRIX*

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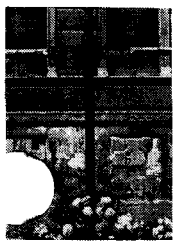
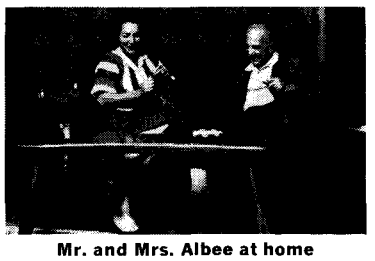


Killed in flight

The Berlin Crisis: Khrushchev's Weakness. Since mid-October Post editor Stewart Alsop has been traveling in Europe to gather material for a series of exclusive reports on the Berlin crisis, its significance in the struggle between Communism and the free world, and the way the West should handle it. From Berlin Alsop flew to Warsaw and then went by automobile to Moscow, where he covered the recent Party Congress. In this article (page 13) he deals with the meaning of the Wall—twenty-five miles of concrete dividing Berlin, whose western sector is "a bone in Khrushchev's throat." Next week Alsop will report on Khrushchev's strength—the "new Soviet man." A third article will evaluate the West's strengths and weaknesses.

Let's Put Women in Their Place. From George Sumner Albee comes a protest against a uniquely American custom. Women, he says, should not be allowed to enter into men's conversations—unless they have been trained by their husbands in the art of talking logically and to the point. Mrs. Albee, her husband tells us, has been successfully trained, as certainly appears to be the case, judging from the evidence in the picture at right of the Albees enjoying each other's conversation. Although author Albee has written twelve short stories for us, this week's "Speaking Out" is his first article in The Post (page 8).



Mr. and Mrs. Albee at home

CLEDWYN HUGHES, whose first Post story appears in this issue, lives with his wife, young daughter Nandi and assorted domestic animals in a blue-and-white farmhouse in the English countryside, where he raises peaches, figs, exotic plants and energetic frogs—the last to keep slugs off the former. Apart from the frogs, there is also a large snow-white cat who adores ice cream and chilled food, and a dirty-white pony who will walk a mile to get his favorite diet of roses in high bloom. At any moment, Mr. Hughes writes us, he expects his small daughter to develop a taste for pâté de foie gras, truffles and caviar. Author Hughes's touching story is ut a little girl who is the best Maypole dancer in her village and who lives in a black-and-white farmhouse ie English countryside ***(How Can We Tell the Dancer From the Dance? page 26).***

Also: Mix a specialist in international affairs, a student of philosophy and a Ph.D. in musicology with one banjo, one guitar and one bass fiddle. Result: that fast-rising trio of folk singers, the Limeliters (Eggheads With a Big Beat, page 32). An eminent astronomer explains the newest theories about how our solar system's planets were created (Adventures of the Mind: The Birth of Worlds, page 54). Laurance Rockefeller: merchant of nature, crusading to provide more national parks for Americans (His Millions for the Big Outdoors, page 79).

The Cover. Put That Old Gang of Mine in the same room with a piano and a pretty girl to play it, and soon The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round. But regard the intrusion of an aspiring Isolde just as the harmony reaches a peak of perfection. She lustily contributes so many decibels that even deaf Beethoven winces at the vibrations. Stormy Weather begins to blow. Our overgrown Alice Blue Gown obviously enjoys belting out a soprano supplement to Sweet Adeline (molto espressivo), although in a style more Wagnerian than barbershop. On the other hand, the disgruntled quartet clearly wishes she would sing "Show Me the Way to Go Home" or get On a Slow Boat to China. Then they could go back to "Ain't We Got Fun?" (con brio).

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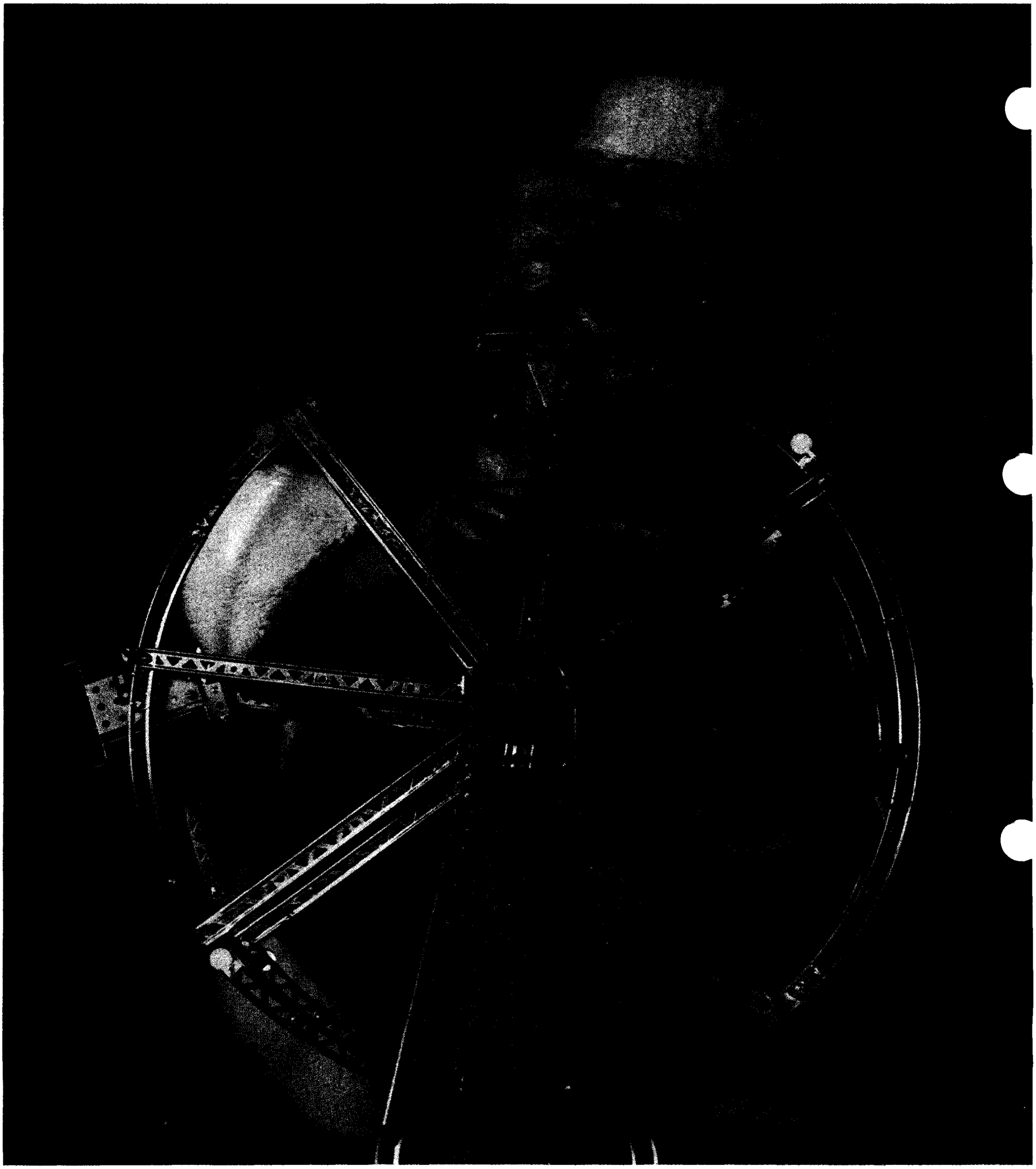

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LETTERS

RETORTS ON RAND

Dear Sirs:

John Kobler certainly launched an undeserved lethal attack on Ayn Rand [THE CURIOUS CULT OF AYN RAND, Nov. 11]. I know nothing about her philosophy except what I derived from her novels, which incidentally I enjoyed immensely, but I have no quarrel with her. I see nothing wrong with her emphasis on personal integrity, self-reliance and courage. It certainly makes more sense than that outworn socialism and collectivism, so dear to the heart of our eloquent liberals.

ANNA MARIE FRYSINGER
Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

As a confirmed Randite, I want to [illegible] that I enjoyed John Kobler's article. [illegible]tever his purpose, Kobler turned [illegible]a fine example of objective—I hope you do not object to the word—journalism, which may arouse further interest in Rand's works. Ayn Rand is the most refreshing antidote to collectivism that has yet appeared.

RICHARD S. MORRISON
Delta, Utah

Dear Sirs:

Why doesn't the Russian-born Ayn Rand peddle her trash in the home of her origin? Sometimes one wonders just

how far freedom of speech and press can be carried.

MRS. J. J. STRAHLER III
Bethlehem, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Ayn Rand's right to preach whatever gospel she so desires is set forth in the U.S. Bill of Rights, a document which many extreme right-wingers would like to forget. However, it is my firm belief that the Bill of Rights, as well as the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence, would be destroyed, if this "new" religion is allowed to take root.

WALLACE W. ROE
Edinburg, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

John Kobler amusingly holds Ayn Rand as he would a pair of soiled socks. And rightly so, for she could easily be [illegible]d offensive.

ELAINE KRUCHTEN
Buffalo, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Author Kobler, despite his research, has obviously missed the point of Ayn Rand's philosophy. Miss Rand is hardly a defender of any faith, and to use such words as "Prophet," "Revelation" and "Gospel" in connection with Objectivism is an unfortunate attempt to be clever. Since Miss Rand's entire philosophical system is predicated upon *reason*, all such usage is inaccurate.

I have never heard Ayn Rand or the Brandens say "accept it because I (or *Atlas Shrugged*) say so." For the cardinal principle of this most magnificent philosophy is to put *nothing* and *no one* before the rational evaluation of one's own mind. Objectivism is not a cult—a word which implies mysticism. It is a *philosophy* for living on earth. There is a world of difference.

JANET K. MERRITT
Trenton, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Ayn Rand is an ornery cuss. Tough, bigoted, mean, selfish, strong, honest, individualistic. In short, much like the people who founded America and made it great.

FRANK C. WORBS JR.
Vanport, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Your article was discussed in our Sunday-school class. We decided that your magazine was not at fault for publishing such an article, for we need to be aware of such people to be better able as Christians to combat such evil.

MRS. CARL PATTERSON
Gadsden, Ala.

NO WELL-ADJUSTEDS?

Dear Sirs:

A thousand "thank yous" to you and April Oursler Armstrong for speaking out. [I DON'T WANT WELL-ADJUSTED CHILDREN, Nov. 11]. My husband and I don't want "well-adjusted" children either, for the very reasons which Mrs. Armstrong's family has expressed so well in their "gospel according to the world."

MRS. ANTHONY J. PALMER
Downey, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It is unfortunate that April Oursler Armstrong did not make a clearer distinction between thoughtful adjustment of personality and automatic conformity to what others think and do. That is the heart of the statement by her father: "You must learn the difference between what's worth fitting yourself to and what's not."

To laud rebellion against social patterns merely for the sake of showing independence only adds to the confusion that now exists in evaluating worthy character. But to encourage constructive individual thought and action, as opposed to settling into a common mold, is a deep responsibility of parents and teachers.

MABEL F. GRAHAM
Asheville, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

If we had a world full of rebels, what would they be rebelling against? This is dramatized in my accelerated high-school class. Everyone is trying so hard to be different that no one stands out; there is nothing to be different from.

MARION MC CONNELL (age 13)
Toronto, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Armstrong captured the spirit of individuality and independent thought without in any way sacrificing reason or good taste. No doubt the beatniks are the result of this overabundance of "civilization," not realizing that in their defiance of conformity they are merely casting themselves in another carbon-copy mold of even lesser intelligence than the one they are trying to break.

SYBIL GILLETTE
Roseburg, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Armstrong presented nothing more than tidbits for confusion. At first glance I happily thought she was a rebel. Then it became apparent she seeks only a return to religious concepts which, although they present a well-established guide for living, do little to encourage individual free thinking. . . . She has used valuable space to say *nothing*. For red-blooded rebellion, I'll take Ayn Rand.

BARBARA FERGUSON
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

We can thank God that it is Mrs. Armstrong who had the seven children rather than that less-than-human Ayn Rand!

RUTH M. CRITTENDEN
Wichita, Kans.

FREE-WHEELING VEGAS

Dear Sirs:

Whatever you paid Peter Wyden for HOW WICKED IS VEGAS? [Nov. 11] was too much. . . . Can you name any cities which have not experienced an increased rate of crime? Can you name any sin that was invented here?

Wyden's article failed to answer his question. Here it is: Las Vegas has the same faults and the same virtues—no more, no less—that are found in Philadelphia, Omaha, Salt Lake City or Portland.

MATTIE GIASSON
Las Vegas, Nev.

Dear Sirs:

The article on Las Vegas should appeal to many who like freedom. Reading it and then following up with the philosophy of Ayn Rand in the same magazine made a very thought-provoking evening. . . . This writer has been in Las Vegas many times, and he is convinced that the state of Nevada is the last stronghold of individual freedom. Gambling, whether it is on the roulette wheel or the mere act of taking out a life insurance policy, is the very epitome of free enterprise in action.

DONALD K. NORDEN
Glendale, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The wickedness of Vegas seemed to draw Mr. Wyden's admiration even more than his disapproval; as a small boy I'll bet he loved pirates. As for Ayn Rand, with her cult of egoism and hatred of altruism, Las Vegas would seem to be a city where she could be queen, since the dollar sign is its symbol as well.

MARJORIE PERRIGO
Northridge, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Must you stoop *so low* as to print that indecent [showgirl] picture that accompanied your Las Vegas article?

MRS. MEL J. NICKS
DePere, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Your article stated that I was "fired" or dismissed as chairman of the Nevada State Gaming Control Board. This is incorrect. Actually, when my term expired last June 30th the governor exercised his prerogative and appointed someone else to succeed me.

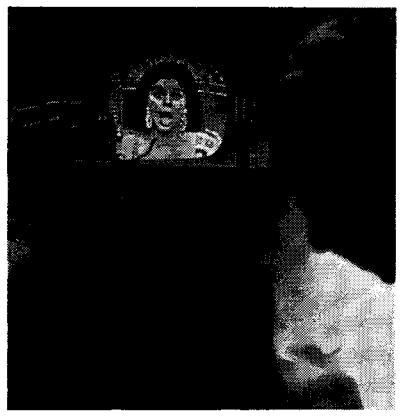
RAY ABBATICCHIO
Carson City, Nev.

PRINCESS RESCUED

Dear Sirs:

In the photograph of the dentist's office [below] at the conclusion of your TELEVISION USA series [by John Bartlow Martin, Oct. 21–Nov. 11] the face on the TV screen is that of my wife, Patricia Blake. She performs a daily story-telling program called *The Princess* on KTTV, Los Angeles.

It seems to me quite unfair to place the picture so it appears by implication



that this is one of the bad shows Mr. Martin is talking about in the article. *The Princess* supposedly is the kind of a program the FCC wants: good taste, simplicity, no violence. . . . She tells her stories mainly through dialogue, playing all the parts herself, changing her voice and manner for each character.

Parents have written by the hundreds to applaud the program. Several P.T.A. groups have endorsed it. Teachers have, on occasion, turned it on in the classroom. Reviews have been favorable without exception.

MILTON BLAKE
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The Princess presents the most tasteful and delightful children's program on television in Los Angeles. . . . It's such a relief having a refreshing children's show available to my family that I feel terrible you rewarded the girl with such an insult. If you had shown a picture showing her as beautiful as she really is [below] you would have pleased my

family and I'm sure many other families who read your magazine.

MRS. R. F. PETIT
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

If all children's shows were in as good taste as hers, there wouldn't be any need for articles such as your TELEVISION USA. Shame on you.

MRS. GLENN CANNON
Daly City, Calif.

● *We were misled by the Princess's expression into believing the patient was seeing a horror show. We're happy to show how beautiful Mrs. Blake is.—ED.*

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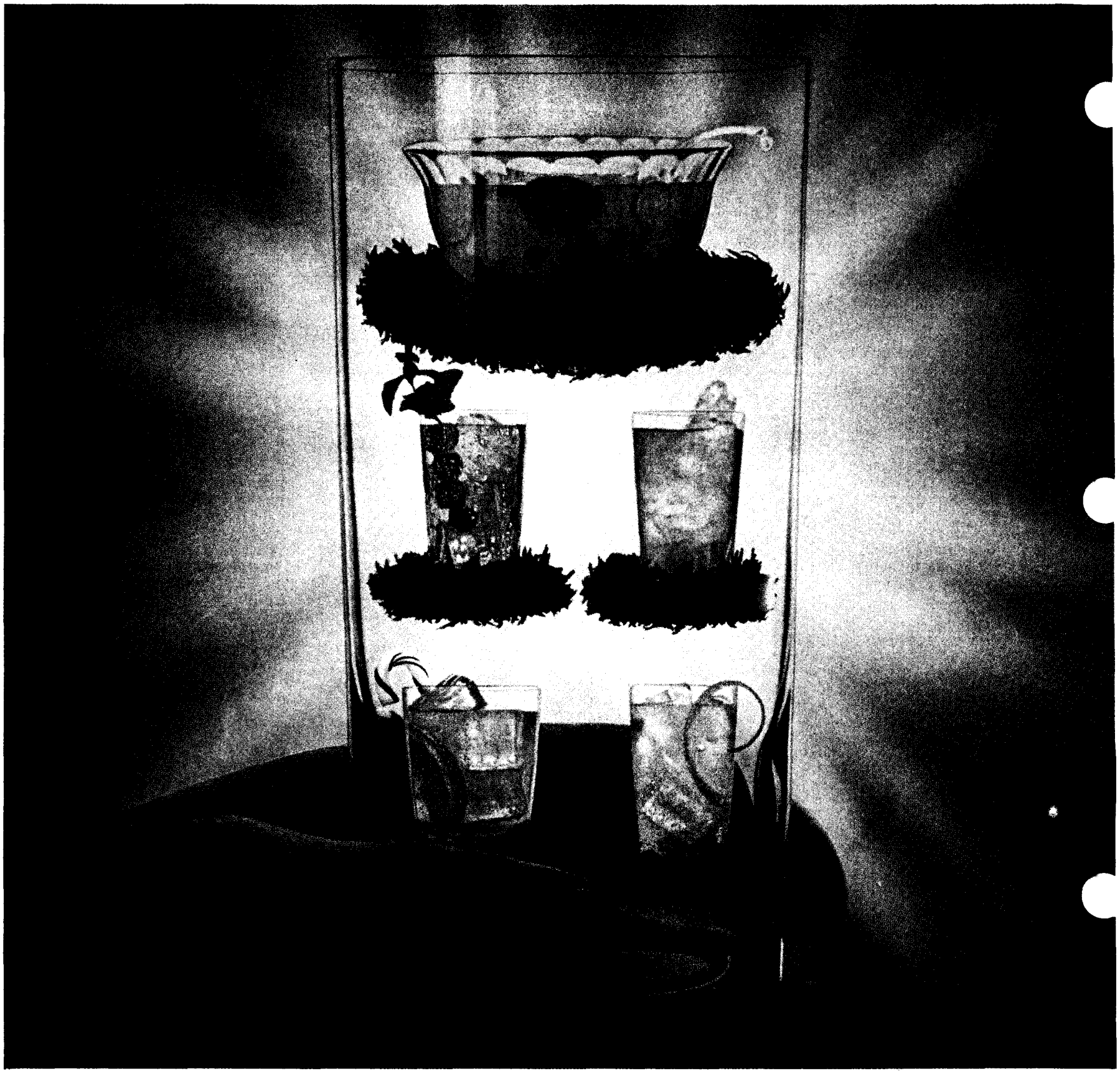

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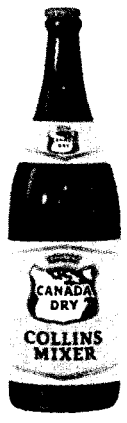
GLACIER HIGHBALL. Pack tall glass and pointed paper cone with shaved ice. Invert cone on ice in glass, leaving cone-shaped "glacier". Add a jigger of Scotch whisky, fill with lively Canada Dry Club Soda.

KRIS KRINGLE PUNCH

28 oz. bottle Canada Dry Ginger Ale
28 oz. bottle Canada Dry Club Soda
28 oz. bottle Canada Dry Grapefruit
28 oz. bottle Canada Dry Hi-Spot Lemon
¼ cup sugar
1 small jar (8 oz.) maraschino cherries
Citrus fruit slices
Optional: add your favorite liquor to taste
(GIN, RUM, WHISKEY, OR VODKA)

Pour ice cold Ginger Ale, Club Soda, Grapefruit, and Hi-Spot over ice in large punch bowl. Add sugar, cherries and fruit slices. Liquor if desired. Stir gently till sugar dissolves. Makes about 30 punch cup servings.



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CHRISTMAS SPARKLER. For a bright new drink, fill tall glass with cracked ice. Add 5 dashes of bitters, 2 oz. whiskey, gin or rum. Fill with sparkling Canada Dry Grapefruit, add lemon spiral, stir.

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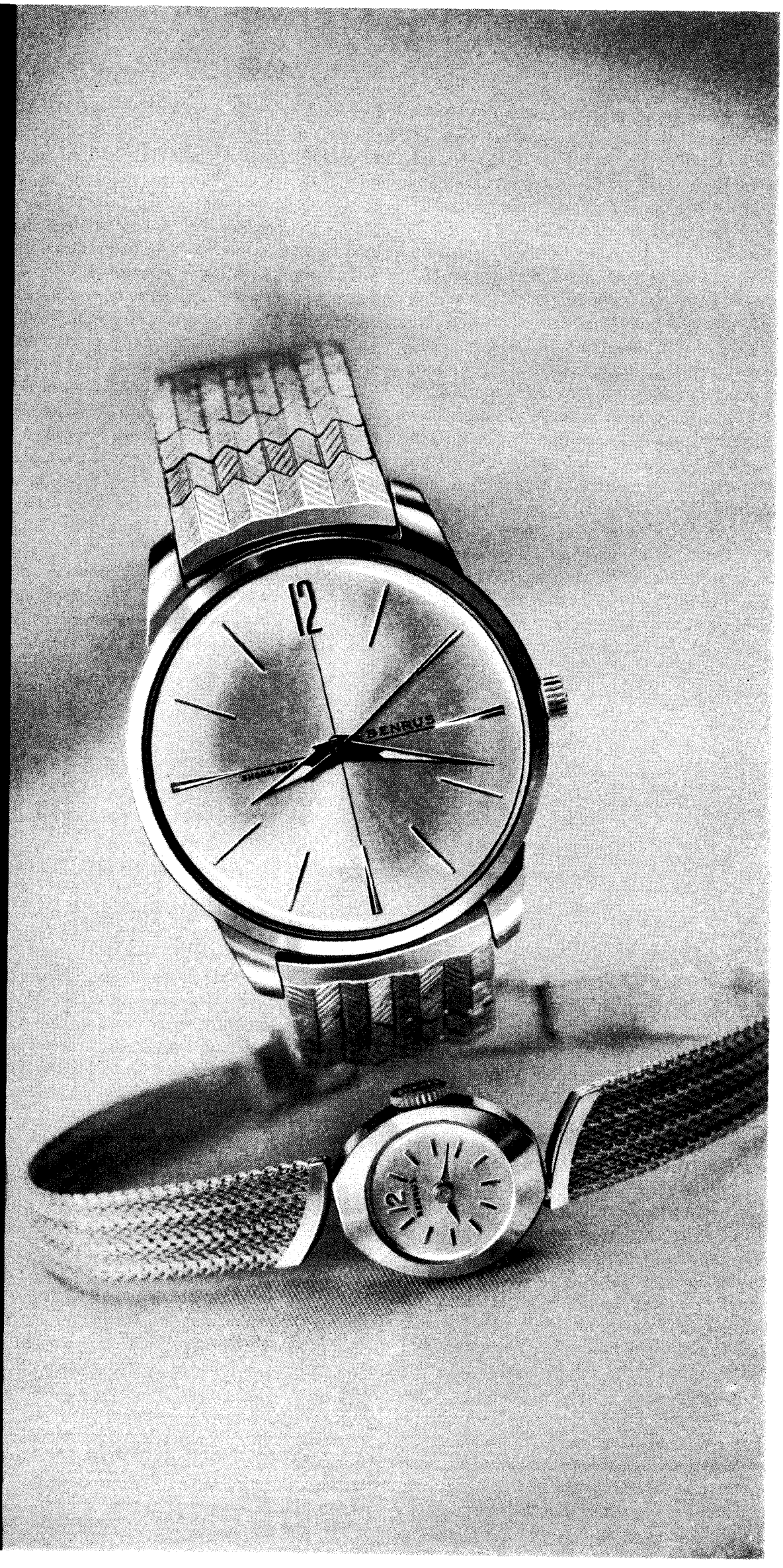

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SPEAK!NG OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

BY GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

In every country of the world, with one exception, women are banished whenever men sit down to talk. The exception is the United States. Here we let women enter into the conversation. It is the worst mistake man has made since he invented the automobile.

Separation of the sexes is rigidly enforced elsewhere for the good reason that women historically have shown themselves to be incapable of conversing in a civilized, rational manner. At the close of a formal dinner in England, when the port is passed, the ladies go to another room, the door of which is firmly closed by a butler. In the Congo the gentlemen retire to their palm-walled club, making it clear that any female who follows will be flayed and tossed to the crocodiles. Why are we men in the United States the only ones who fail to take this simple precaution to protect our digestion—for there can be no doubt that female conversation is responsible for the prevalence of ulcers here. The president of the Havana Skindivers' Club once told me he thought it was because we drank milk shakes instead of brandy, but he may be wrong.

Probably, I think, our soft attitude is explained by the fact that we granted women the right to vote a couple of generations back. As long as they had the vote, we said to ourselves, they might as well discuss public affairs with us; it might keep them from ruining the country when they stepped into the voting booth. Also, we had a sneaking admiration for the game fight the suffragettes had made. We are generous fellows. Noble, even. Yes, I think we can call ourselves noble without fear of contradiction. But has our generosity, our humanity, our sense of fair play, our nobility been rewarded? You know the answer. Not only have the little fools consistently voted for the candidate with the curly hair, but from the moment we let them out of the kitchen they have made our social evenings positively and painfully hideous.

Any man—even a moron, even an egomaniac—observes certain unwritten rules of conversation. He does not hold the floor too long, lest he make a bore of himself. He does not preach. He does not shout. He does not emote for fear other men will begin to wonder if he secretly tries on earrings. Contradicted, he does not call his opponent a liar, because he does not want a bruised lip. A conversation in a mixed group of men—college professors mixed with oil riggers, for example—goes off smoothly and pleasantly. But a mixed conversation between men and women never gets off the ground. For years I believed sincerely that every one of my friends had married an imbecile. I grieved for them. Only gradually did it dawn on me that the law of probability was against my theory and that the wives were not feeble-minded, but merely women. The next step was to ask myself why they behaved as they did. As a contribution to public welfare, I set myself the task of studying them. I took notes. And I found, as no doubt you yourself have found, that female conversationalists fall into regular classifications:

1. *The Compulsive Talker, or Cottonmouth (Southern).* This is a woman whose education was limited to a finishing school, so-called because it finishes her husband. She was taught it is a social sin to let a conversation lag. Thus, when you are discussing power lawn mowers with your neighbor Bill in the living room after dinner, and Bill pauses to scratch his nose, The Cottonmouth steps in with a fascinating anecdote about her cousins in Richmond. This merges, without seam or weld, into a list of names of the people her cousins have married throughout North Carolina, South Carolina and other locations in the South.

2. *The Compulsive Talker, or Blabbermouth (Northern; Western).* The wife of your old friend Stanley went to college with Stanley. She did not get the education there that Stanley got, because she is a melonhead, but she thinks she did. Let a world-famed physicist start explaining the fourth dimension in terms that make sense to you, something you have wanted somebody to do for years, and Stanley's intellectual wife, eyes sparkling with quite unmerited self-confidence, chimes in with: "But does Heffner agree?" (Heffner is a veterinarian whose name she saw in the morning newspaper.) She then asks the guest of honor if he can tell her why suds spill out of her washing machine.

3. *The Frustrated Actress.* This dismal, dreary creature takes a chair near a large wall mirror, so that she can snitch sidelong glances at herself while she talks. She will say anything, absolutely anything, whether or not it connects with the subject at hand, because she is interested not in the conversation but in the beauty of her lips, her bosom, her diction and the impression she thinks she is making. I have actually seen a Frustrated Actress slide off a chair, hypnotized by her own interminable monologue.

4. *The Associative Leaper.* This doll has no idea at all what the conversation is about. To her it is just an endless roll of words like the roll in a Teletype machine. On the half hour, however, she catches a one-syllable noun that means something to her, at which point she lands in the talk like a broad jumper hitting a sawdust pit. Suppose, for example, that you have just concluded a profound analysis of the career of General MacArthur by saying, "Part of his authority came from the jaunty angle of his cap." The Associative Leaper catches the word "cap." She knows what a cap is. It is not abstract. It is tangible. A cap is a head covering made of cloth, with a visor. "Doris Westerhall was wearing a cap on the golf course this morning," she exclaims, and for the next five minutes you get caps. For the next twenty minutes, in fact, because every woman in the room loyally pitches in and makes ridiculous comments that help The Associative Leaper make a fool of herself.

5. *The Primitive.* The mark of The Primitive, the world over, is that he is aware only of himself. Admittedly some men are primitives. But for every man who regards himself as God's sole creation, ten women do. *No* conversation is possible with The Primitive in the room. No matter what you say, she takes it personally. Mention automobile accidents, and she says, "I'll have you know I'm a careful driver." Speak of alcoholism, and she bleats indignantly, "I've never been drunk in my life." Before the evening is over, The Primitive is in tears or fury, one or the other. She tells her husband you have insulted her and urges him to punch you.

6. *The Pedant.* The Pedant is related to The Primitive. To some extent The Primitive is what she is because she hasn't much imagination, but The Pedant has no imagination at all. Her

Satirist Albee is the author of five novels and more than 100 short stories. In fourteen years of marriage, he says, he and his wife have never quarreled; they live, appropriately, in Accord, N.Y.

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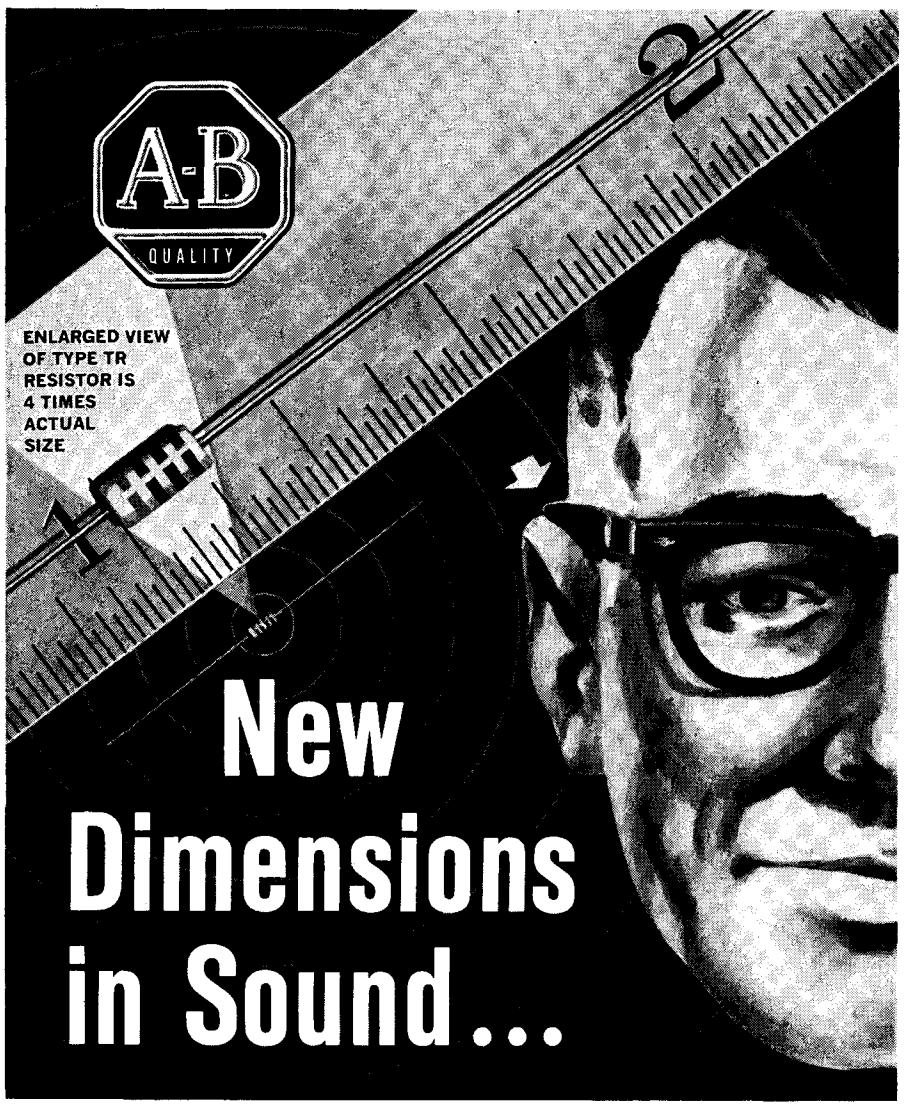

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SPEAKING OUT

husband Charley was widely known in his bachelor days as a great storyteller. Now, though, when Charley is asked to tell a story, he responds with the sad, heartbreaking gaze of a basset hound and murmurs that he hasn't heard any good ones lately. Just let him start one! "It seems this fellow Joe was driving along in his Edsel ——" he begins. This is as far as he ever gets. "Why do you say his name was Joe?" demands The Pedant. "The way Harry Davis told it—the Davises are our new neighbors; Mr. Davis is in the pickle business—the man's name was Moe. And it wasn't an Edsel it was just a car." This conversation murderer, who was a file clerk when Charley married her and who ought to have been permitted to remain one, also feels that she is divinely appointed to suppress any exaggeration, no matter how slight. "Now, are you *sure?*" she demands. "What is your authority for that statement?" Everybody, to The Pedant's way of thinking, should come to dinner in a bookmobile. Everybody, that is, but herself. Her facts are correct because they are hers.

7. *The Public Defender.* This woman had an Aunt Ada of whom people said, "I've never heard her speak an unkind word about a living soul." Aunt Ada spent her life in her bedroom sucking away at a bottle of Ladies' Tonic that was 50 per cent alcohol and 10 per cent laudanum. Aunt Ada was so loopy that she didn't give a whoop if the human race blew inside-out like an umbrella; that's why Aunt Ada never said an unkind word. Her niece, The Public Defender, is trying for the same obituary. Thus, when you enter into conversation with her, you may use only superlatives. Everything is marvelous. You can't even criticize a lousy movie. If you do, The Public Defender gulps, touches her eyes with a lace hanky and murmurs that she is sure Frankie Sinatra is sweet to his mother.

I could go on. Many an evening of talk has been spoiled by The Woman with a Cause, The Woman who can Hold Her Liquor, The Woman Who —— But you will be able to supply examples from your own horrible experience. The women I have profiled are the main offenders. Do they have a common denominator? Yes, they do. It is lack of discipline.

Since Cro-Magnon days we men have disciplined ourselves. We have had to. The archer who missed the sabertooth tiger got clawed. The engineer who fumbles his math sees his bridge fall. But women, their propaganda to the contrary notwithstanding, have had an easier time of it. They don't really need to remember to feed the baby at two A.M. The baby wakes, howls and reminds them. If they read "tablespoon" for "teaspoon" in the cookbook, who gets hurt but daddy? Women turn an evening of conversation into a jabbering nightmare for the reason that conversation is a discipline and they do not know it.

In my opinion, this faces us with two alternatives.

The first is to bow to the experience of older and wiser nations, scrap our brief and unhappy attempt to treat the little beasts as our equals and, when we sit down to communicate with one another, banish all wives, daughters and sweethearts to a separate room in which they can yammer their addled heads off without causing us to ask our host where he keeps the aspirin. Too cruel, you say? What they are doing to us is cruel, isn't it?

The only other thing we can do is try to teach them the rules. Like filling an inside straight, this is going to be a triumph of hope over experience, but we can have a go at it.

For a starter, we must agree, as of today, to withdraw our women from circulation. They will yell, but we can explain that it is a temporary measure for their own good. ("I just can't bear to have people feeling sorry for you," is a good line to use.) Next we must order them to go to night school and enroll in a course in elementary logic. Theoretically a course in algebra would serve the same purpose, but in practice this does not work out. My own wife, for instance, asked the professor, "But why do you *care* what *x* is?" Logic is better. Your wife won't understand it any better than mine did, but at least she will learn it exists, and this is the lesson we wish to drive home. Another good idea is to introduce your babe to women who do have disciplined minds, such as women doctors, attorneys and technicians. She will loathe them, but some of their discipline may rub off on her nevertheless.

Take her to court trials. Take her to visit a chemical laboratory. Invite her to play poker, for sizable stakes, *with her own money*. Play Bach to her. Read her a bit of Kant, showing her how he extrudes one idea from another. From time to time, hit her.

True, all of this assumes that you have a wife of normal intelligence, and this is a preposterous assumption; but if you do, and if you are patient, lucky and above all firm, in a year's time you may find you have a chastened, thoughtful, well-mannered, reticent woman who can actually join in a conversation without destroying it. Don't rush things. Take her out for a trial run. If she breaks her conversational trot, if she lunges into her old gallop, check her promptly. "How would you like a rap on the mouth?" is a query that startles the sturdiest woman. Another good method is to remark, "You sound like Emily Hawkins"—Emily Hawkins being the one she despises above all others. Gently does it. One trial evening, or two or three, with playbacks when you are at home, and you will be the possessor of a rare gem, a woman capable of rational speech.

We can grant newlywed husband grace period of, say, two years. They don't yet know what they have married. But for the rest of us, who do know, let the slogan be "Action Now!"

THE END

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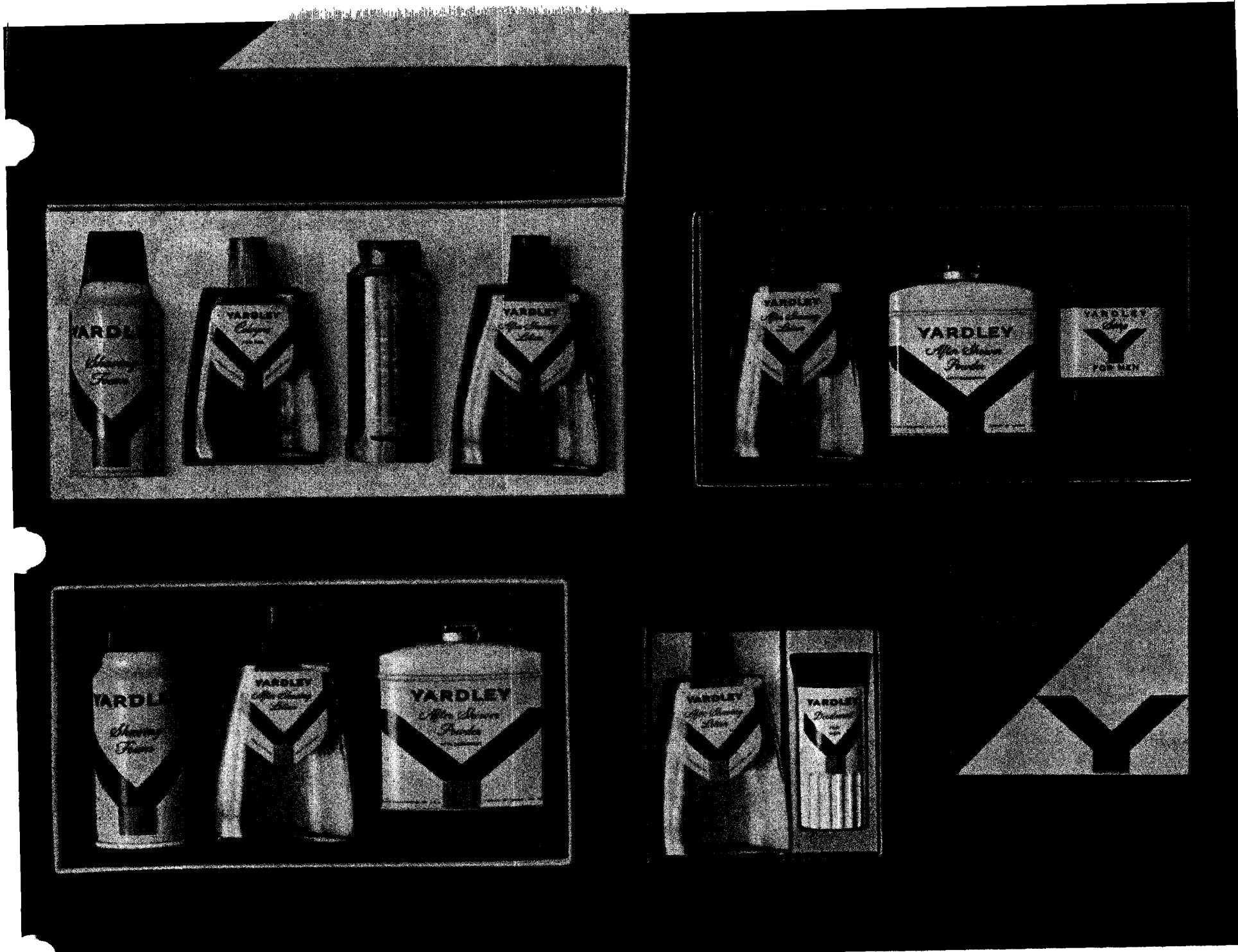

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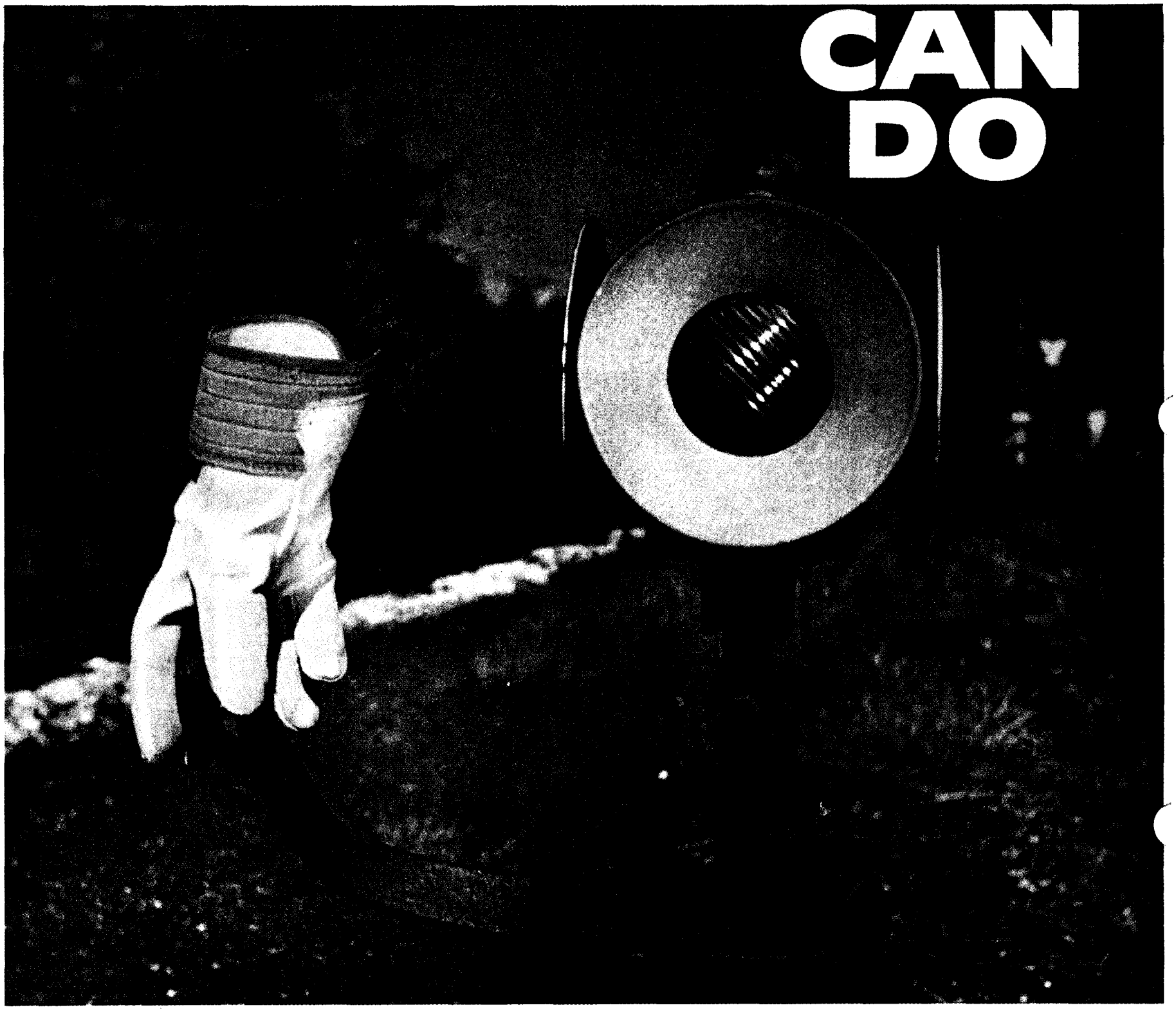

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The Berlin Crisis:
KHRUSHCHEV'S WEAKNESS

Does Russia fear its own uneasy satellites too much to risk war? A *Post* editor reports from the scene.

BY STEWART ALSOP

"Our position here is a lot stronger than most people realize. And I'm sure of one thing: If we are firm, and if at the same time we don't push the other side into a corner, West Berlin will stay free, and we will not have a war." The speaker was Gen. Lucius Clay. The occasion was a talk I had in Berlin with General Clay during a recent journey of inquiry which started in Belgrade, and which led to Moscow, via Vienna, West and East Berlin, Warsaw and Minsk. The purpose of the trip was to try to form some sort of sensible estimate of the strengths and the weaknesses of the other side—the Communist side—in the great world crisis which is now reaching its height, and which centers on Berlin.

Lucius Clay lives up to his first name. With his craggy nose, firm jaw and hooded eyes, he looks every inch a noble Roman. When I first met him in Berlin almost thirteen years ago, he was a sort of Cold War Horatius at the Bridge—more than any other man, he was responsible for defeating Joseph Stalin's attempt to starve Berlin into submission by blockade. Clay is now, of course, back at the old stand, as President Kennedy's personal representative in a Berlin faced with another, perhaps greater threat.

During that first Berlin blockade a lot of people, including a lot of Russians, learned that Lucius Clay's words are not to be taken lightly, especially when he gets a certain look in those hooded eyes and a certain tone in his voice. When he said the words quoted above, his eyes had that look and his voice that tone. And yet what he said was, when you think about it, a most remarkable thing to say.

For West Berlin is totally indefensible. In this sense Clay himself, like the corporal's guard of Allied troops in the city, is a hostage to the twenty or more Russian armored divisions which wholly surround Berlin. Moreover, when Clay spoke, Nikita Khrushchev was almost daily threatening to use his nuclear arsenal to obliterate "aggressors" and "revanchists" who might oppose his "Berlin solution." Yet here was Clay warning against ushing the other side into a corner."

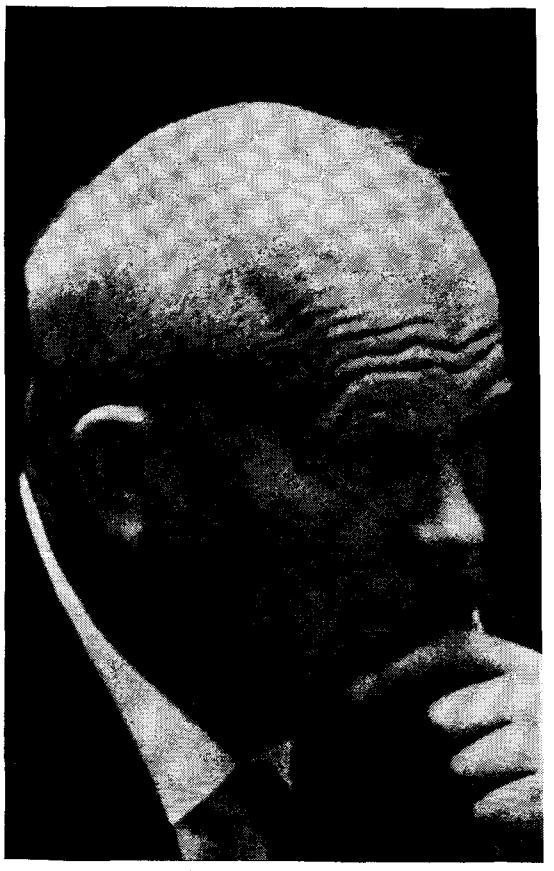
Now that my journey through the eastern half of Europe is ended—this report is being written from London—I think I understand what Lucius Clay meant. For one simple fact strikes you again and again in Eastern Europe. In the current crisis, the Soviets are leading from what would seem to *us*, if we were in their shoes, intolerable weakness.

In terms of brute power, it is quite true that Khrushchev, as he has boasted, holds all Western Europe as a "hostage" to his will. Khrushchev also has other sources of strength, which strike you very forcibly as soon as you cross the border into the Soviet Union and which will be the subject of a second report in *The Saturday Evening Post*. But although it is important not to underestimate the power of your antagonist, it is just as important to understand his weaknesses. And Khrushchev's weaknesses are entirely real.

Khrushchev's essential weakness is suggested by a toast which a young Pole drank at a rather tipsy party in Warsaw. With an American friend, I had wandered into a sort of combined dance hall and restaurant. We soon found ourselves drinking vodka with a group of students—tousle-haired, amiably cockeyed young men. One of the students spoke French—he was being trained for work in the Ministry of Foreign Trade—and he was delighted to practice his French on me, the more so, perhaps, because his French was far better than mine.

Things were getting harder all the time, he said, and he made the universal Eastern European motion for repression, the thumb of the right hand pressed down on the palm of the left. He himself had been denounced to the Central Committee when a French girl Communist had asked him whether there were many good Communists in Poland, and he had told her that there were "hardly any." But the Poles were very tough people, he said, and they would never go back to the old Stalinist ways—when even a brave man could not dare to speak his mind. The Poles would die first. As we were about to leave, he raised his glass, and loudly drank a toast to "*la Liberté, la chose la plus importante.*" He repeated his words in Polish to the other students, and we all stood up and solemnly drank to "Freedom, the most important thing."

The word meant a lot to those Polish boys, because they knew what it was like to be without it. Perhaps because we have never been without it, and perhaps also because it has so often been misused in blathering political speeches, the word has lost a good deal of meaning for Americans. It has come to sound a bit



Mr. K., Russia's belligerent porcupine, would convince the free world that it needs Communism.

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"WALL OF DEATH THROUGH THE CITY"

fatuous to say that freedom is our great central asset in our struggle with the Communist side of the world. And yet it happens to be true. And it is because it is true that the Soviets are in certain vital ways leading from weakness in the great crisis which they themselves have forced upon the world.

The best place to grasp the real nature of the Soviet weakness is in Berlin itself. Let us therefore do a quick Cook's tour of Berlin, starting in West Berlin at the Marienfelde refugee camp, moving on to the Wall through the heart of Berlin which the Communists built last August thirteenth, and then passing on through the Wall into Communist East Berlin.

In the last ten years I have often visited Marienfelde, the big, rather gloomy block of flats in West Berlin where the refugees from Communist Germany are sorted out and assigned to jobs in West Germany. To tell the truth, I have gone back to Marienfelde rather more often than was strictly necessary. There is—at least there used to be—something wonderfully reassuring about the place to anyone who believes in freedom and sometimes doubts that it will survive. Until last August thirteenth Marienfelde was always full of people—mostly young—who had escaped from Communism through West Berlin, leaving behind them everything but the clothes on their backs.

Month after month they came, until the total reached into the millions. Marienfelde in those days was a living monument to the magnetism of freedom—not the shopworn word of the political speeches, but simply the natural desire of most people to live their own lives in their own way. This is why, like a good many other people, I used to go back often to Marienfelde, like a thirsty man to a spring.

Now the spring is dry. Only a few months ago more than a thousand newly arrived refugees from Communism were crowding into the big, bare waiting rooms every day. Now the waiting rooms are almost empty, and Marienfelde is a sad place. A trickle still continues, to be sure. When I was there, I talked with an elderly, still frightened couple, who had escaped by hiding for hours under the seat of a truck that a friend with a pass had driven past the Soviet check point into West Berlin. And there were about a dozen young men who had somehow made their way over from East Berlin the night before. I asked one of them how he did it, and he replied curtly, "I am not permitted to say."

The reason why Marienfelde is so sad and empty a place these days is, of course, the Wall. (Berliners always refer to it thus, in almost audible capitals). By the same token, Marienfelde is also the reason for the Wall. Marienfelde forced the Communists to build the Wall.

It is plain nonsense to suggest, as some American reporters have suggested, that the building of the Wall was a triumph for the Communists. For at least two years, as the flood of desperate people escaping from his rule mounted, Khrushchev's puppet, German Communist boss Walter Ulbricht, had been urging his master to let him hem them in. Khrushchev had always held back. Finally, at a secret meeting of Communist leaders in early August, Poland's Wladyslaw Gomulka persuaded Khrushchev to let Ulbricht build his Wall.

Gomulka's interest is obvious—as a Pole he wants above all to make sure that the division of Germany is permanent. But the reason for Khrushchev's hesitation is equally obvious. The simple existence of the Wall is the most striking evidence since the war—except perhaps for the Hungarian revolt—of the abysmal human failure of the Communist system. It is proof of the rottenness of Ulbricht's Communist regime, maintained in power only by Russian divisions. It is thus a concrete and barbed-wire symbol, twenty-five miles long, of the essential weakness of Khrushchev's position.

The Wall itself is one of those things that really do have to be seen to be believed. You are driving through a rather ordinary big-city street, when suddenly there it is right in front of you, eight to ten feet high, built of concrete blocks, topped by barbed wire already rusty, guarded every few feet by green-uniformed "Vopos," the "People's Police." There it is, an inherently incredible thing, a wall of death through the heart of a great city.

I remember certain small things from my visits to the Wall. I remember, for example, the way the Vopos would duck behind a pillar, or pull their caps down over their faces, when *Post* photographer Burt Glinn aimed a camera at them. I asked a West Berliner why they did this. "They fear a time of revenge," he said. "Also, they are ashamed."

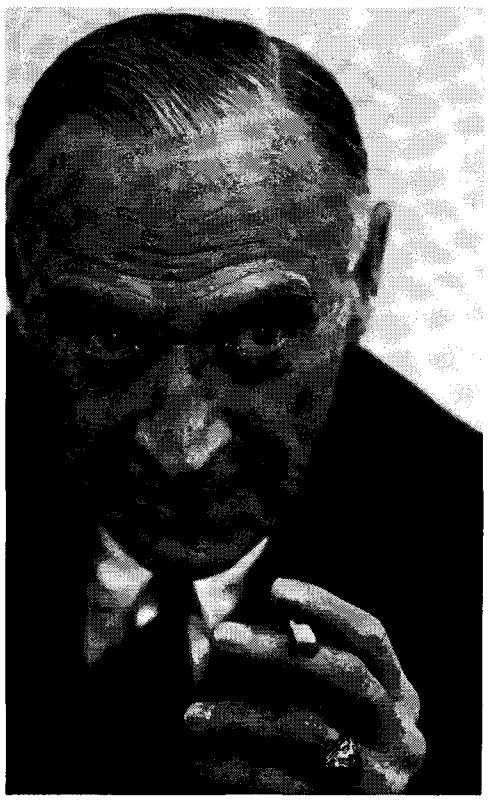
Indeed, there is something shameful about the Wall—it is in its way as much a disgrace to the human race as Hitler's concentration camps. It represents a multiple human tragedy, for it cuts in two not only a great city but also millions of friendships and families. All along the Wall, West Berliners gather in silent clusters, some of them with stepladders and binoculars, to look for family or friends on the other side. I remember one young man on a stepladder, binoculars in his hands, who had, I think, the saddest face I have ever seen. He had stopped looking, and he was simply staring blankly at the Wall. I suppose he had lost a wife on the other side, or a girl he loved.

I remember also the odd symbolism of the church on the Bernauerstrasse. The Bernauerstrasse was known as the "street of jumpers," since many people in the early days jumped out of apartment buildings in East Berlin into the West Berlin street below. Most of the apartment buildings on the Eastern side of the Bernauerstrasse have been sealed up or torn down, and the church is also scheduled for destruction. It will be no great architectural loss. The church was built in Victorian style of hideous red brick. On its façade was a statue of Christ. A little to one side of the statue, on a raised wooden platform, was a Vopo with a Tommy gun, staring out at the crowd of silent West Berliners, his face expressionless Below, in a glass box on a pillar of the church, which formed part of the Wall, was the still-intact text for a sermon: AND YET WE ARE ALL BROTHERS.

The text suggests the heart of Khrushchev's weakness. For Khrushchev must reckon with our common humanity; and although the Communist system is certainly proficient in building missiles or mass armies or the other elements of national power, it has never dealt really successfully with human beings. The inherent conflict between the "science of Marxism-Leninism" and the realities of human nature is the reason for Marienfelde and the reason for the Wall. The conflict is instantly evident to the eyes and the ears when you pass through the Wall at the Friedrichstrasse control point into Communist East Berlin on the other side.

I had been to East Berlin a good many times before, and the curious atmosphere of the place, which is also the atmosphere of Communism, was depressingly familiar—the sad shabbiness of the rubble-strewn side streets; the hideous Russian-style architecture in Stalinallee (since renamed Karl-Marx-Allee); the terrible earnest dullness, as depressing as a dusty rubber plant, which is the mark of Communism everywhere; and the special smell of unfreedom. But there were differences also.

People seemed better dressed and better fed than I remembered from my last trip. This appearance of a higher standard of living is not deceptive—it is borne out



America's man in Berlin: Gen. Lucius Clay, veteran of the 1948 Berlin Blockade, is now back at the old stand as the President's personal representative on the Western side of the Communist Wall.

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Marienfelde refugee camp: A lone child testifies to the success of the Wall that now prevents escape to the West.

Photographs by Burt Glinn

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"AND YET . . . WE ARE ALL BROTHERS"

by the statistics. And this makes all the more astonishing the phenomenon of last summer's mass exodus, which caused the Wall to be built. For the impulse behind the exodus was not food, but freedom.

There was another difference. The people in East Berlin now talk more openly—and with more bitterness—than any I have encountered in trips to eight Communist countries. Obviously nothing should be written to identify the speakers, but the following remarks I jotted down in my notebook give the flavor:

"There is now a great anger here. It is a terrible thing that Ulbricht has done to us, to cut our city in two, so that a man cannot see his own sister or his sweetheart on the other side."

"These are bad people, but now they have my son, only six years old, and what can I do?"

On seeing a group of *Frei Deutsch Jugend,* or Communist Youth: "*Frei Deutsch Jugend,* Hitler *Jugend,* all the same thing."

"Yes, there is great anger, but it is without hope, as in Hungary."

"Why are there no night clubs? Because the Communists do not believe in pleasure and do not permit it." (This from a dark-haired young man who obviously believed strongly in pleasure.)

"Ulbricht—all the people hate the fat pig, and he knows it."

"Ulbricht is big, fat, gross (this with many gestures), and when it is hot he sweats and stinks. Always he is surrounded by many Vopos, but he is afraid of them too, and they must be without pistols and stay twelve meters away from him."

First Secretary Ulbricht—the man who runs East Germany, the man who raised the Wall that kills and silences, the Red puppet who drills Communist discipline into his subjects. He may well be the most hated man in the world.

The hatred of Ulbricht, which is curiously personal, is almost tangible—he may well be the most hated man in the world today. The hatred of course derives from the feeling among East Germans that Ulbricht has tricked them, trapping them behind his Wall. Before the Wall was built, when escape was easy, the people had a certain bargaining power against the regime—if life was made intolerable, they could escape. Now they have no bargaining power left.

All over East Germany the screws are being tightened, and the "voluntary work camps" are filled to bursting with "unreliables." Various means are used to put the finger on the "unreliables." For example, tape recordings of the station signals of West Berlin and West German radio stations are played before classes of five- and six-year-old children, and the teacher makes a game of identifying the signals. The parents of the children who win the game by identifying the signals are in for trouble.

The plain fact is that, from Ulbricht's rather special point of view, the Wall *had* to be built. As long as there was an escape hatch in West Berlin, it was impossible for Ulbricht to establish the kind of merciless discipline which the Communist system by its very nature requires. At the Twenty-second Party Congress in Moscow in October, Communism's "collective experience in the remolding of the lives of millions of people" was much hailed. The trouble is that people remain stubbornly human, and millions of them don't want their lives "remolded," however much they may be assured it is for their own good. This was why the Wall had to be built.

While the Wall was being built, a "death strip" two miles or more in depth was also being built around the borders of East Germany. The purpose of the death strip was the same as that of the Wall. It was, as one East Berliner said, to "kill hope." In other words, the people of East Germany, like the people of the satellite countries, had to be convinced that they were trapped for good and that they might just as well submit to the process of being "remolded."

To "kill hope" all over Eastern Europe by forcing the West to recognize the Soviet empire in Europe as legitimate, permanent and unchallengeable is, indeed, Khrushchev's ultimate objective in the Berlin crisis which he has generated. But even despite the Wall, hope cannot quite be killed as long as West Berlin remains free, its freedom guaranteed by Western troops. This is why, as Khrushchev has said, West Berlin is a "bone in his throat." This is also why Khrushchev's immediate objective in Berlin is to force the West to grant to his puppet Ulbricht control over the movement of people into and out of West Berlin.

Ulbricht says, with seeming sweet reason, that he would use this power only to exclude "fascists, revanchists and peace-endangerers." This is, of course, as pointed out in a recent Washington report on the Berlin crisis [WASHINGTON VIEWS BERLIN, *The Saturday Evening Post*, October 21, 1961], a formula for turning West Berlin into a mush, as a prelude to its full Communization. And this in turn is why, as Mayor Willy Brandt told me in Berlin, "one uncontrolled means of access into and out of West Berlin is absolutely essential."

Personal experiences have a way of making generalized phrases like "uncontrolled means of access" more vivid and real. I understood better what Mayor Brandt was talking about after I had been hauled off a train in East Germany by the Communist Police.

Burt Glinn and I had joined Tom Braden, publisher of a West Coast newspaper, and Rowland Evans Jr., of the New York *Herald Tribune*, on an overnight train from West Berlin to Warsaw. We had been assured that, with valid visas to Poland, we would have no trouble in Communist Germany. This turned out to be a bum steer.

Shortly before midnight there was a sharp rap on the door, and there stood a stern-faced *oberleutnant* of the Communist police. He wore rimless glasses, which magnified his eyes, and I remarked nervously to Braden that they looked like totalitarian eyes. We pretended incomprehension when he kept repeating "*Ausgang, Frankfort am Oder,*" but he knew very well that we knew very well what he meant. So there we were, a few minutes later, clustered around a big pile of luggage on the station platform a few miles from the Polish border.

On the platform we played our last trump. We were an important delegation on our way to Moscow for the Twenty-second Congress, we said, and we also had many important appointments in Warsaw. The *oberleutnant* was visibly shaken. He would have to seek guidance from Berlin—perhaps we could proceed to Warsaw on the next train. Meanwhile we were to await our fate in the Red Cross hut on the station platform.

In my reporting travels, I have discovered the rule of the "Unexpectedness of Experiences." Take this experience of being hauled off a train and incarcerated by German Communists. In some ways it lived up to the script. The *oberleutnant*, for example, was brilliantly cast for his role—Prussian in bearing, in manner the inflexible Communist bureaucrat. But who would have expected Sister Emmy and Sister Juliana?

We met Sister Emmy and Sister Juliana in the Red Cross hut, a tiny room with a loud-ticking clock and a sort of shrine to Comrade Ulbricht. Sister Emmy—all international Red Cross women have the title "Sister" in Germany—was short, stout and voluble, and she had the face of a benevolent owl. Sister Juliana was tall, rawboned and shy. Neither knew a word of English, and we knew very little German, but soon we were dear friends. Sister Emmy bustled about, made us tea and gave us the guest book to sign. Who would have expected to be asked to sign a guest book after being apprehended by Communist police?

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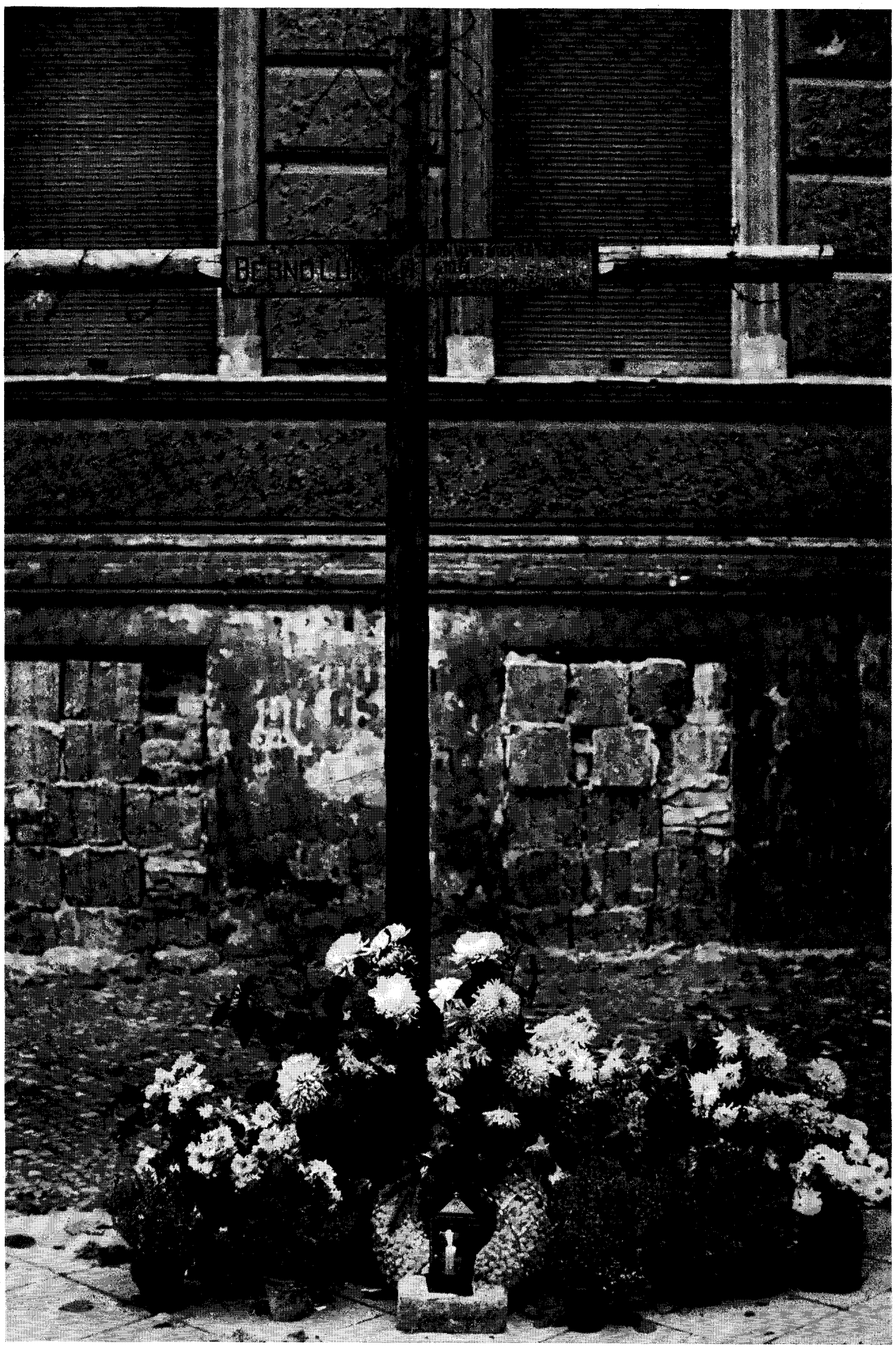

This cross marks a point near The Wall where a refugee took a fatal fall—"Driven to death by Vopos."

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"TO LIVE THEIR LIVES THEIR OWN WAY"

Chou En-lai, French-educated premier of Red China, scholar, political tactician: He challenges Khrushchev with the growing strength and influence of the Red Dragon, which watches Berlin from behind its own great wall.

One American had preceded us to the Red Cross hut for the same reason—lack of an East German visa. He had written a moving dirge, whose last line I particularly admired—"Assured I'll not see my sister again, I bequeath her my ten-cent ball-point pen. Amen." This contribution caught the spirit of the occasion much better than the British ("Many thanks to the Red Cross for the assistance rendered myself and my wife in difficult circumstances.") or the French ("The Red Cross it is magnificent, especially when one returns from Hell.") Just about every nation in the world was represented in the guest book, with one exception. "*Russki, nein, nein,*" said Sister Emmy with a twinkle.

By about one in the morning we were all having a high old time, with an assist from "American schnapps"—Tom Braden's flask of bourbon. When Sister Emmy suggested that someone from Hollywood (for California is in Hollywood, is it not?) should be able to entertain, Braden obliged with a stirring rendition of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, and we all joined in. Sister Emmy was just mastering the "Glory, glory hallelujah" part when the door of the Red Cross hut opened, and there was the *oberleutnant*, his totalitarian eyes positively gleaming with triumph.

No, we would not be permitted to go to Warsaw. We said good-by to Sisters Emmy and Juliana, both deeply saddened by our fate, and the *oberleutnant* led us through winding passages to a small cell-like room, with four cots and a single cold-water tap. He closed the door with a bang, and the click of his key had an ominous sound.

That is about the end of the story. After five fiendishly uncomfortable hours, the key clicked again in the lock, and we were escorted back to East Berlin by train. We were met on the station platform by a Communist official who was obsequiously polite. There must have been some lingering concern that we really might be an important American delegation to the Moscow party congress. He gave us East German visas, and armed with these, we took a taxi to the East Berlin airport and caught a Polish plane to Warsaw. Like most such experiences, the whole thing turned out to be more ludicrous than dramatic.

Even so, as we all admitted to each other afterward, there were moments—as when Burt Glinn was threatened with arrest for taking illegal pictures on the station platform—when we all felt a trifle clammy-handed. There was something particularly disagreeable about the sound of that key in the lock. But being nervous makes you think, and I am sure of one thing: If that *oberleutnant* with the totalitarian eyes, or others like him, ever get the right to stamp the papers of all travelers into and out of West Berlin, then the freedom of West Berlin will soon die. The only wholly "uncontrolled means of access" which now exists is the air. Therefore, if the West ever makes a deal giving the Communists control of the air corridors, in whatever form, free Berlin is dead.

And yet, given the power of those Russian divisions around Berlin, how can West Berlin's freedom really be maintained? The answer—or most of it—is that the West must be ready to fight for Berlin, if fight we must. But another small part of the answer may be suggested by the rather ludicrous episode of our arrest.

Most Americans tend to think of the millions of people in Khrushchev's European empire as a dusty, faceless mass. It is important to bear in mind that these people are, indeed, *people*—individuals, human beings, even as you and I. Some of them are by our standards evil people, like Comrade Ulbricht or the *oberleutnant*. But there are also millions of good and friendly human beings, like smiling Sister Emmy or shy Sister Juliana, on the other side of the terrible gulf that divides the world. And the Communist system is not designed to make human beings happy or content.

It is dangerous and no service to our side to exaggerate the defects of Communism. There was a time, as Khrushchev himself has borne witness, when it was an almost incredibly cruel and irrational system. But nowadays, it seems to me, it is more like a sort of vast, sad, grim nursery, the occupants of which are reasonably well taken care of and fairly safe from being beaten to death by the governess, as long as they remember to do exactly what she tells them to do.

Many Russians, after forty years of it, have come to like their Communist nursery—or at least they cannot imagine *not* living in a nursery. This is an important element in Khrushchev's strength, as I shall try to show in a second report on the great world crisis. And Khrushchev's strength is very great indeed—make no mistake about that. But make no mistake either about Khrushchev's weakness. At its heart is the simple fact that the millions of human beings who have been forced into his Communist nursery since the war hate it. They hate having their lives "remolded," the more so because the regimes doing the remolding are alien regimes, imposed from without.

Khrushchev has plenty of other troubles, of course. He is in a ferocious struggle for power and primacy with his most powerful ally, Communist China. Despite his seeming triumph at the Twenty-second Party Congress in October, he must also suffer from a haunting sense of insecurity at home. Why else should he so insistently demand that his fallen rivals, Malenkov, Molotov and Kaganovitch, whom he had long since defeated and rendered powerless, must also be destroyed as creatures comparable to Stalin?

But I am sure that there is one thing Khrushchev fears more than the maneuverings of his internal enemies—and there must be many people in the Soviet Union who hate his very guts—or even the Chinese rivalry, which could sunder the whole structure of Communist power. Khrushchev fears above all what might happen in time of war, or even in a time when war seemed imminent, within his vast, restive, hate-filled European empire.

On this subject Khrushchev has always been fiercely, passionately sensitive. The merest hint that the West might promote upheaval in his empire throws him into a fury. When I was in Moscow during the October Party Congress, Khrushchev once again violently denounced the innocuous Captive Nations Week resolution, which Congress passes every year to attract minority votes. And his voice bubbled with anger as he warned the American "exporters of counterrevolution" not to try his patience too far.

This is a tricky and dangerous business, as Khrushchev's sensitivity suggests. We must be careful, as General Clay says, not to "push the other side into a corner." We must remember the lesson of the Hungarian uprising when, to our eternal shame, we did nothing, after prating pompously about "liberation." But we must also bear in mind that Khrushchev's central weakness—the desire of the people in his European empire to be free of the grim Communist nursery, to live their lives in their own way—is also for us a great source of strength.

We must let Khrushchev know in advance that if *he* pushes *us* into a corner, we will exploit this asset for all it is worth, with every means at our disposal. If we do that, and if we also make it quite clear to Khrushchev that we will fight rather than let any Communist *oberleutnants* reduce free Berlin to a mush, there is a very good chance that "West Berlin will stay free, and we will not have a war." THE END

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Some Poles, such as these farmers in Warsaw, resist all efforts to communize them and cling to freedom

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The North Crawford Mask and Wig Club, an amateur theatrical society I belong to, voted to do Tennessee Williams's A Streetcar Named Desire for the spring play. Doris Sawyer, who always directs, said she couldn't direct this time because her mother was so sick. And she said the club ought to develop some other directors anyway, because she couldn't live forever, even though she'd made it safely to seventy-four.

So I got stuck with the directing job, even though the only thing I'd ever directed before was the installation of combination aluminum storm windows and screens I'd sold. That's what I am, a salesman of storm windows and doors, and here and there a bathtub enclosure. As far as acting goes, the highest rank I ever held on stage was either butler or policeman, whichever's higher.

I made a lot of conditions before I took the directing job, and the biggest one was that Harry Nash, the only real actor the club has, had to take the Marlon Brando part in the play. To give you an idea of how versatile Harry is, inside of one year he was Captain Queeg in the Caine Mutiny Court-Martial, then Abe Lincoln in Abe Lincoln in Illinois and then the young architect in The Moon is Blue. The year after that, Harry Nash was Henry the Eighth in Anne of the Thousand Days and Doc in Come Back Little Sheba, and I was after him for Marlon Brando in A Streetcar Named Desire. Harry wasn't at the meeting to say whether he'd take the part or not. He never came to meetings. He was too shy. He didn't stay away from meetings because he had something else to do. He wasn't married, didn't go out with women—didn't have any close men friends either. He stayed away from all kinds of gatherings because he never could think of anything to say or do without a script.

So I had to go down to Miller's Hardware Store, where Harry was a clerk, the next day and ask him if he'd take the part. I stopped off at the telephone company to complain about a bill I'd got for a call to Honolulu. I'd never called Honolulu in my life.

And there was this beautiful girl I'd never seen before behind the counter at the phone company, and she explained that the company had put in an automatic billing machine and that the machine didn't have all the bugs out of it yet. It made mistakes.

"Not only did I not call Honolulu," I told her, "I don't think anybody in North Crawford ever has or will."

So she took the charge off the bill, and I asked her if she was from around North Crawford. She said no. She said she just came with the new billing machine to teach local girls how to take care of it. After that, she said, she would go with some other machine to someplace else. "Well," I said, "as long as people have to come along with the machines, I guess we're all right."

"What?" she said.

"When machines start delivering themselves," I said, "I guess that's when the people better start really worrying."

"Oh," she said. She didn't seem very interested in that subject, and I wondered

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MY NAME IS EVERYONE

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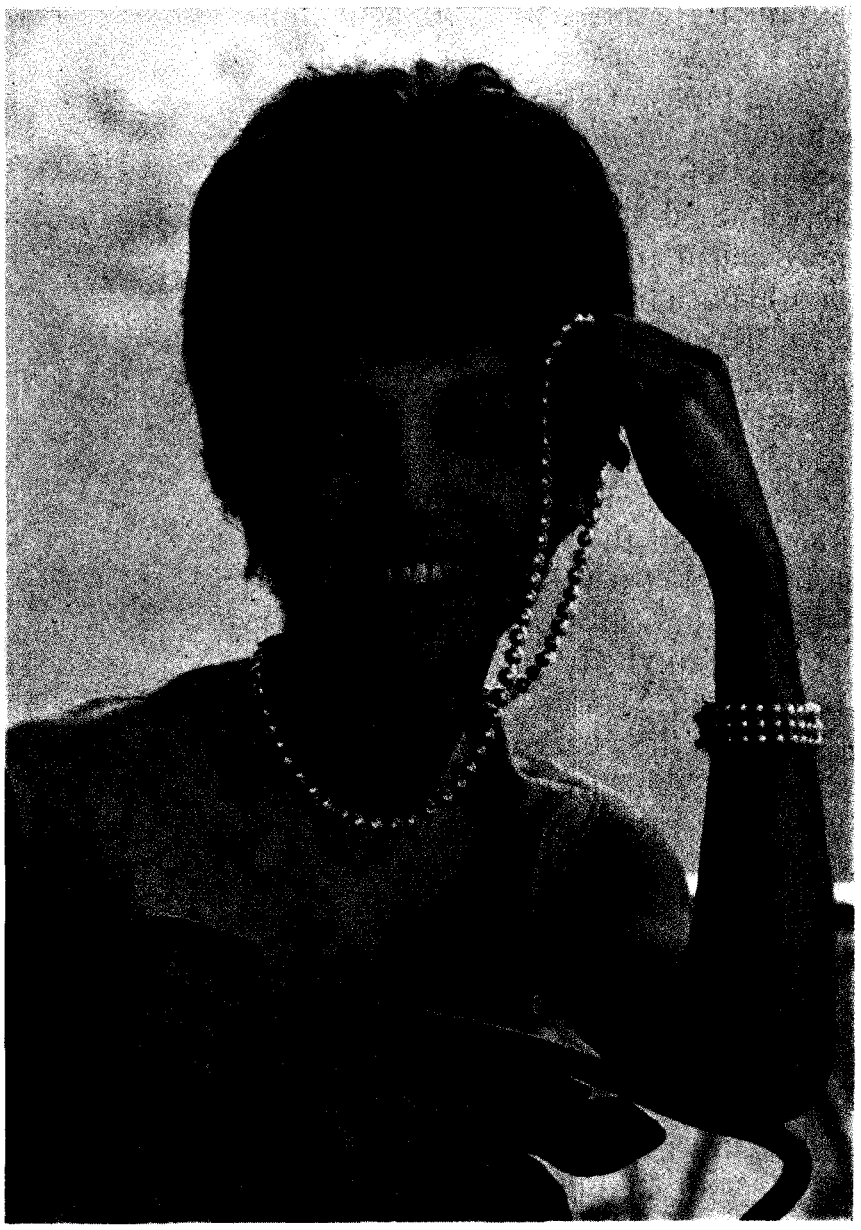
People on the way Up



Marlo Thomas, 23

The oldest daughter of comedian Danny Thomas, Marlo earned high grades at the University of Southern California, decided after graduation upon an acting career. Danny was skeptical, but Marlo's performances in summer stock and in television roles changed his mind. She now has a lead in TV's *The Joey Bishop Show.*

Photographs by Don Ornitz and Frank Bez

They have much in common, the young women on the next few pages. Each is the daughter of a well-known entertainer. Each wants to act. And each is often accused by strangers of trading on her parent's reputation. "When your father is a star," says Nancy Sinatra, "people are always looking for flaws, looking to see how you don't measure up." Why are these girls, who know first-hand the unlovely reality beneath show-business glitter, struggling to enter the profession which Maureen O'Hara, mother of new actress Bronwyn FitzSimons, calls "the most heartbreaking in the world"? Some, like Alan Ladd's daughter Alana, are submitting to parental wish. "We put her in the business," Ladd says bluntly. Others are convinced they were meant to act. Perhaps there is, as one gossip columnist suggests, "something pathetic about the Hollywood child whose biggest dream is seeing her name in lights," who is desperate to establish an identity all her own, yet because of meager skill is doomed to failure. But these girls have already demonstrated their ability and, some, solid talent. "Producers will give you a flying chance," says Christina Crawford, Joan Crawford's daughter, "but if you don't prove yourself, they won't bother with you. It's their money, after all, and they're not going to throw it away." The girls are hardheaded about their careers. Bronwyn FitzSimons, for example, is taking a secretarial course to back her up should she flop as an actress. Nancy Sinatra turns down parts she doesn't think she can handle. "If you're pushed out in front too soon," she says, "you find you're suddenly up there, and you're not qualified, not ready." Some parents want to spare their children this moment of public humiliation. But the daughter who wants an acting career usually gets her way. "What can you do?" asks Danny Thomas, whose daughter Marlo (left) has acting ambitions. "I can't deny her. She's a hard worker, and this is her happiness."

Jane Fonda, 24

"Being Henry Fonda's daughter has opened doors for me," Jane admits, "but psychologically it's difficult. I work that much harder, overcompensating." Her rise was swift. She won a New York Drama Critics award for her first stage role. Her first movie was *Tall Story;* she has made two more, not yet released.

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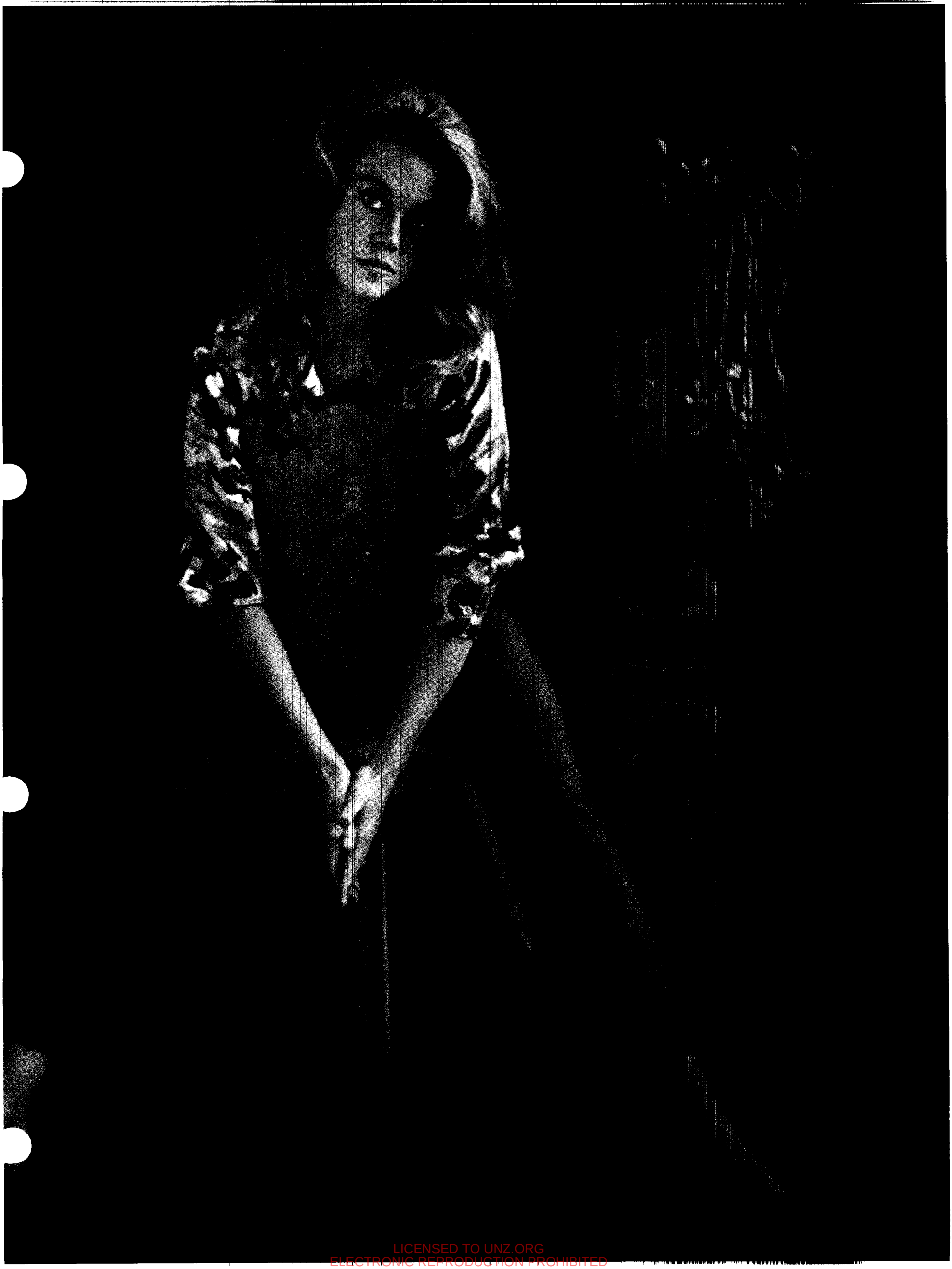

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Christina Crawford, 22

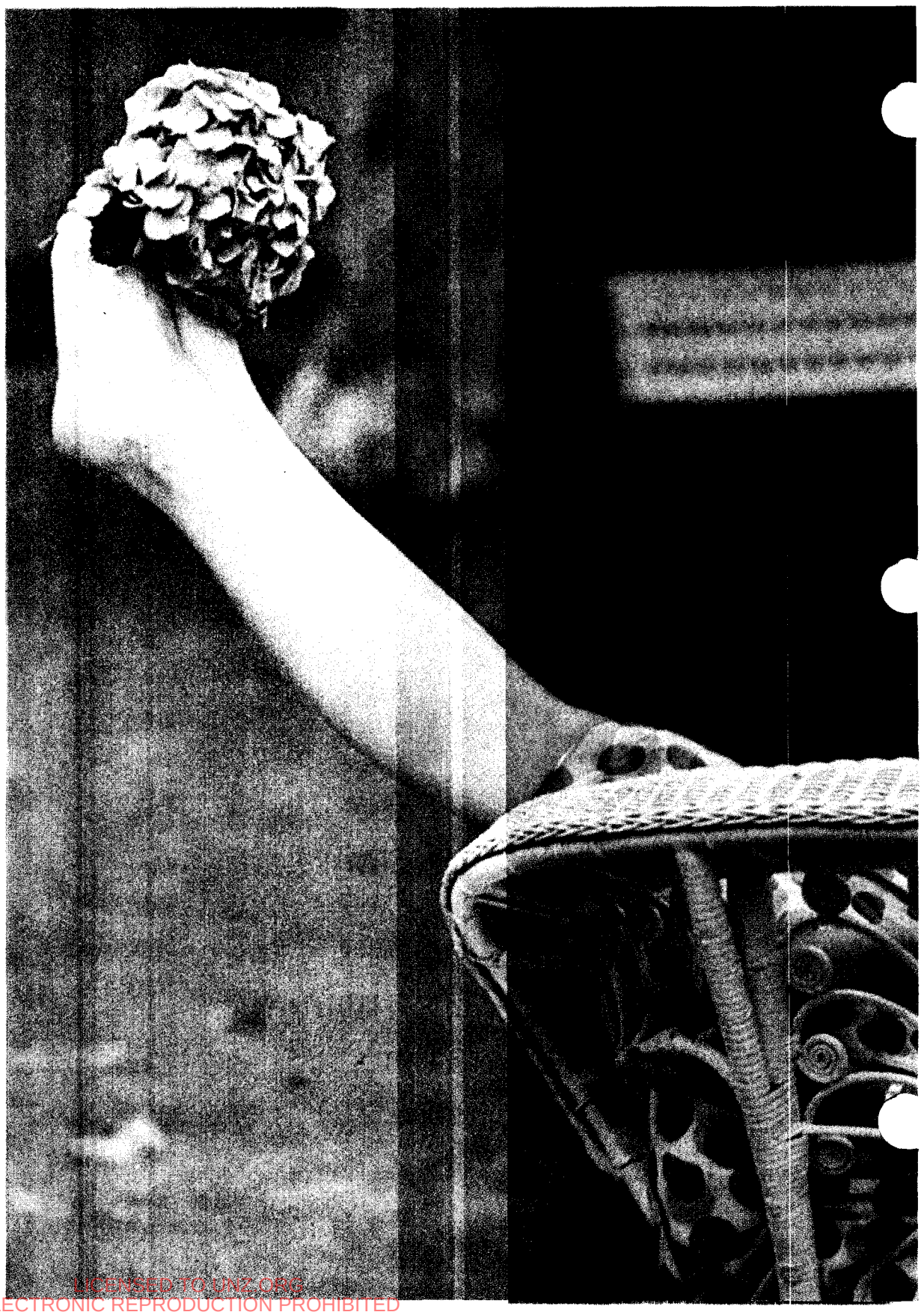
Christina, adopted child of Joan Crawford, is serious about acting, supports herself by it. "Until show people see you have something of your own to give," she says, "you have a tough time." She has appeared in stock, TV dramas and the film *Wild in the Country*. "She's on her own," her mother says. "We'll see if she can make it. I hope she can."

Alana Ladd, 18

With her father and brother David in the movies and her mother a former actress, Alana was irresistibly drawn into show business. She made two films with her father, Alan Ladd, and is looking for TV parts. How does she feel about acting? "I want to do my best for Pop."

Bronwyn FitzSimons, 17

A film executive saw a photo of Bronwyn, called her mother, Maureen O'Hara, to get Bronwyn under contract. Since, she has appeared in the television series *Father Knows Best*. As she matures she looks increasingly like her mother. "You can't be a carbon of someone," Bron says. "If I make it, it'll be as me."



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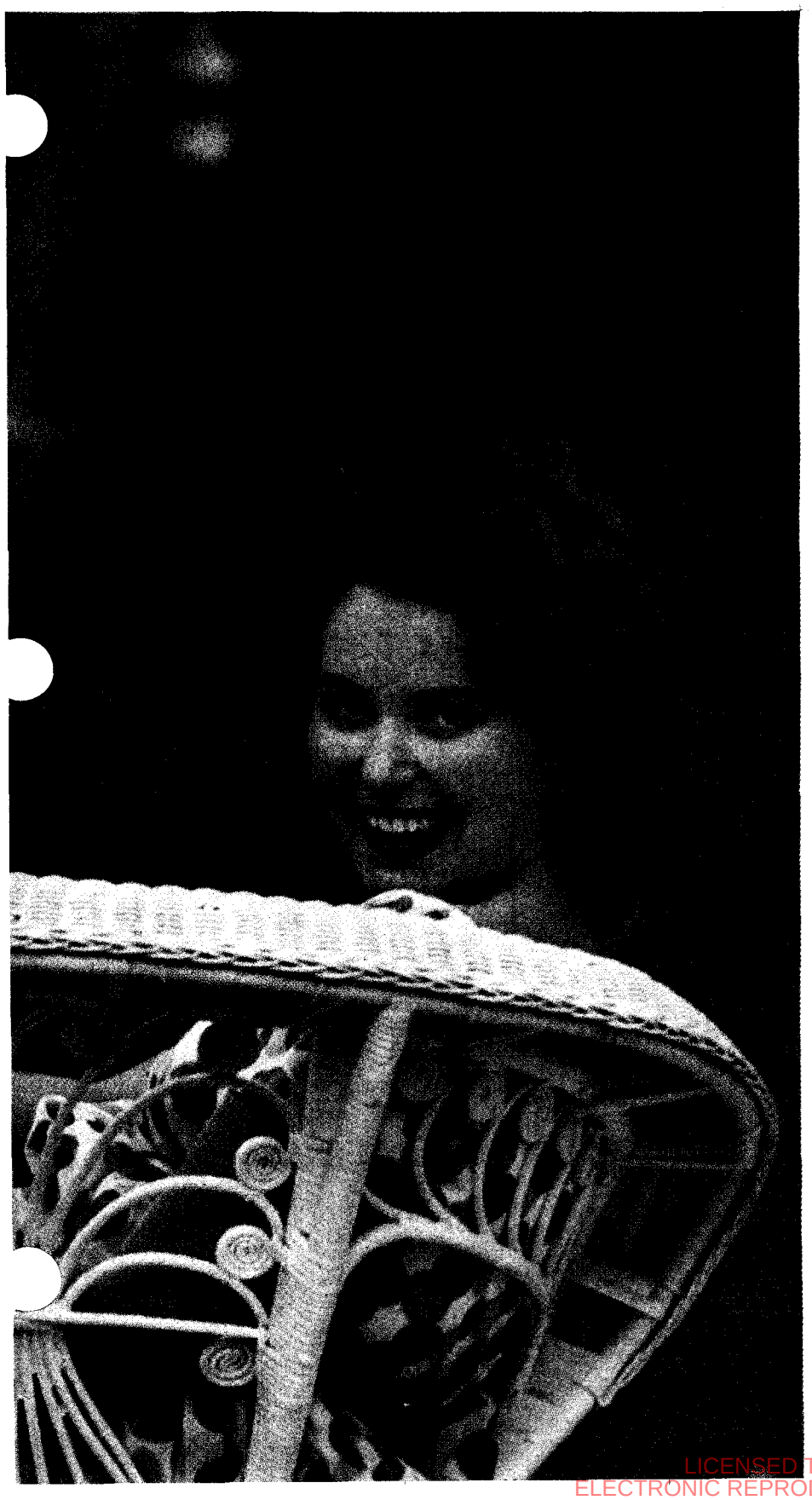
People on the way Up

Nancy Sinatra, 21

Conscientious about her career, Nancy strains to keep her father, Frank, from pushing her too far too fast. She records for his company, sings on his TV shows but—as does her husband, singer Tommy Sands—really wants to act. Says Sinatra: "I'm in complete accord."



Portland Mason, 13

The youngest of the hopefuls, Portland has the most experience. Encouraged by her actor-parents, James and Pamela Mason, she first acted at two, has been on the stage, in several films and in many TV shows. "Acting," says Portland, "is all I can ever remember wanting to do."

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How Can We Tell The Dancer From The Dance?

By Cledwyn Hughes

For as long as the oldest men in the village could remember there had been Maypole dancing on the common land which was between the tall poplars and the flowing river. The grass there was dark green, liberally mixed with herbs to tell that it had never been reseeded; that it was nature's pasture. And there were briers and brambles, primroses and cowslips, all in their appointed seasons. The tall spires of the poplars whispered in every wind, and the smooth river caught the reflection of silver clouds, and each riding yellow moon. This river meadow, by its setting and tradition, was the perfect place for the Maypole dancing. No one knew for just how many years the little girls of each generation had been taught this annual ritual, but it was part of old history. Each year, as children grew up, they in turn eagerly taught others younger than themselves all about the steps and the way to hold the gay, bright, twirling ribbons.

The children, each year as they danced, sang old rhymes and older songs, so that often folk-song people came down from cities with notebooks and tape recorders. The words and the music were thus often noted, but the deep mystery and magic of the event surely escaped every visitor. The Maypole dancing was a personal thing to the old and to the young of this village, which was set between the farmland plain and the blue wild mountains to the west.

Perhaps the best dancer of all the girls last year had been Mair. Her home was a long black-and-white house set in an orchard of cookers and eaters and ciders, with the fierce white color of narcissi among the tree trunks about Eastertime. Mair was an only child, and she went away each week to a boarding school, but came home at weekends. Although she was thus rather a stranger among the children of the district, there was no hesitation about her taking part with all the other little girls in the May dancing. Last year, with her fair orderly hair and sky-blue eyes, she had looked a small goddess indeed; she had moved and gestured with that natural grace and rhythm which often comes to a small child in the dance. And she had had an almost golden quality to her voice as she had sung with the others; her notes were high in the warm air of May Day, echoing about the tops of the poplars and fading across the slow river.

Mair last year had been the leader of the dancers. Many people had watched the children with pleasure and satisfaction; some were parents, others friends. Three persons in particular had observed little Mair with great pride: her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Price; and her grandfather, old Mr. Jones. The latter was a white-haired, gentle old man of almost ninety. He had reached that mellowness which exists beyond the worry of life and the dreadful possibility of the ways of death: old Mr. Jones spoke like a saint, and it was one of the privileges of the parish to be allowed to push the old gentleman in his creaky wheel chair about the winding primrose lanes.

The year passed with varying speed for different people. Both for little Mair in her tenth

PAINTING BY AMOS SEWELL

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year, and for old Mr. Jones in his ninetieth, the twelve months seemed long, yet full of meaning. The old gentleman lived with his daughter and son-in-law at the farm set in the orchard; he, like the others, longed for and looked forward to each weekend when Mair came home. And by use of that curious bridge of affinity which gives the very old and the very young some sympathy, Mair and her grandfather were understanding and faithful friends. There was never much conversation between them, but there was a quiet harmony and a gentle silence.

Sometimes the old gentleman would knit his granddaughter new clothes for one of her dolls; he was an expert knitter, and there was a nimbleness yet in his fingers. The little girl, in her turn, would push the ancient chair slowly up and down the macadam path which went, from the front door of the farmhouse, between the great trunks of the apple trees.

It was an April day and Mair was giving her grandfather his ride; the birds were in spring song, and the narcissi in white-tinged bud. The first true warm wind of the year had come from the south; good-weather clouds trundled overhead; about the farm a new year of growth was in vigor.

It was a Saturday, and Mair was home from school for the weekend. She loved, at such times, to get out of her uniform and was now wearing a pair of jeans, patched on one knee, and a yellow jumper with baggy sleeves. Old Mr. Jones was dressed more sedately: he had on a gray suit and his usual camel-hair slippers, with a scarf about his neck and a black, Sunday trilby on his head. He was holding up one of his limp white hands into the sunshine where it slanted from between the trees; and he was saying to his granddaughter, "Another month and we'll have the May dancing again, Mair. You were like a queen last year."

Breathless from heaving at the handle of the heavy chair, Mair sat on one of the rubber-tired wheels for a moment. Then, taking hold of her grandfather's hand, she made shadows on the near trunk of a pear tree. "I think your hand is the best dancer I ever saw, granddad."

The old man took his hand away and looked at it for a moment. He seemed to be remembering all the occasions which it must have known in ninety years of conscious life. But his answer was simple enough.

"Praise the shadow, not me, Mair dear." He paused and then went on, "But you were a marvel last year, to be sure. Next month you will be leading the others again, I am sure."

Mair nodded, picking at some of the loose threads on the patch at the knee of her jeans in an impish yet thoughtful way.

"'Spect so, granddad. It's nice to be there, just dancing and singing."

"Dancing and singing," murmured the old man.

For a moment a wild, cruel idea assailed him that never, never this side of heaven could there be dancing or singing for him. He was old, terribly old, he thought. But then he pushed the sadness away from him. Any man could dance in his spirit. "Time for tea, my dear," he said.

Mair turned the chair around, and they both went back toward the farmhouse.

"It's hot buttered toast, I think, granddad."

"With lots of jam?"

Mair looked at him and with mock sternness said, "You might get sick again, you know."

He bowed his head meekly and then counted, in the sudden aimless way of the very old, the number of beams of sunshine to be seen in the trees before reaching home.

On Monday morning Mair went back to the boarding school, and her mother told her that next weekend there would be the first practice with all the other little girls of the village for this year's Maypole dancing. As she kissed her parents and then her grandfather good-by, Mair whispered to old Mr. Jones, "Keep off the jampot, granddad."

"I will. I want to keep well so that I can come and watch you next month down by the river."

The week at the farm went its even and tranquil way. Mr. and Mrs. Price had their work to do, yet they thought often in the middle of all their labors about their little girl in the school five miles away. The sun was becoming stronger each day, and old Mr. Jones sat in his chair under the cherry tree by the south wall.

Sometimes one of the farm men would push his chair to a new position. Although they did their best, they never seemed to start and stop the chair with the patient gentleness which little Mair possessed in her hands. But then, thought the old man, they were not dancers; dancers were as light as fairies in whatever they did.

It was on a Wednesday that the telephone call came through from the headmistress of the

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© 1961 by Cledwyn Hughes

Dancing was the world, but she could not move.

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PT 109: The Adventure that Made a President

After barely escaping death, Kennedy embarked upon another dangerous mission: rescuing Marines pinned down on a Japanese-occupied island.

By ROBERT J. DONOVAN

CONCLUSION

One fall day in 1943 a young Navy lieutenant in the Solomon Islands stared dismally at a piece of steel plate. Perforated by bullet holes, it looked like Swiss cheese. The holes were made by frontal fire from 30- and 50-caliber machine guns. The steel was a sample of "armor" plate being installed to protect the lieutenant's PT boat.

Lt. John F. Kennedy USNR felt concerned at the result of his privately arranged test. His feeling was shared by his executive officer, Lt. (j.g.) Robert Lee Rhoads Jr., a lean, alert professional of twenty-one who had studied at the California Maritime Academy. They agreed that the armor would be almost useless except against bullets coming from an angle or a great distance. If they could have envisioned their "armored" PT engaged in rescuing several dozen trapped Marines under the muzzles of enemy artillery, their concern might have been even greater.

The armor plate was destined for Kennedy's second command, *PT 59*, an elderly seventy-seven-footer then being converted into a gunboat for forays against Japanese barges. The alterations involved replacing the four torpedo tubes with machine guns, removing the single 20-mm. antiaircraft gun on the stern, and mounting two 40-mm. guns, fore and aft. The armor was to shield the gunners while under attack.

While the work was being done at the PT base at Sesape, Kennedy organized a new crew and rested up from his week-long ordeal of survival in enemy waters after the ramming of his first boat, *PT 109*, by a Japanese destroyer August second. Actually he could have gone home and forgotten the war in the South Pacific at this point. Under Navy practice he was entitled to shore duty because of his combat service, including the sinking. He was now a full lieutenant, a two-striper with a Purple Heart for combat injury to his back in the ramming, and the Navy and Marine Corps Medal for heroism in saving his shipmates. But Kennedy was not ready to go home. He felt that he had accomplished little or nothing to help win the war. So he eagerly seized the opportunity to take command of *PT 59*.

Of the ten other survivors of *PT 109*, only two, Radioman John E. Maguire, of Dobbs Ferry, New York, and Seaman 1/c Edgar Mauer, of St. Louis, were available for duty in *PT 59*. The gigantic exec, Ens. Leonard J. Thom, of Sandusky, Ohio, had received a promotion and a PT boat of his own. Motor machinist's mates Pat McMahon, from Detroit, whom Kennedy towed to safety after he was badly burned in the sinking, and William Johnston, who had swallowed gasoline while struggling in the water, were adjudged physically unfit for further service. The rest were scattered to other boats or duties.

Three former members of the *PT 109* crew, however, volunteered for further duty with Kennedy. All three were enlisted men who had been hospitalized before *PT 109* was rammed and sunk. They were Motor Machinist's Mate 2/c Leon E. Drawdy, a Floridian, and Gunner's Mate 3/c Maurice L. Kowal, of Uxbridge, Massachusetts, both wounded by bomb fragments when a Japanese plane surprised *PT 109* on night patrol; and Motor Machinist's Mate 2/c Edmund T. Drewitch, of Pittsburgh, who suffered broken bones when tossed around during a gale.

As executive officer, Kennedy designated Lieutenant Rhoads, who had been navigator of a Liberty ship sunk by an enemy submarine near Guadalcanal several months earlier. The roster of *PT 59* lengthened in time with such new names as Helmer, Christianson, Cline, Alexander, Servatius, Slagle, Scribner, Strickland and Facto.

PT 59 emerged from refit on October 7, 1943, minus torpedoes but bristling with guns. Kennedy ran from the Sesape repair base up to Rendova. There they spent a week in training for combat. Dropping empty oil drums into the sea, the PT made firing runs on them to test its guns. This practice also enabled Kennedy to decide which men would make the best gunners. The crew replaced a faulty center propeller and made a special cruise to compensate for compass deviation. On October eighteenth Kennedy headed north through the familiar waters of Blackett Strait to the new advanced PT base at Lambu Lambu on Vella Lavella Island.

By now the war had moved up from the triangle bounded by New Georgia-Gizo-Kolombangara to a new triangle formed by Vella Lavella, Choiseul and Bougainville. Allied forces landed on Vella Lavella August fifteenth, and the last Japanese cleared out only a week or so before Kennedy's PT arrived. Now the big Allied goal was the capture of Bougainville.

Arriving at Lambu Lambu, Kennedy reported to the base commander, Lt. Arthur Berndtson Jr., Annapolis '40, from Oakland, California. The cove at the base opened directly on the famous Slot, scene of many naval battles. The Slot at this point bore an especially spooky reputation. The natives insisted it was haunted by sea devils who approached ships at night in the guise of white lights and disappeared in a burst of colors. Ashore, Lambu Lambu consisted of nothing more than one thatched hut, which had housed a Chinese trading post, and a single dock with no refueling pipelines. Steaming mangrove swamps surrounded the tiny base. Through them ranged packs of howling wild dogs, supposedly capable of detecting distant aircraft long before the United States Navy could.

At the base Kennedy encountered an old friend. Berndtson's intelligence officer was Lt. (j.g. Byron (Whizzer) White, former All-America back at the University of Colorado. Kennedy and White had met in England, while Kennedy's father was ambassador at London and White was a Rhodes scholar. To see action close up, White went out on patrol with Kennedy one night. Trying his hand at a machine gun, he gashed his palm when the bolt malfunctioned. (White is now Deputy Attorney General of the United States by President Kennedy's appointment.)

During several patrols Japanese planes attacked *PT 59* with bombs, and the PT blazed back with its augmented battery. But the PT gunners did not down any planes.

Once, after bombs tore up the sea around them, Kennedy turned to his exec, Rhoads, and asked, "Were you scared?"

"Hell, yes," Rhoads replied.

"So was I," Kennedy admitted.

In returning from a patrol the men noticed small latrine that the Japanese had built on a island shore jutting over the water. They asked Kennedy if they might (Continued on Page 68)

© 1961 by Robert J. Donovan

Color Photographs by Elliott Erwitt

Grim remnants: A Japanese helmet and skull mark the siege site at Choiseul from which Kennedy evacuated a Marine detachment.

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THE Face OF AMERICA

SOARING STEEPLE

Churning up into the sky over Clearwater, Florida, not long ago came a helicopter toting a strange cargo: a thirty-two-foot steeple. Builders erecting the new First Christian Church chose this breath-taking airborne approach to save time—ordinarily, steeple raising is a two weeks' job. A ground-based partner directed the operation by radio. Once—twice—three times the pilot lowered the steeple toward the belfry. Each time the 620-pound spire swayed dangerously. Adults gasped. Children screeched. On the fourth try, the pilot slipped the steeple neatly over its frame. Roofers quickly made it secure. After the helicopter landed, all hands congratulated one another on a hazardous job well done. Elapsed time: ten minutes. Photograph by Art Rickerby

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EGGHEADS with a BIG BEAT

By EDWARD LINN

The Limeliters—a singing trio that wows night-club fans—are refugees from the cloistered halls of learning.

Glenn Yarbrough, Alex Hassilev and Lou Gottlieb—folk singers in ivy-league uniform.

In the hotly competitive field of popular music, as in other fields which depend on mass appeal for commercial success, no one can strike the golden chord without quickly finding a posse of hungry prospectors beating hard upon his heels. In no area has this been more true than in folk singing, the most spectacular phenomenon in the pop-music world today. As in other fields, the trick here has been to bring some new ingredient, something fresh and distinctive, to the marketplace. And at the moment, the folk-singing group which seems to have performed this trick best is an unlikely and incompatible trio called The Limeliters.

With only two record albums released—until just this fall, when a third appeared—they have, in the past two years, achieved a popularity measured in nearly 300 evenings of singing in nightclubs and coffeehouses around the country and more than 100 concerts before collegiate audiences. Meanwhile, their income has risen from about $80,000 in 1960 to an estimated $300,000 this year—ten times their maximum combined income as singles. By all the accepted yardsticks of entertainment success, they are the fastest-rising group in the folk-singing business.

Yet not one of the three planned a folk-singing career. Lou Gottlieb, thirty-eight, who whangs the trio's bass fiddle, had planned to teach. He holds a Ph.D. in musicology from the University of California. His doctoral thesis, Liturgical Polyphony of the Fifteenth Century, a study of twenty-one previously unpublished cyclic Masses of the Renaissance church, is a basic paper in this specialized field. Alex Hassilev, the group's twenty-eight-year-old banjo player, was doing graduate work in international affairs at the University of Chicago when he chucked the academic life to enroll in acting school. Glenn Yarbrough, thirty-one, the guitarist, was for three years a student in the renowned Great Books course at St. John's College in Annapolis. He later studied classical Greek and pre-Socratic philosophy.

To understand the Limeliters' contribution to folk singing, it is necessary to trace the modern revival of this ancient and honorable art form. To start with, as Paul Ackerman of *Billboard* points out, the emergence of folk singing is only the most recent development in a pattern which began to unfold the moment New York City lost its exclusive franchise to grind out the nation's popular music. The first really solid blow at Tin Pan Alley's monopoly came in 1951, when an illiterate Nashville poet named Hank Williams first bridged the gap between country and pop music with a song called *Cold, Cold Heart*, and followed up with half a dozen other hit songs before he died two years later. What followed might be called a back-to-the-soil movement, with successive branches of ethnic music undergoing a sort of musical face lifting to make them acceptable to a mass audience. Rock 'n' roll, as every student of American music knows, is really a flagrant case of miscegenation between traditional hillbilly music and traditional Negro music. Calypso singing, an even more localized ethnic form, prospered briefly before folk singing elbowed it aside.

This development began, without warning, in the fall of 1958 with the release of *Tom Dooley*, one number in an album cut months earlier by an unknown group called The Kingston Trio, three San Francisco boys just out of college. Until then, the leading folk singers had been well-traveled soloists like Burl Ives, Theodore Bikel and Pete Seeger, who appeared in small night clubs and recorded for small record companies. According to Jac Holzman of Elektra Records, largest of the small

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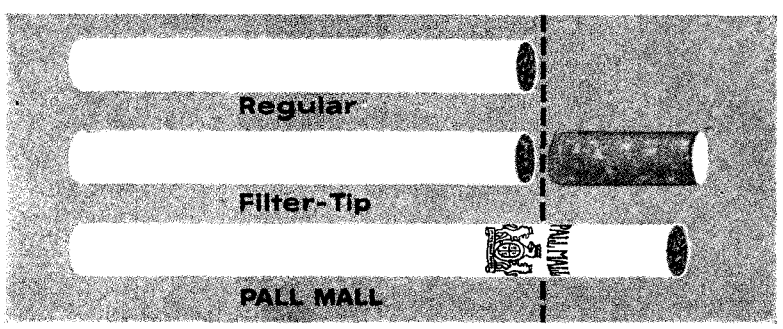

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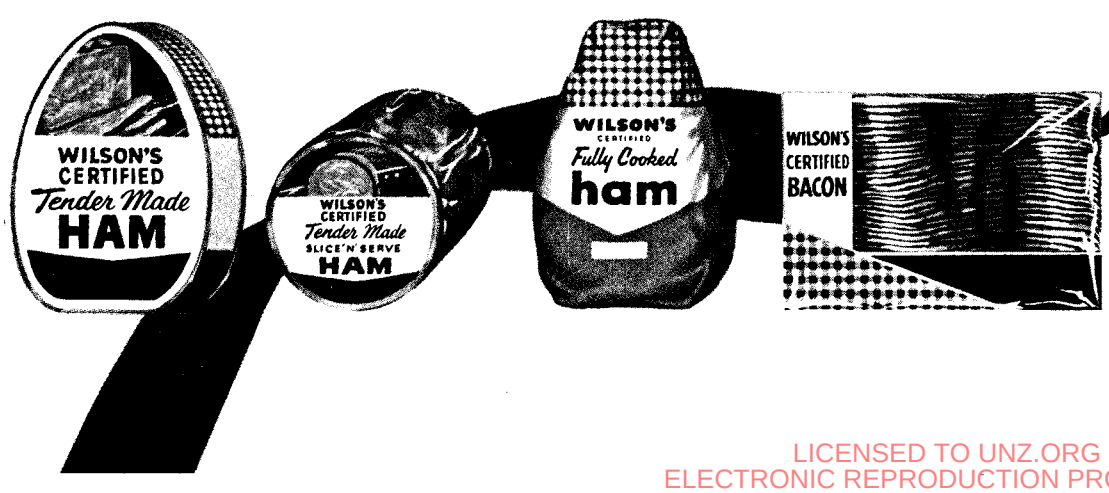
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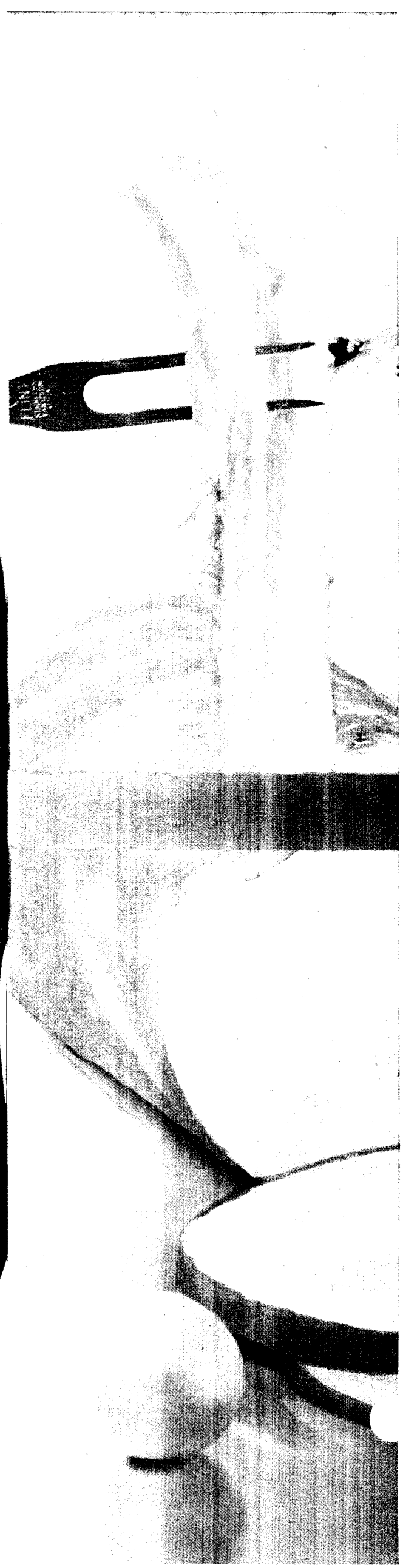

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The trio's best singer is guitarist Glenn Yarbrough (above with son Sean). Glenn studied classical Greek and philosophy in college.

Banjoist Alex Hassilev, born in France of Russian parents, speaks five languages. Hassilev's hill-sliding companion is his son David.

Photographs by Carroll Seghers II

EGGHEADS

folk-music companies, the market had been pretty much restricted to little cults of odd-ball college students who met in dusty corners of fraternity-house recreation rooms.

"When the Kingston Trio came out of nowhere with *Tom Dooley*," Holzman says, "they attracted a much wider campus audience. That audience has the money to buy albums and attend concerts."

Most groups which rode the Kingstons' coattails to quick success also came right off the campus. Almost all of them dressed like the Kingstons, cut their hair short like the Kingstons and copied the Kingstons' close-blending harmony.

The Limeliters, on the other hand, are highly sophisticated in both their musical arrangements and their egghead humor. "The best way to put it," says Lou Gottlieb, "is to say that if the Kingston Trio represents the student body, we represent the faculty. Our purpose is to be contemporary, to communicate with a modern audience."

The Limeliters, as sort of musical Mort Sahls, sing about such modern afflictions as the credit-card system and the psychological Western—"There's no such thing as a bad cowpoke, only a sick one"—and such victims of our assembly-line civilization as *Charlie the Midnight Marauder*. Poor Charlie, whose tragic story first appeared in the San Francisco newspapers, was a weary suburbanite who lost his bearings in an electrical failure, stumbled into the wrong home, hearth and couch of his housing development and was carted off to jail. If the boys appeared along the backwaters of Memphis with that kind of material, they would be stoned right out of town.

But this is only the light side of their repertoire. The Limeliters are constantly on the prowl for authentic folk material, foreign and domestic—songs which deal with the basic themes of life. And when they sing these songs, they stick much closer than other groups to the original ethnic form. "We're not kidding out there," Gottlieb snaps. "Folk music isn't an act; it's real. We sing about justice and freedom, and those are subjects pop composers can't handle without becoming self-conscious. Not even Irving Berlin. There's nothing the matter with *God Bless America* except that it embarrasses you."

"The purpose of our humor," says Alex Hassilev, "is to set up our rousing folk numbers. That's our knockout punch. What we're selling is the ability to make the hackles rise."

Indeed, if there is one thing on which the Limeliters are in total agreement, it is that this ability to send a thrill down the spine of their audience is their greatest talent. Even Glenn Yarbrough, who claims he would be happy if he never had to sing another folk song or face another audience, says with something approaching belligerence, "I know when an audience is experiencing that thrill because I'm experiencing it at the same time. It's a combination of the sound and the subject that does it."

The Limeliters are characterized by a sound so rich and rousing that an overenthusiastic reviewer was once moved to comment, "You have to look twice to make sure that they are not backed up by a 100-voice chorus." And in truth, the impression is hard to shake when they come roaring to the end of *The Hammer Song* with their big, exultant sound:

It's the hammer of JUStice.
It's the bell of FREEdom.
It's the song about LOVE between
ALL OF MY BROTHERS,
ALL over the WORLD.

The message breaks over you in an emotional wave that sends a tingling down into the marrow of your bones. This is not achieved without meticulous attention to the arrangement—to what Gottlieb calls "the musical profile." The melody of every song goes to Alex Hassilev. "Alex has a loud, heavy, opaque voice," says Gottlieb. "It has no flexibility at all, but for our purposes that becomes an asset. If the walls were caving in, Alex would still give us a sure, heavy presentation of the melody."

The outstanding solo voice in the group—in fact, the only voice that can stand by itself—is Glenn Yarbrough's warm, clear lyric tenor. To use this voice to best effect, Gottlieb works out a simple but showy harmony. "The kind of harmony," he says, "that a gifted but musically illiterate folk singer would improvise." Yarbrough's is always the uppermost-sounding voice, the voice that gives the Limeliters their soaring quality. "Glenn is an incredible ensemble singer," says Gottlieb. "He's been in my left ear for two years now, and he still amazes me."

For himself, Gottlieb then writes out a very complex, almost nonmusical line designed to complete each chord in a way that will amplify the total sound and produce the choral effect. "My voice," he says, "has no character and therefore draws no attention to itself. This is no great comfort to me after all my years of study, but it is, I must say, ideal for my role in the kind of *Spalt klang*—nonblending—arrangement we do."

On stage even more than off, it is Lou Gottlieb's personality which dominates, for it is he who provides the out-of-whack commentary that gives the group its character and distinction. Draping one arm over his big bass, while the others are tuning their instruments, Lou assumes the manner of a rather prissy professor waxing enthusiastic over his own obscure specialty and chuckles, "My colleagues have beseeched me to share with you my own delight in some of the rich folk humor of the verses. In order to do so I have to suppress a good deal of inner merriment, with difficulty. H'm. Too bad that more of you don't share that difficulty."

In a college setting, this kind of humor is not only instantly recognizable; it takes on a delicious irreverence, like Bob Hope's burlesquing a pompous four-star general in front of a GI audience. Gottlieb has absolute pitch for academic jargon. Phrases such as "massive trauma," "ethnic solidarity," and "intensified emotional stress" punctuate his lofty discourses. Even better, he fits the part. A tall, bespectacled man, he looks far more like a stolid young researcher about to announce the discovery of a new serum than like an entertainer.

And yet, on a night-club stage, the same Doctor Gottlieb will suddenly veer far out of character by erupting into a wild burlesque of a rock-'n'-roller with his own composition, *Vikki Dougan*—also known by the title, *Vikki, Turn Your Back on Me*—an apoplectic, foot-swinging ode which celebrates the enterprise of a bit actress named Vikki Dougan who

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GOOD COFFEE IS LIKE FRIENDSHIP: RICH AND WARM AND STRONG

Can you name anything (except friendship itself)
That rewards you and sustains you and warms you like coffee?
Have a cup now: dark and delicious and rich.
Breathe the fragrance. Savor the taste. And mark the secret:
A tablespoon of coffee, heaped,
For each inviting cup.

MAKE IT COFFEE. MAKE IT OFTEN. MAKE IT RIGHT.

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Bass player Lou Gottlieb, who earned a Ph.D. studying fifteenth-century music, says, "If I had any sense, I'd be teaching."

EGGHEADS

won notoriety some years ago by appearing in a gown cut, in back, well below the coccyx.

"During its performance in times past," Gottlieb reports contentedly, "some of the undergraduates have been inspired to call out, 'Go man, go,' and other pleasantries." But Hassilev and Yarbrough do not share the audience's enthusiasm. Gottlieb's great weakness, they agree, is that once he begins to hear the sound of laughter, he loses sight of every other value, including good taste. "I hate that number," Hassilev says. "A change of pace is fine, but with *Vikki* all of a sudden we're aiming very, very low."

Hassilev, a tall, dark man, is easily the glamour boy of the trio. On stage he has a cool Continental air warmed by an infectious smile. Born in France of Russian parents, he spent the first seven years of his life accompanying his engineer father on jobs in Brazil, Colombia, Canada, the United States and Cuba. He speaks French, Russian, Spanish and Portuguese, and seems to have remembered every folk tune he ever heard. "I have been singing folk songs all my life," he says. "Only I didn't know they were folk songs until I was twenty."

Glenn Yarbrough, on the other hand, is the only member of the group with anything approaching a folk background. His parents were both itinerant social workers out of Milwaukee, and Glenn himself bummed around the country during his youth.

A beachcomber at heart, he grew a long, bushy beard while at St. John's, and never seemed to feel any great compulsion to wash either himself or his clothes. He was expelled (and reinstated) twice for eccentric behavior and for failure to attend classes that didn't appeal to him. Finally he was expelled for good when he moved out of his dormitory and set up housekeeping in an abandoned construction shack. "I was pretty weird," he admits. Eight months later, when he was drafted for the Korean War, he and his wife Margaret, whom he married in his sophomore year, were living on the open beach at Long Beach, California.

The unlikely trio first met by the sheerest coincidence in May of 1959, at a time when all three were still trying to make it as "singles." Gottlieb, a San Francisco coffeehouse comedian, had run down to Hollywood to write some arrangements for the Kingston Trio. There he dropped in at a coffeehouse partly owned at the time by Theodore Bikel, a friend of Hassilev. Bikel and Hassilev had just invited Yarbrough, as a visiting performer, to join them onstage in some improvisations when Gottlieb entered. "I'd worked with singers long enough," Gottlieb recalls in his best professional manner, "so that I could immediately recognize a musical profile, a fortunate combination of sonorities."

So impressed was Gottlieb, in fact, that he asked Bikel to introduce him to the others. After the show that night the three of them agreed to try their luck together as a folk-singing trio.

On July twenty-third, after two months of working on their act, the newly constituted Limeliters made their debut at San Francisco's famous night spot, the hungry i. The hungry i attracts the kind of youthful egghead audience which the Limeliters' material is tailored to please. Predictably, the trio was an instant smash success.

Not so predictably, they stopped the show cold one night when they appeared at the Hollywood Bowl in support of Eartha Kitt. The audience was so enthusiastic that the management had to send the trio out for an encore, even though it meant paying overtime to eighty-five musicians. And several weeks later, when they sang on the Johnny Mathis show in a San Francisco theater, a local newspaper review headlined: LIMELITERS STEAL SHOW AT JOHNNY MATHIS' OPENING.

The giant record companies, all of whom had been beating the underbrush of coffeehouses and campuses in search of a folk group to challenge the runaway Kingston Trio, promptly deluged them with offers. However, largely at the insistence of Gottlieb, who felt that artistic integrity and big business did not blend happily, the trio first signed with little Elektra. But a year later, when their first album, *The Limeliters*, had sold only about 12,000 copies, Hassilev and Yarbrough convinced Gottlieb that the time had come to move to a company with more money for merchandising and promotion. Signing with R.C.A.-Victor, they cut an album titled *Tonight, In Person*, which has sold almost 250,000 copies. Their latest, *The Slightly Fabulous Limeliters*, seems headed for the same heights.

In spite of this enviable success as folk singers, each of the Limeliters still nurses a not-so-secret desire to be doing something entirely different. Lou Gottlieb has always been torn between the worlds of popular entertainment and serious scholarship. "I don't know why I'm doing this," he says sometimes. "If I had any sense, I'd be teaching." But a few minutes later he will admit, "After I've gone a couple of weeks without standing in front of an audience, I get ill."

Glenn Yarbrough is even more restless. A football and lacrosse star at St. Paul's prep school in Baltimore, he turned down half a dozen athletic scholarships to top colleges because, he says, "I didn't want to be just another football player. I've always been looking for something unusual, something fulfilling. This isn't it, either. I can't think of anything more frightening than ending up as a gray-haired folk singer traipsing around the country."

It still rankles in Yarbrough's breast that, for all his talent, he was never able to make it alone."The only thing success has taught me," he says, "is that success is meaningless. Luck. An audience is like a lynch mob. Three years ago they were walking out on me. Now that they know we've been on the Sullivan show, they come and cheer."

Alex Hassilev is the only one of the three who reveals a strong sense of direction. His ultimate goal is to become a musical-comedy actor, and he looks upon the Limeliters as a valuable stop en route. "I have great respect for my colleagues," he says. "I also think they're kidding themselves. From the moment we signed with R.C.A. we were committing ourselves to go for the money. With all our endless talking and arguing, that's the one thing we have never openly discussed, but it has always been understood. What bugs Lou and Glenn is that they want to have commercial success and still be above it. And that's having it just a little too good." THE END

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Even parting's sweet to a girl in love and dreaming of her marriage. His face, his smile, his voice, ride the wind and give the shadows substance. The engagement diamond he gave her to tell their promise, reflects their new love's meaning. This light of lights, born of earth for them, will recall forever the magic of their engagement time, the memory of their love's first joys. To mark your engagement, your ring-stone may be modest in size, but it should be chosen with care, for it will be treasured always, by you and all who follow.

Landscape of love . . . from the De Beers Collection, painted by Darrel Austin

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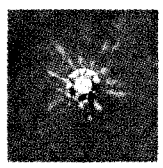
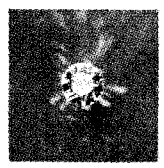
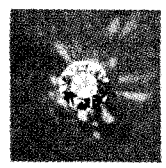


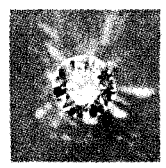
25 points (1/4 carat)
$70 to $295



50 points (1/2 carat)
$170 to $540



1 carat (100 points)
$400 to $1680



2 carats (200 points)
$1090 to $4000

a diamond is forever

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. . . For new fashions dispossess the old, and the world ticks on. But eternally unchanging are men and the sea. Each to the other is mortal enemy—yet smiling friend; each alone, but inseparable. Our shipmates endured, then perished, with God their only witness. . . . . .

(Fragment of a brine-soaked diary found in the wreck of the three-masted barque Curlew, *washed ashore under the iron cliffs of Tierra del Fuego, February 29, 1872.)*

Early-morning haze outside the Farallones was clearing as the deep-laden old tramp ship *Bhutan* of Cardiff, Ocean Traders, Limited, owners, with brine from the ground swell cascading from her rusty anchor flukes, steamed doggedly in from the sea.

Her patched hull plates, scaling paintwork, antiquated deck gear and blistered funnel made her but a raffish poor relation to the streamlined cargo carriers and glittering liners that passed her along the approaches to the Golden Gate. But this unflattering simile would not have disturbed the placidity of the *Bhutan*'s master, Captain Fraser, now finishing a leisurely breakfast in the saloon, for in their many years together she had become as comfortably familiar to him as the inevitable hole in his left sock. He was a dumpy, easy-going little man with a paunch, a walrus mustache and twinkling blue eyes that could tighten shrewdly over ship's business or dance with fun when, as now, he sat happily back, uniform jacket unbuttoned, and related one of his endless store of anecdotes.

"Aye, 'twas comical," he said. "The night's black as hell's chimley pot; and when the mate goes up on the fo'c'slehead, the new lookout's lyin' on his belly starin' out the hawse pipe. 'What's the matter, me man—ye sick?' asks the mate. 'No,' says the greenhorn. 'I'm lookin' out, like ye telled me.' 'Then stand up an' do it, ye donkey!' roars the mate. ''Tis you that's the donkey,' says the greenhorn. 'That's not lookin' out—that's lookin' over!' Ho-ho-ho!" Captain Fraser laughed. "Did ye ever hear the like o' that?"

"Indeed to goodness, yes," replied his old shipmate, Mr. Davies, the Welsh chief engineer. "But each time, look you, your greenhorn's in a different ship."

"Aye, chief—he's a well-traveled booby," the shipmaster said, grinning. "But good yarns, like good whisky, improve with age. . . . What say you, Mr. Trank?" he asked his chief officer, a large-framed, taciturn man who had joined the ship at San Pedro to replace the former mate, jailed in a brawl at Colón.

"I'm new to the ship so I've not heard your stories, sir," he said. "And since I don't drink whisky, I'm no judge of that. If you'll excuse me"—he got up—"I'll go back on watch so the third officer can have his breakfast."

"Let him bide there. . . . Steward!" the old man roared. "Take a breakfast tray to the bridge for Mr. Campbell!" He turned back to Trank. "Now relax and finish your coffee, man. The pilot-boat station's miles off yet. And the third's young and needs to learn ——"

"In that case, you'll not object, sir," replied Trank coolly, "if I go up and demonstrate to him that in a properly run ship a senior officer's always on the bridge when making port."

Captain Fraser shot him a brief, sharp glance, then calmly resumed eating. But when Trank had left, Sparks, the wireless operator, exploded. "That high-and-mighty jerk!" he said furiously. "Way he acts, you'd think he'd been mate in a Western Ocean liner!"

"Now, now, Sparks!" the old man reproved mildly. "A man can't help what he is, any more'n a flea can help biting a dog."

"O.K., sir—but he's had people's backs up ever since he stepped aboard! Nothing pleases him! Nothing! By the way, what ship did he come out of to join us?"

"The *Boadicea*," said Captain Fraser. "Give the butter a fair wind, will ye, chief?"

"The *Boadicea?*" exclaimed Davies, passing him the butter dish. "There is strangeness, now! She's an Anglia Line vessel. And why should a man leave a posh company like that to join a parish-rigged outfit like Ocean Traders, who howl agony if we are short even one dollop of lubricant on our stores list?"

"Aye, I've wondered about that meself," Captain Fraser admitted. "And 'specially why they'd fly him out from London to Pedro, when we could easily have signed on a qualified mate on this coast."

"Maybe our company promised him a command," the chief suggested, "and sent him here to fill in, till they had an opening."

"And he'd climb the gates o' hell to get it too!" said Sparks.

"Ah, well, that's what made England great," said the old man. And reaching beneath the chair, he retrieved his cap, carefully placed it on the back of his bald, freckled dome and waddled up to the bridge.

The red-hulled pilot boat, with its white-starred blue jack flying at the main, was a couple of miles ahead, keeping station between the San Francisco lightship and the bar; and automatically the shipmaster looked at his own foremast signal yard, then at Trank and Campbell who were in a wing of the bridge while the third officer breakfasted. Stepping into the chartroom, he sent for the quartermaster and gave a low-spoken order. Then, about to leave, he paused at a light-switch panel near the door and, quickly adjusting the keys, he returned to the deck.

At the captain's approach, Trank turned to him, and Campbell put down his cup. But the old man waved a genial hand. "Eat your

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breakfast, third, my boy," he said. "Ye'll need it to cope wi' all the expert advice your senior officers impart—such as having the jack flown in plenty o' time when approaching a pilot boat, for example."

Instantly the chief officer glanced at the signal yard, and angry embarrassment suffused his granite face. "I'm sorry, sir!" he said. "An oversight. I'll attend to it ——"

'Don't bother, mister," the old man said indulgently. "I'm having the quartermaster do it for ye." And even as he spoke, the hastily raised jack broke and fluttered at the yard.

"That's better," he said, chuckling. "Now the pilots won't think we're out here for a lark. Oh, and one thing more!" he went on as if suddenly remembering. "Be sure to tell the third here that a chief officer on his morning watch is expected to snap off the navigating lights at daylight. 'Tis a small thing, but thrifty—as the owners might say."

"They are off!" rasped the mate after a quick look aft at the mainmast range lamp.

"Aye. So they are—now," Captain Fraser agreed. "I just snapped 'em off meself in the chartroom. Eh, there's nothing like attention to details in a 'properly run' ship."

With the pilot on board, the *Bhutan* surged under the Golden Gate bridge and obtained pratique at the temporary anchorage; then, steam hissing in the winches and the afterhatch cover off and ready to load her one-hundred-forty-ton consignment of tar paper, she moved slowly around Black Point toward the cargo wharf. And Captain Fraser, on the bridge with Campbell, commented with almost a personal pride upon the sparkling beauty of the unfolding bay and its encompassing hills.

"Eh, it's a grand port, third, and grand people in it!" he exclaimed. "We put in here three year ago wi' African mahogany from Dakar. And our agent, name o' Martin, wi' a wife and three bonny kids, took me to his home across the bay there and treated me like a king. But look—there's our wharf, and Martin waiting on it!"

The *Bhutan* was warped alongside and made fast; and when Martin, tall and stooped, with a lean, kindly face, stepped on board, the beaming shipmaster met him at the head of the gangway with outstretched hand.

"This is a fair treat, Mr. Martin, sir!" he cried. "Go on up to me cabin—ye know where it is—and soon as I warn the boss stevedore against his men smoking in the hold, I'll give ye a hooker o' Port o' Spain rum that'll knock your eyeballs inside out!"

When he rejoined the agent, however, and their discussion of ship's business was completed, the shipmaster sensed—despite Martin's obviously genuine pleasure in their reunion—a subtle change in their relationship. For when Captain Fraser again expressed his thanks for Martin's hospitality on his previous visit and made warm inquiry about the welfare of his family, the other's response was evasively noncommittal. Regretfully the shipmaster assumed that his friend perhaps was disturbed by a domestic problem it might be embarrassing to discuss; so when Martin almost abruptly changed the subject with a question about Fraser himself, he obliged.

"Me, ever think o' leaving the sea?" he said with a grin. "Well, there's an old saying that a man who enjoys going to sea would go to hell for pastime. And sometimes, in real bad weather, I believe it. What made ye ask?"

Martin hesitated briefly. "Oh, interest—personal interest," he said quickly. "Haven't you ever wished you could be home more?"

"After I got married, yes. The wife would ha' liked to see me more'n two, three times a year. But I knew nowt o' jobs ashore; and anyway I'd just been made master in the *Bhutan*, here. So we decided I'd best stick with her."

While he was speaking, Captain Fraser had the uneasy feeling that there was purpose behind the agent's probing; but he waited, wary now, as Martin continued.

"But suppose—well, suppose captain, that something happened to make it impossible for you to stay in her?"

"Wait a minute! Let's throw this on the deck and sort it out!" the shipmaster demanded bluntly. "Something *has* happened! So out with it, man, 'stead o' skinnin' 'round the mainmast! What is it?"

"I should have told you straight, but ——"

"I understand. Go on—go on!"

"Your company, Ocean Traders, has been sold."

"And I've got the sack! Is that it?" The old man's pudgy face, with its drooping walrus mustache, looked suddenly flabby and old.

"I don't know. Nothing's been really decided yet. But ——"

"Who's the buyer?"

"Anglia Steamships, Limited."

Captain Fraser stared. "Why, that's one o' the smartest companies in the U. K.! Why would they want a poor lot like ours?"

"Their good-will value abroad. Ocean Traders has declined, true; but they've generations-old cargo contacts in foreign ports. As for the ships, there'll be a survey. The new owners will modernize what they can and scrap the rest."

"And what about us? Ocean Traders' seagoing personnel, I mean?"

Again Martin hesitated. "Well, there'll be changes, of course. But they'll retain the men they decide will be useful."

"And fire them that works cargo wi' the wrong fork!" the shipmaster finished bitterly.

"That's not fair, captain. They have a reputation for square dealing."

"Aye. No doubt! What about the *Bhutan?* Refitting—or the knacker's yard?"

"As I said, it depends on the survey. Anyway, the Anglia Line's chairman of the board,

COURSE

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DISASTER COURSE

Mr. Jamieson, is on his way out here. He'll be in Vancouver time you arrive, and everything will be made clear to you then." Martin rose from his chair. "Now I think I'd better ——"

"One more point!" Captain Fraser had just remembered something. "Do ye know—or know of—an Anglia Line chief officer name o' Trank?"

"Never heard of him. This office has never handled their vessels till now, so I wouldn't ——"

"I see." The shipmaster's face was grim. "Well, there's nowt to do but wait."

"It's no good worrying till you know, captain," Martin said, concerned. "And you'll find everything will be all right, probably."

"'Probably' or 'possibly'?"

Martin met his sharp, demanding gaze. "'Possibly,'" he amended with a helpless shrug. "I'm sorry it was me who had to tell you all this."

"Better you," said the shipmaster, "than yon Jamieson who'll be sharpening the knife for us in Vancouver."

In late afternoon, with the tar-paper consignment under the battened-down hatch cover of the after main hold, the *Bhutan* resumed her voyage north, and by nightfall the Point Reyes flashing beacon was well astern.

Supper had been a depressing hiatus, for Captain Fraser's clumsily inept attempts to draw the mate out encountered only Trank's usual impassive silence. He ate quickly and returned to the bridge. Then the shipmaster, dreading an evening of solitude and worried thoughts, invited the chief engineer to a later game of chess. But Davies had his own worries. The dynamo was giving trouble again, and he was going below to make those stupid ruddy clots in the engine room do a proper job on it this time.

So the old man clumped up to the lower bridge and stood at the rail above the waist, alone with his churning thoughts. He had told no one on board about the change in owners. Why upset them before the final decision at Vancouver was known? There might even be a chance that—but here he forced his mind to stop, his thoughts to turn outward to present things.

The shore lights were twinkling pinpricks now, with the *Bhutan* wallowing in the powerful heave of the offshore sea. From the stewards' quarters the tinny, nostalgic music of a phonograph rode the cold night wind to mingle with the lonely wash of water along the *Bhutan*'s ancient plates. Down in the waist, a half-naked stoker, black with coal dust, hauled on the rattling chains of the ash hoist; shovels scraped and rang in the stokehold and, far below, through the fiddley grating, was the yellow flare of an opened furnace door. There was the tremor of the deck as the propeller thrust the long sea miles astern, the suck and sigh and hum of fans and pumps, the blast of superheated air and the oily smell of hot, pounding steel from the engine room and the slow, remote sway of the topmasts as they traced invisible arabesques against the starry sky.

All the comfortable, familiar details, the old man thought, all the ordered routine that he had lived with during so many sea watches, through so many years. This was his world—the tramp-ship world. The only one he knew. And now, what?

Roused from his musing by the lookout's hail reporting the lights of an approaching vessel, Captain Fraser went up to the bridge and joined Campbell, who was now on watch, while a big, modern cargo liner, her running lights and illuminated passenger deck reflected over the black, tumbling waters, swept past a few hundred yards away.

"Look at that, third, my boy!" said the old man, as the *Bhutan* squattered across the passing vessel's wake. "Caviar for breakfast, lady passengers to dance with, paid leaves ashore and a fat pension to end up wi'. A wee bit different," he said and chuckled, "from the days when I was knocking weevils out o' Liverpool pantiles in a dirty old Tyneside slush bucket—me first ship, it was—at thirteen years of age! And I'm not through yet—not by a damn sight! Me nor the old *Bhutan!*" he ended to himself.

"What was that, sir?" asked the puzzled third mate.

"Nothing, son," Captain Fraser assured him cheerfully. "Just a cracked old boiler tube leaking steam. Good night now. And be sure to make your position check wi' the Point Arena radio-beacon station when we draw abeam. . . ."

During the run north toward the Juan de Fuca Strait, the weather had been hazy but fair. South of the Columbia River, however, the haze thickened; and by the time Grays Harbor on the Washington coast was abeam, it was thick fog, cold and dank, with intermittent rain squalls. The *Bhutan*'s speed was reduced, with the shattering roar of the whistle sounding every two minutes, while in the chartroom Captain Fraser and the second officer and navigator, Billings, discussed the course ahead.

"That's Destruction Island fog siren abaft the beam off to starboard, sir," Billings commented, "so we're well clear."

"Aye. But there's a nasty fifteen-mile stretch o' coast between here and the Giant's Graveyard," said the old man, his pudgy finger on the chart. "So we'll keep our present course, but proceed dead slow. . . . And just look at that jumble o' rocks and reefs in there! It gives ye the creeps just to see it on the chart!"

A half hour later the oilskin-clad bosun, his weathered features a knot of uneasy puzzlement, approached Captain Fraser on the bridge. "Could yer come down to the after well deck wi' me for 'alf a minute, sir?" he muttered. "We got a ruddy spook aboard. Got me fair jumpin', it 'as, sir!"

At first amused, then impressed by the man's obvious distress, the shipmaster followed him down the ladder while the bosun explained. Passing near the after main hatch, he had seen a ventilator cowl, from the top of the tall wide pipe that supplied air to the hold, lying on the deck. He had clamped it back in place; but in ten minutes it was down on the deck again. Yet there had been no boarding seas nor sufficient rolling of the vessel to have dislodged it.

"There it is now, sir!" said the bosun as they reached the break of the waist overlooking the after well deck and cargo holds. And there it was when the shipmaster looked down—rolling and bumping a little against the winches with the sluggish movement of the ship.

"That's curious," said Captain Fraser. "You sure you clamped it tight, bosun?"

"Damn' sure, sir, beggin' yer —— 'Ey, look, sir! Top o' the ventilator!"

Then both were staring with alarm, for there now was rising from the open top of the pipe a streamer of heavy smoke, shot through with glowing sparks, quickly increasing in volume with an undertone of sinister crackling.

"Cargo's afire, bosun!" the shipmaster exclaimed. "Get down to the engine room! Have 'em turn the steam smothering system on to the after main hold and stand by the pumps!"

The bosun raced to obey while the shipmaster ran back to the bridge, and within seconds the ship's general alarm was sounding—a rapid, continuous, clanging of the bell, followed by three taps to indicate that the fire was aft. The crew rushed to their assigned fire stations, laying out and coupling up the hoses, closing ports, scuttles and bulkhead doors while already the steam was roaring under tremendous pressure into the burning hold.

Stepping into the wheelhouse, the old man checked the course with the quartermaster and when he returned to the deck, Sparks was waiting for orders, and the third mate was standing anxiously by.

"What started it, d'you think, sir?" asked Campbell.

"Probably a blasted stevedore sneaking a smoke in the hold! Dropped a butt or a match into that damned tar paper! . . . Sparks, call Coast Guard and shipping, giving position, course, speed and weather. Tell 'em we'll maintain present course and speed. The fire's still under the hatch, and we've plenty of equipment working, so we'll probably get it under control, but ask 'em to stand by for further word, case there's a change. Hell's bells!" the shipmaster ended angrily. "It would have to happen in the worst spot on the entire coast! . . . Third, you'd better go and ——"

Before he could finish, an earthquake-like tremor shook the vessel, almost knocking them from their feet, followed instantly by a terrific blast of hot, displaced air and a heavy explosion. The after main hatch had blown off, and a geyser of blazing debris belched mast-high and fell hissing into the sea.

Aghast, the old man stared as blazing particles showered down; then he grabbed Sparks's arm. "Get an SOS off!" he snapped, then ran to the head of the ladder overlooking the after part of the ship, which now was enveloped in roiling smoke and burning dust. And with the hatch destroyed, the following wind blew across the open hold, creating a gigantic forced draft which swept the blaze within to full malignant fury, so that, with appalling speed, a sheet of flame leaped up and over the midship house. Within minutes all gear lockers, and vegetable bins were gone, with both lifeboats, still in their chocks, blazing torches that were burning down to the deck.

Realizing that unless the wind's enormous draft was immediately diverted by a change of course, to blow the flames outboard, the bridge would be next, Captain Fraser flung an order to Campbell to ring "half ahead," then darted into the wheelhouse and jammed the wheel hard over himself. And as the vessel gathered way, her head swung around until she was at a right angle to her previous course and headed shoreward.

"Hold her there!" he directed the quartermaster. And when he again stepped out on the bridge, the effect of his move already was evident, for the smoke and flame now poured to leeward over the port rail, and Trank and his fire fighters no longer were cut off from the forward part of the ship, although the deck alongside the midship house was a mass of still smoldering debris.

Presently, coughing and half-blinded, the chief officer ran forward to the bridge ladder, and Captain Fraser went down to meet him. "What about the men?" he asked quickly.

"Some bad burns, but otherwise all right," said Trank. "We all nearly copped it when that hatch went up though! We're still fighting with every hose that can bear. But it's hopeless, captain. The fire's eating into both the lower and other afterholds. And as long as that open hatch is exposed to the wind from any direction out here in the open, we can't beat it. We've got to abandon!"

"The boats are gone," the master said.

"I know. But the chart shows a beach of sloping sand about twelve miles north with a clear approach from seaward. It's extensive—so even in this fog we'll find

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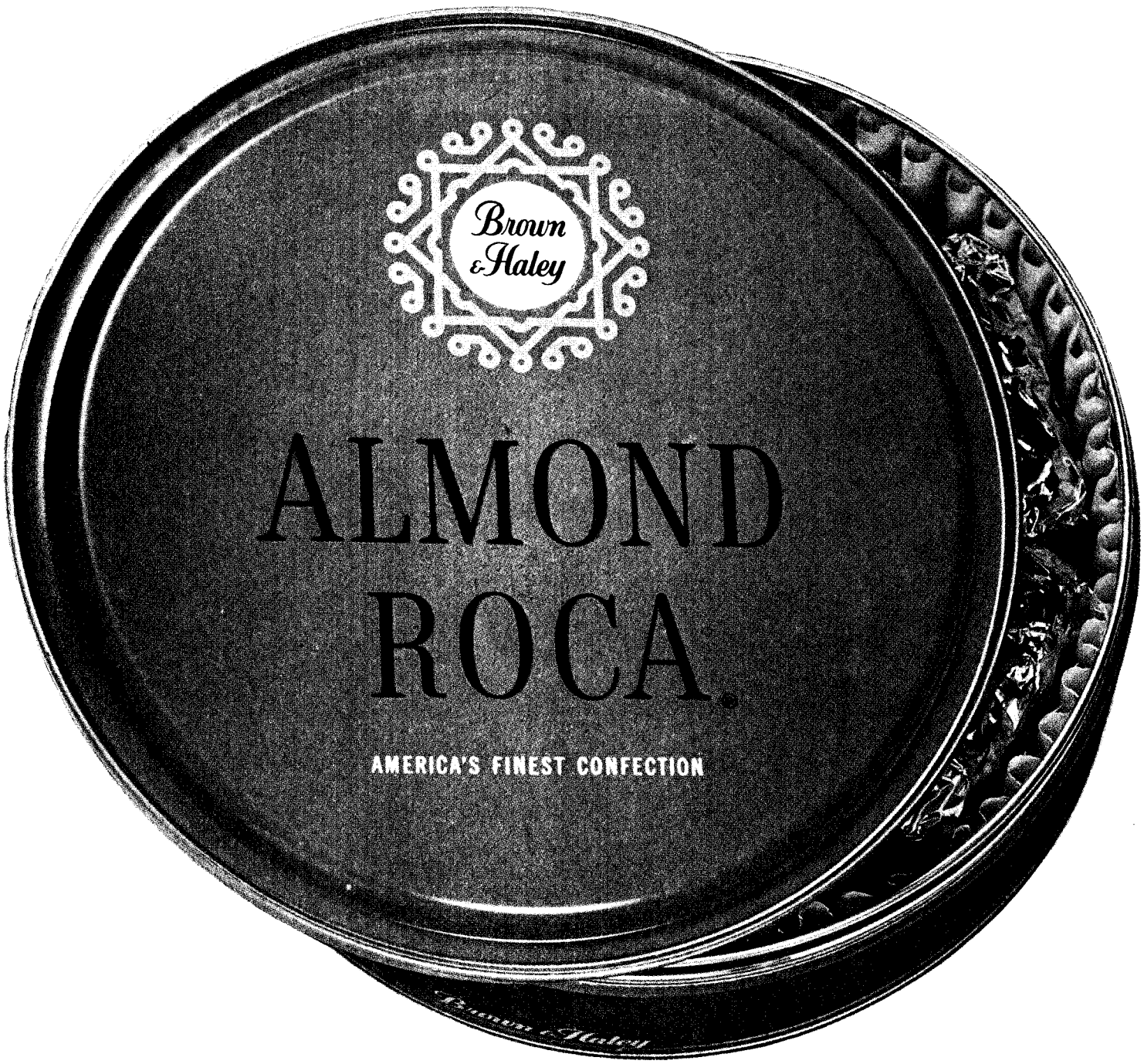

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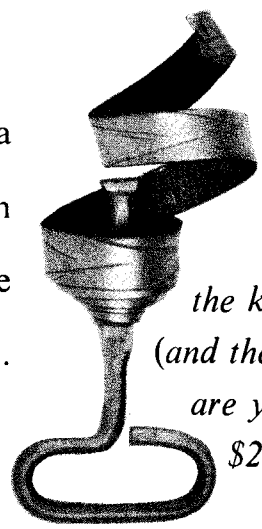

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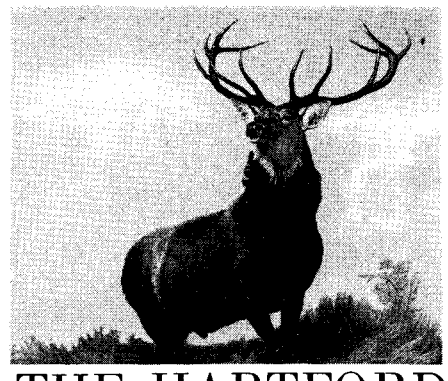

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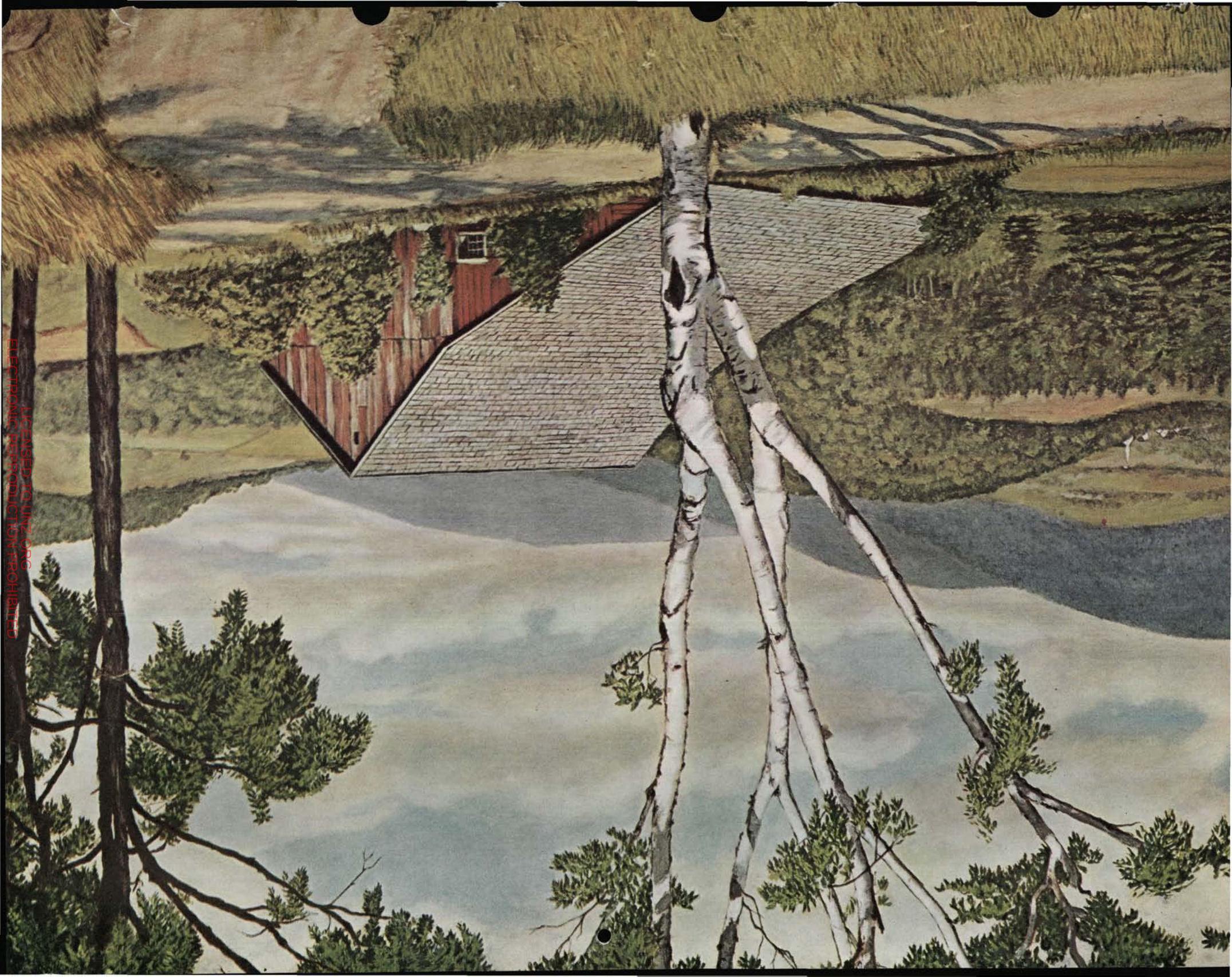

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A good resolution for **JANUARY** *–let our agency serve you*

1962

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1962

Sidewalks are slippery in **FEBRUARY** *Are you insured against falls?*

1962

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
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1962

Illnesses increase in **MARCH** *Have you hospitalization insurance?*

1962

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DISASTER COURSE

it. We'll ram her up on the sand, then jump for it and let her burn herself out. With the boats gone, it's our only chance to save our lives!"

"It's the surest way to lose 'em, mister!" Captain Fraser told him grimly. "Twelve miles is over an hour's steaming. And besides that tar paper, she's carrying a full cargo o' turpentine, paint, fish oils, glycerin, alcohol and benzine. So all she needs is for that stern wind to be a blowtorch again, and in twenty minutes or less that other stuff will catch, and she'll go up in the biggest explosion this side o' hell!"

"Maybe so, but what else is there for us to do but chance it?" Trank demanded furiously.

"I'm doing what should be done right now—taking her inshore, under the lee o' Haystack Island. And that's only two miles off."

"Wha-at?" Trank exclaimed incredulously. "In among all that mess of tidal rocks in fog so thick ye could stick a handspike in it? I'd sooner run for the beach—and so will the crew when I ask them! You're out of your mind, captain! And when a shipmaster's state of mind endangers ship and crew, her chief officer 'egally can take command!"

"You try that, and I'll put a bullet through your head," the old man said calmly. "I'm still master o' the *Bhutan*, mister! And so long as she's afloat, I'll make the decisions—you carry 'em out."

Moving at bare steerageway as she closed in, and still burning like a colossal torch, the *Bhutan* approached the invisible dangers ahead, with Captain Fraser, every instinct of experienced seamanship tensely alert, conning his vessel in. Then a great amorphous wall of wet rock slid past a few yards away, and as the column of flame and smoke began to shoot straight up, he knew that they had reached the protective lee of the island.

With the inferno no longer fanned by the wind, and tons of water pouring into the hold from vantage points impossible before because of the heat, the blaze was brought under control. But it was long after midnight when the final spark was doused and a tarpaulin secured over the charred and stinking hold.

And when it was over, Chief Officer Trank stumbled wearily to the bridge. "You were right, sir," he acknowledged bluntly. "I'm sorry I made your decision difficult."

"It needed only to have failed to be called a mistake," said the old man dryly. "Actually when the danger to the crew o' running to the beach or risking death in here was equal, the only remaining factor left me no choice about what to do. So I did it. 'Twas as simple as that."

"What factor?" Trank asked. "I'm afraid I don't under ——"

"There's only one thing it could be, mister. It's perhaps the most important thing a ship's officer should. . . . Yes, Sparks?" he interrupted himself as the radio operator approached.

"Message from a Coast Guard cutter outside now, sir. She'll stand by till we come out in the morning."

"Thank them, Sparks. But tell 'em I can't risk a low tide, or maybe a gale blowing up while we're trapped in here. We're getting under way at once."

With a hoarse whistle blast to signal the cutter that she was coming, and double lookouts on fo'c'sle head and poop, the *Bhutan* crept seaward again, threading a tortuous course through the maze of tidal rocks. Then, feeling a cold breeze across the bridge, Captain Fraser sensed that all was clear ahead and rang for "slow ahead." But as the vessel picked up way, a lookout up forward gave a startled yell. "Rock ahead!" he bellowed. "Full astern, quick!"

Instantly the second mate slammed the telegraph handle over, and Captain Fraser waited, tight with apprehension, until the *Bhutan's* way was checked and, with a boil of foam beneath the counter, she began to gain sternway.

But in the sudden crisis the quartermaster at the wheel had neglected to compensate for the tendency of single-screw steamers to veer when going astern; and from the swinging stern came a grinding crash and the scream of steel over rock. And before her momentum could be checked, she had run half her after length on a submerged rock shelf, with a dozen bottom plates ripped out and sea water rushing in to flood her lower holds.

Quickly soundings were taken; but it soon was obvious that the *Bhutan's* position was hopeless. Her back was broken, with both ends suspended over deep water and every further moment on board a danger. With the rapid filling of the engine room, the lights went out; but Sparks, with his emergency set, was able to notify the Coast Guard cutter. So, with blue flares burning to guide the cutter's boats to them through the fog and darkness, the steamer's hapless crew was returned to the open sea.

At daylight, raw and desolate, with the fog thinning to ragged streamers before a rising wind, the Coast Guard cutter got under way; and as Captain Fraser, his pudgy frame wrapped in a borrowed greatcoat, stood on the cutter's spotless deck, staring across at the forlorn, abandoned wreck of his steamer, her afterpart, wrenched loose by the falling tide, slid off and plunged into the depths.

"Well, we tried, old girl," he muttered huskily and turned away.

Summoned from Vancouver to Seattle by news of the total loss, with cargo, of his newly acquired vessel, the S.S. *Bhutan*, Mr. Jamieson, chairman of the board of Anglia Steamships, Limited, an intelligent-faced, gray-haired man in a well-cut Savile Row suit, had attended the United States Coast Guard inquiry into the circumstances of the wreck. He had listened carefully, with no visible reaction, as Captain Fraser, the officers, engineers and crew had told their story and, during an interval in the hearing, he was observed receiving a folded document from Chief Officer Trank in the course of a quiet, private conversation in the hall outside. The inquiry ended, and as a few days would elapse before the Coast Guard finding was announced, Captain Fraser was invited by Mr. Jamieson to the offices of the Seattle agent of the Anglia line for a chat.

But Captain Fraser, sitting unhappily on the edge of his chair, was not easy to talk to. For the first time in his life he felt shabby and inferior—shabby because, having lost his ship, he kept remembering other masters he had known, similarly unfortunate, who would stop him ashore and shamefacedly cadge a shilling, inferior because, to a man without a job, insecurity and inferiority are synonymous. The result was a deep, angry need to reassert himself before this employer of shipmasters, since he had nothing more to lose and certainly nothing to gain.

"I don't know why ye bothered to get me here, sir!" he rumbled resentfully. "Ye was at the inquiry, so what else is there to know? Anyway, all that concerns me is what they'll do about my certificate, what their finding will be."

"These Coast Guard officers are fine seamen, captain—none better. And if their finding is that you acted according to your best judgment, no action will be taken against you, not even if that judgment was faulty."

"How the hell can I prove it was or wasn't? The ship's gone!"

"You've proved all I need to know," Jamieson said quietly. "But I'll tell you now—no matter what their verdict, it won't influence the matter of your employment with us."

"Aye—I figured Trank would take good care o' that!" Captain Fraser said tightly and got to his feet. "Well, I'll bid ye good ——"

"Just a moment, captain, please!" Jamieson said quickly and came around the desk. "It's true I placed Mr. Trank in the *Bhutan*—and incidentally he's Captain Trank, with an Extra Master's ticket—just as he's gone in other vessels we've taken over, to give us a completely unbiased opinion as to which masters and officers we should keep on. I have here"—he selected a paper from a folder on the desk—"his report on you. But first ——"

"That should be a beauty!" the old man interjected grimly.

"—but first let me ask you—did you know or feel on your way here, before your ship caught fire, that we would not employ ——"

"Let's skip the fancy trimmings, sir! Martin made it pretty plain that I'd get the sack in Vancouver! And me and Trank being at odds ——"

"All right! One more question, captain!" Jamieson cut in crisply. "Right after you got the fire under control ——"

"That was Trank's work! I'll give him credit, he did a fine job of it!"

"I'd expect he would. Anyway, you said to him then that danger to the crew being equal, the one remaining factor became paramount from then on. What was that factor, Captain Fraser?"

"Why"—the shipmaster looked astonished—"the same one that governs every merchant ship on every ruddy voyage she makes: Protection o' the interests of her owners and the cargo, o' course. What else?"

Jamieson's gaze took in the sweating face, the drooping mustache, the hot, half-angry eyes and wrinkled suit of this potbellied, unheroic little man.

"I see," he said, recollecting certain smart, well-tailored bridge ornaments he knew. "Well, anyway, here's Trank's report on you—and incidentally, I shall follow his advice." He read:

In my opinion his cold guts, sound judgment and inflexible determination, as well as professional qualities of the highest order, fully qualify Captain Fraser for employment with Anglia Steamships, Limited. My advice therefore is to appoint him, not to a sea command, but to the more responsible berth, now vacant, of marine superintendent of the company.

"Trank wrote that—about me?" croaked the old man incredulously. "I—I don't get it! All this highfalutin bilge about cold guts and the like! And about me being made marine superintendent! Why, that's the poshest shore job there is! And ye really mean ——"

"It's yours if you want it, captain," said Jamieson, smiling. "But better make up your mind. I'm flying back tonight."

"Want it?" said the old man, swallowing hard. "It's too good to be true! But when ye get to London, sir," he ended with a grin, "will ye ask her majesty to just pop in and tell my missus about this? She'd think I was telling a whopper if it come from me!" THE END

two Posts in one

Once again The Post will bring together its two year-end issues into one big holiday edition that puts a sharp accent on American youth. Through vivid full-color photographs, carefully compiled statistics—some of which will shock you—and their own speech you will discover what today's young Americans are really like. This is only one of many exciting features in the double-issue Post coming next week.

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THE BIRTH OF

Man's image of the world around him—his own earth, the neighboring planets and his life-giving star-sun, which together form the solar system—has changed radically during the last few decades. Modern scientific deduction, new observational techniques and actual space probes now suggest that our lonely enclave in space may not be the unique and accidental agglomeration we once thought, but a one-in-a-million concentration of energy and life that may be repeated endlessly throughout the universe.

The revealed facts of this greatest of mysteries—the clues of a 5,000,000,000-year-old Whatdunit, which forms a part of the science of cosmogony—are as yet by no means conclusive, but they do point to some strong and surprising probabilities concerning the beginnings of our world and the chances of similar systems' existing elsewhere in the universe. To appreciate the implications of current thinking on these problems we must first recognize the difficulties involved in any interpretation of cosmical events.

The cosmogonist is like a detective who arrives on the scene long after the event, when the clues have been largely obliterated. In the case of our solar system, gradual evolution may have brought about large changes, so that few of the existing features may be primitive. We simply do not know, for instance, whether the present, almost circular paths of the planets round the sun—and in nearly the same plane—have always characterized the system. Dynamical calculations, even with the help of modern computers, cannot be carried back far enough into the past to decide the question. Even if such calculations were possible, we would not be able to incorporate the unpredictable long-term effects of numerous other disturbances, such as collisions of the planets with asteroids and meteoroids, the drag of interplanetary gas and dust, and even the cumulative effect of distant passing stars. In view of all this, we can with safety assume little more than that the present size of the system and the masses of the planets really have not changed much since the beginning.

Another handicap to the detailed investigation of our solar system lies in the immense distances that separate the earth from the other planets. Jupiter at its nearest is about 400,000,000 miles away, and our knowledge of it must come from slight modifications of the sun's light as it is reflected by the outermost layers of the planet's deep atmosphere. This is also true for Saturn, at twice this distance, and for the still more distant Uranus and Neptune. Of the near planets, Venus is permanently covered in cloud. Only the tiny planets Mercury and Mars show solid surfaces, and Mercury is difficult to observe because of its proximity to the sun.

Why should we be interested in the distant cosmic past—in how it all began? Primarily because any theory that solved the genesial problem would have to account for all the features of the present solar system, and consequentially, any correct theory would assuredly disclose a lot more about the system than we have yet observed. There is the scientific challenge of the problem, arising from the belief that it must be possible to explain the existence of the solar system as a product of natural forces. That our system must have had an origin is beyond doubt, for we know the earth has a finite past of about 5,000,000,000 years, and that the sun, from the nature of its present composition, is probably less than 10,000,000,000 years old. A third important consideration is that some reliable theory of the origin of our system is necessary before we can begin to speculate seriously on whether other planetary systems—perhaps with their own life forms—may also exist.

Before considering the various theories concerning its origin, let us glance at some of the peculiarities of our solar system. They are important because they may have a bearing on the problem of its origin. Nearest the sun is the smallest planet, Mercury, which orbits in eighty-eight days—its year—and rotates on its axis in the same time, thus always presenting the same side to the sun. This sunny side remains at about 700 degrees Fahrenheit, hot enough to melt lead and too hot to permit a planetary atmosphere. Tidal action of the sun on the planet must have slowed the rotation of Mercury, which probably once spun much faster on its axis. The next planet, Venus, in some respects almost a twin of the earth, also turns slowly, taking at least two or three weeks for its "day." Venus's exact rotational speed is not yet known, for the planet's

Raymond Arthur Lyttleton, English astronomer, mathematician and astrophysicist, is a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. He is best known as one of the four "Young Turks" of the New Cosmology who have during the past two decades challenged traditional scientific concepts of the universe. Dr. Lyttleton spent the past summer in California as a consultant on space research to the Jet Propulsion Laboratory of Cal. Tech.

ACCORDING TO DOCTOR LYTTLETON:

"We know the earth has a finite past of about 5,000,000,000 years, and that the sun . . . is probably less than 10,000,000,000 years old."

"Whereas it had been thought earlier that planets could form only as a result of an excessively rare combination of events . . . the trend today is toward regarding them as fairly commonplace objects."

"The solar system cannot go on forever; sooner or later the earth will become uninhabitable, for the sun will eventually, in one way or another, cease to shine and maintain conditions suitable to the system."

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BY R. A. LYTTLETON, F. R. S.

'mosphere is topped off by permanent cloud and) distinct surface markings can be seen. Here again, the braking force of tidal action has slowed the planet's spin; in the case of Venus, the sun's tidal pull may even have been supplemented by that of a one-time Venusian satellite—possibly Mercury—which has since escaped.

Skipping our earth, we come to Mars, the outermost of the four so-called terrestrial planets. Although it is only one ninth the mass of the earth, the greater distance of Mars from the sun enables it to retain a tenuous atmosphere. The probable existence of traces of water vapor and, more doubtfully, oxygen in this atmosphere has suggested the possibility of life on Mars. Immediately beyond the orbit of Mars lies a belt of asteroids ranging in size from minor planets 500 miles in diameter down possibly to merest dust specks. Though myriads of these small solid fragments circle the sun in the same direction as the planets, their combined mass would not amount to 1/1000th that of the earth.

The main mass of the solar system resides in the four great outer planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. Jupiter has 1/1000th the mass of the sun, Saturn is about one third the mass of Jupiter, and both Uranus and Neptune have about one twentieth the giant planet's mass. Rapid rotation characterizes all of these four outer planets. Jupiter's tremendous rotational speed at its equator of 30,000 miles per hour—compared with the earth's 1000-mile-per-hour spin—gives it a day of less than ten hours and perceptibly flattens the planet at the poles. This deformation is not surprising, for Jupiter is probably 90 per cent hydrogen—with perhaps a small central solid core—and is, on the average, but little denser than water.

Jupiter has twelve moons, the four largest having been discovered by Galileo with the first astronomical telescope. The largest of these Galilean moons is nearly half the diameter of the earth but is almost light enough to float in one of our oceans. Three of these Galilean moons chase each other around the planet at exactly gaited speeds, each of the second and third ellites proceeding at exactly half the angular ocity of its inner neighbor. An interesting consequence of this harmonic relationship—many others are found throughout the solar system—is that all three satellites can never be simultaneously eclipsed by the planet from the earth.

Saturn, at a distance of roughly 900,000,000 miles from the sun, is about one quarter of the way out toward the known limits of the solar system. Somewhat smaller than Jupiter, but still ten times the diameter of the earth, Saturn has the lowest mean density of all the planets and must be mostly hydrogen—the lightest of all the elements. Saturn's famous ring lies exactly in the equatorial plane of the planet and is so extraordinarily thin that it disappears from view in even the largest telescopes when it presents itself edge on to us.

Some zones of this Saturnian ring, which may be only "one particle thick" are less bright than others—showing there are fewer particles present—and there is a clear division entirely devoid of particles, brought about indirectly by the action of Titan, the largest Saturnian satellite. Theoretical and observational lines of evidence prove that Saturn's ring is constituted of finely divided solid particles, each in separate orbital motion around the planet like a tiny moon—a fact to remember when we later discuss the possible origin of our system. Saturn has nine large-size satellites, or moons, one of which revolves around the planet with a retrograde or backward motion, suggesting a belated origin by capture. Saturn's temperature is some forty degrees colder than the visible surface of Jupiter, which ranges from 200 to 300 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

Uranus, the next planet on the long journey out from the sun, is about four times the diameter of the earth and is some 1,783,000,000 miles from the sun. A barely perceptible point of light to the naked eye, Uranus appears as a little apple-green disc through the telescope. The rotation period of Uranus is about ten hours. The odd feature of this body is that its axis of rotation is tipped so far over that the planet is like a spinning top lying on its side, whereas the axes of the other planets stand more or less upright in relation to their plane of motion around the sun. Since Uranus takes some eighty-four years to make an orbit of the sun, each of its seasons lasts for twenty-one earth years, with the sun high above polar regions in alternate seasons. The planet's temperature in sunlight is 256 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

Uranus, which was discovered in 1781, betrayed the presence of Neptune by straying from its calculated orbit. When the perturbations of all the known planets were taken into account it was found that some unknown body must be influencing the Uranian course through space. Two young mathematicians, U. J. J. Leverrier of France and John Couch Adams of England, tackled the puzzle mathematically, and as a result of their predictions, Neptune was pinpointed by the German astronomer John G. Galle in 1846.

About the size of Uranus, Neptune is another giant 1,000,000,000-mile stride farther from the sun, which it circles every 165 years. This long, slow journey will return Neptune to the place of its discovery during the year 2011. Neptune is probably a solid body surrounded by a vast envelope of gases which are frozen and compressed to extreme density below the observed planetary surface. One of Neptune's two satellites, Triton, is somewhat larger than our moon, but surprisingly moves in a retrograde motion around the planet. This curious circumstance can be explained if it is supposed that the most distant of the planets, the tiny Pluto, was once also a satellite of Neptune; for it can be shown that if tidal force brought the paths of the two moons close enough, Pluto would be speeded up sufficiently to escape from the system and Triton would reverse its original course around the parent planet Neptune.

This possibility recently received strong confirmation by the discovery that Pluto has the long rotation period of six days, which would be just of the right order for a satellite always facing its primary, as our own moon always faces the earth. The same tidal action could have brought this about long before Pluto was expelled from the Neptunian system. Thereafter the spin would be unchanged, since the sun would be too distant to produce braking action on the new planet.

We know little about Pluto itself except for the fact that it is undoubtedly considerably smaller than the earth. The planet's strongly elliptical orbit, which crosses within that of Neptune, carries it around the sun once in every 247 years at a mean distance of 3,666,000,000 miles from the center of our system. From Pluto the sun would appear as an extremely brilliant star but without any perceptible disc. A flash of light,

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traveling at 700,000,000 miles per hour—the same speed that takes eight minutes to reach the earth from the sun—would take more than five hours to reach this last outpost of the solar system. From Pluto the same flash, traveling at the same speed, would have to travel about four and one-quarter *years* through the black void of space before it reached our system's nearest known neighbor, the star Alpha Centauri. No telescope yet conceived could detect whether even this star has attendant planets.

Though the mind and the imagination boggle at the distances with which we are here concerned, a useful analogy of the solar system itself can be envisaged through the rough model once described by Sir John Herschel, the nineteenth-century English astronomer:

> Choose any well-leveled field. On it place a globe, two feet in diameter; this will represent the sun; Mercury will be represented by a grain of mustard seed, on the circumference of a circle 164 feet in diameter for its orbit; Venus a pea, on a circle 284 feet in diameter; the earth also a pea, on a circle 430 feet; Mars a rather large pinhead, on a circle of 654 feet; Jupiter a moderate-sized orange, in a circle nearly half a mile across; Saturn a small orange, on a circle of four fifths of a mile; Uranus a full-sized cherry, or small plum, upon the circumference of a circle more than a mile and a half across, and Neptune a good-sized plum on a circle about two miles and a half in diameter.

Pluto, on the same scale, would be represented by a pea or smaller object on an ellipse three and a quarter miles in length, with the globe that represents the sun one and a quarter miles from its perihelion, or nearest point of approach.

Though all the stars in our galaxy—and in the universe—are in motion relative to one another, the mutual distances involved obviously make close approaches by stars extremely rare. For this reason we may assume that for millions of years the motions of the planets have remained unaffected by any body outside the solar system. It would be wrong, however, to assume that this has always been so; indeed, some theories of the origin of the system have postulated direct outside stellar interference. Let us examine some of these theories.

The Nebular Hypothesis: In 1796 Laplace, the great French mathematical astronomer, put forward a verbal description of the origin of the planets suggesting that at one time the material of the system was spread out in a cool, rarefied disc-shaped nebula. This nebula, Laplace reasoned, would gradually contract and thereby rotate more quickly, leaving behind at its rim successive rings of material caught in the struggle between outward centrifugal force and the inward gravitational attraction of the rest of the nebula. Each ring then coalesced to form a planet. This process accounted for less than 1/500th of the total material; the remainder condensed into a central mass to form the primitive sun.

This attractive theory dominated scientific and philosophical thought for a century, but we now realize that it contradicts a number of dynamical and physical realities. We know, for instance, that if the nebula had rotated fast enough to loose material at its edge, the remaining material would have far more rotational momentum than is now stored in the slowly rotating sun. It can also be proved that the material that formed the present sun, which is probably more than 90 per cent hydrogen, could not have supplied in sufficient abundance the heavy elements found in some of the planets.

The Catastrophic Theories: There are several of these, all based on the idea that some violent occurrence extracted the planetary material from the actual surface layers of the sun, or other star, where it is normally firmly held by a powerful gravitational field. The Tidal Theory postulated that another star swept by so close to the sun that it raised gigantic tides in the solar atmosphere. The outermost tips of the resulting tidal waves would become detached as small droplets—the newly born planets—and these would then be pulled sideways as they tended to follow the receding star, giving them an orbital motion round the sun, all in the same plane and in the same general direction. An objection to this process was that the droplet-planets would rotate at much the same twenty-five-day rate as the sun. Actually, as we have seen, the great planets have rotation periods measured in hours.

To answer this objection, a glancing collision between the sun and the passing star was next proposed. It was argued not only that the collision would augment the tidal forces to detach material from the sun, but also that two gaseous bodies sliding past each other at hundreds of miles per second would generate the whirling motion of turbulence needed within the material to account for the spins of the resulting planets.

Christmas is the time of the year when mother has to separate the men from the toys.

Anna Herbert

The fatal flaw in both forms of the catastrophic theory is that the droplet-planets would not go into orbital motion around the sun. It can be mathematically proved that they would simply fall back to the surface and be reabsorbed when less than halfway round the sun. Calculations show that it would be impossible by such means to get a grain of sand to circle the sun even close to its surface—not to mention the mighty Jupiter with an orbit of some 500,000,000 miles.

A binary collision seemed to present a simple way out of this particular difficulty. Newton's laws require that the sun occupy the central position of the solar system because of its preponderant mass, and there is no justification for supposing that it *must* therefore have been the source of the planetary material. If the sun at one time had a *companion star*—double, or binary, stars are a common feature of our galaxy—moving round it at much the same distance as the great planets move, it can be shown that a grazing collision of the companion with a third incoming star could cause the companion to escape from the sun and disappear among the other stars. The satisfactory features of the collision theory could be taken over unchanged, and the problem of the system's great scale would be resolved.

The improbability of such a collision is not a valid objection to this type of hypothesis, though it would imply that systems formed in this manner are likely to be rare. There are, however, serious objections to the proposal. We now know, for instance, that unless the third star entered the binary system at prohibitively great speed it would not have the energy to remove enough material to form the planets. Also, the sun's companion would probably have consisted almost entirely of hydrogen, and this again presents the problem of forming planets of a lower proportional hydrogen content—that is, with far more of the heavier elements—than the sun. In sum, detailed analysis reveals that the binary collision theory is almost impossible to substantiate.

The Supernova Theory: One proposal to avoid the objections to the various collision theories was the suggestion that the second member of the binary had a much greater mass than its companion, the sun, and developed to the supernova stage, undergoing a violent explosion. When a star has burned all its hydrogen by nuclear processes, it may collapse with an enormous increase of internal temperature, which synthesizes the heavier elements very rapidly. The companion star's collapse would be accompanied by such an increased rotation rate that its material, now rich in the heavy elements required for planet formation, would be showered outward on a prodigious scale.

Modern observations of actual supernova explosions have shown that enough material to form several of our suns can be thrown off in such a cataclysm—though, as we have seen, a tiny wisp of the ejected material would, if captured by the sun, be sufficient to form all the present planets. The ejection of the material occurs at such immense speeds, hundreds of miles per second, that any lopsidedness of the explosion would produce the slight recoil speed needed to sever its weak gravitational bond with the sun. This, of course, obviates the necessity of introducing a third star, very accurately aimed, to remove the companion from the sun. It should be added that supernova explosions of stars are fairly commonplace and occur every few hundred years in our own galaxy.

One major problem posed by all the catastrophic theories is that material suddenly released from a star could not, because of its high temperature, immediately condense into small compact bodies such as planets. The now generally accepted conclusion is that the liberated material would expand to a gaseous nebula that would revolve around the sun as a consequence of the orbital motion originally possessed by the companion star. As this nebula cooled, it would flatten into a disc-shaped ring, resembling a gigantic Saturnian-ring system. Solidified particles would tend to arrange themselves in a plane within this ring, while material such as hydrogen, remaining in gaseous form, would float above and below the ring under pressure effects maintained by the temperature of the adjacent central sun.

The Modern Theories: Current hypothesis on the evolution of our system, while proposing various methods for the original accumulation of the material, seem all to agree that some sort of ring or disc of material around the sun is a necessary stage in the process of planet formation. The first step of planet growth would be a simple accumulation of solid material at the central plane of the disc. Low-speed collisions between particles, probably resembling snowflakes in texture, would produce larger particles; and these in turn would collide with others to get still larger, with a snowballing effect. This process would have to continue for tens of millions of years before any accumulation equaled even a small planetary mass. Sooner or later a few accumulations would have grown so large that the force of gravity would begin to take over and attract particles from a greater distance. The larger such accumulations grew, the more powerful this gravitational effect would be. Like large financial corporations, the larger primitive planets would dominate the scene and sweep the field locally, swallowing up the smaller concerns. A solid planet would cease to grow only when all the particles of the disc in its general neighborhood had been collected. The end of the first stage of the solar system's evolution must have been a few solid cores spaced out across the expanse of the original disc surrounding the sun.

The capabilities of these planetary nuclei to capture the hot hydrogen gas surrounding the disc would depend upon their distance from the sun and the strength of their gravitational forces. The earth itself, for instance, cannot presently retain hydrogen gas in its atmosphere and could scarcely have done so at any earlier stage when it was less massive. (It could, of course, have captured hydrogen combined with other elements such as oxygen, to the extent that these were present, since the compound—water—would be solid or liquid at our distance from the sun.) The same reasoning holds true for planets nearer the sun, and for Mars because of its small mass; so there is no difficulty in understanding why only small solid planets would form near the sun—their attractions are insufficient to control the thermal speeds that hydrogen atoms and molecules would have close to the sun.

Because the local temperatures maintained by the sun diminish with distance, even a small planet could retain hydrogen at Jupiter's position in the system. This means that the more distant planetary nuclei would be able to capture hydrogen from the disc. As this gas probably would constitute more than 90 per cent of the disc mass, large planets of low density would evolve. Thus we are led to picture the great planets as having small solid central cores surrounded by a deep shell consisting almost entirely of hydrogen, probably itself compressed to solid form at all but its outermost layers.

In the outer reaches of the system another effect must be considered. Near the edge of the disc, where the sun's attraction is far weaker, hydrogen would boil off into outer space even at the reduced temperature and be lost from the system altogether, so that the proportion of hydrogen to heavier materials would decrease as we go outward. It is significant that Uranus, despite its far smaller mass, has a density much greater than Saturn, and even greater than Jupiter, while Neptune is nearly twice as dense as Uranus, although little more massive.

In addition to the Supernova Theory, there have been a number of other recent proposals for the origin of the primitive dust and hydrogen disc around the sun. Vast tracts of interstellar dust and hydrogen gas, itself liberated by supernova explosions, already exist in interstellar space. The mechanism of capture of this material by the sun to form the requisite disc is being actively investigated. One possibility being considered is the capture of a planetary quantity of such material as a result of a three-body encounter of the sun with a second independent star, with a gas-dust cloud as the third participant. Such a meeting, in which the action of the independent star accounts for the required rotatory motion of the captured gas-dust cloud around the sun, demands such special conditions that planetary

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systems originating in this manner would be very rare indeed.

A more likely occurrence is that the sun itself may have captured the disc material solely by its own gravitational action while passing through a cloud at very low speed. Under such circumstances the sun could attract material from an immense distance—about 6,000,000,000,000 miles—and within such a range a typical interstellar cloud, despite its extreme rarity, would contain just about the mass of all the planets. Furthermore, the amount of rotational momentum that would be involved in such a capture is of just the right order to account for that of the planets. The chance of a star entering a cloud at the slow speed required for such a capture is extremely small, but in thousands of millions of years any particular star will pass through thousands of dust clouds, and sooner or later the requisite speed would occur. Estimates suggest that, of stars the sun's age, at least one in 1000 will have met these conditions and thereby have acquired a disc of material capable of developing into a planetary system.

Another possibility of a much more speculative nature is suggested by the process of star formation. If, as supposed, stars condense more or less rapidly within interstellar clouds, they will retain any rotational momentum the clouds possess. As the contraction proceeds, the resulting stars may spin very quickly, like a skater going into a spin. If our sun formed in this manner, it would have developed a rapid spin before it reached its present stable size. If the spin were rapid enough, centrifugal force might smoothly detach material from the protosun's equator and a disc would begin to form. Although this process would not start until the sun had shrunk to a size within the present orbits of the inner planets, a second mechanism—that of coupling with the sun's magnetic field—is seen as spreading the disc outward by transferring almost all of the sun's rotation to it, with the sun becoming a slowly rotating central star.

If this theory is sound it would imply that most, if not all, slowly rotating stars possess planetary systems, which would mean the majority of stars in the heavens. In general, the same reasoning applies to the process of planet formation by the direct capture of interstellar material. In either case, there would be enormous numbers of planetary systems in existence—1 per cent of the stars in our galaxy would total 1,000,000,000, and there are thousands of millions of galaxies even within observational range.

Whatever the origin of the disc material, the various planets are the surviving successful accumulations within it. They would tend to move around the sun in circular paths, because this is how the material of the disc moved. The rotations of the planets and the formation of their satellites are also natural consequences of a revolving disc. For each part of the disc has its own circular motion round the sun, and this is such as to give the material forming the disc an intrinsic spin that cannot be destroyed. A planet formed from such material will necessarily have rotation about an axis of spin roughly perpendicular to the plane of the disc—as do almost all the solar planets. An explanation of the peculiar case of Uranus, whose axis lies almost in its orbital plane, could be that Uranus represents the coalescence of two large primitive planets; the final direction of rotation would then depend on just how they came together.

There is a further important consideration. A growing planet would gradually come to possess more rotation than it could store as a stable body, and eventually the planet would elongate and burst into two pieces. These pieces would be of different sizes, with one about ten times the mass of the other. The smaller piece would be thrown clear at a speed sufficient, if it happened at Jupiter's distance from the sun, to send it right out of the solar system. The larger piece would undergo a slight recoil and remain behind as a stable, slowly rotating, body.

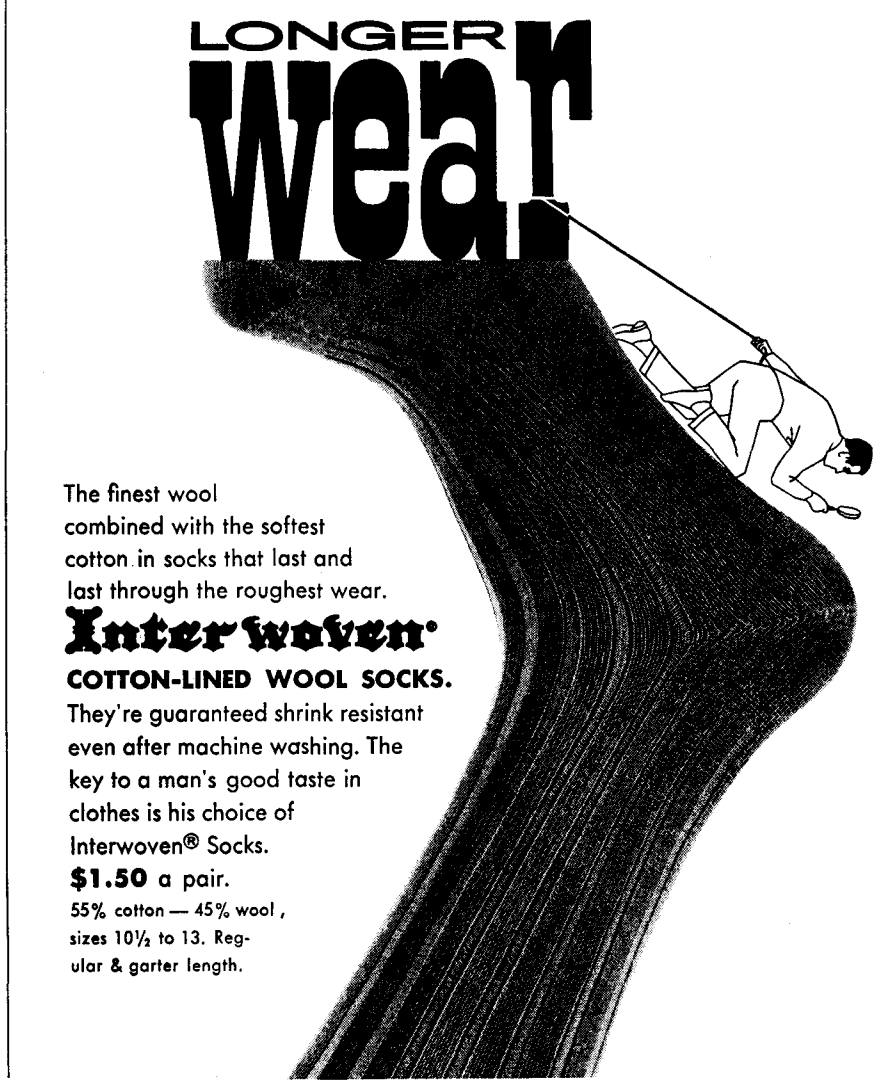
This very same process of disruption could also create satellites. The breakup of a planet produces a situation resembling the collision mechanism, but with the important difference that now the planet is highly elongated when it divides and the smaller piece is thrown off at high speed. Minute droplets will form in the stream of material drawn out between the separating main masses, and some of these would be set into orbital motion round the larger piece. When it is remembered, for example, that Jupiter's four large satellites total only about 1/10,000th of the mass of the planet, it is plain that no more than a minute fraction of the total amount of material need be captured in this process. Thus the same forces that stabilize the rotation of a planet can produce satellites moving close to its surface.

It is even possible that in the same breakup that left Jupiter as the main survivor, the terrestrial planets themselves were liberated. Their combined mass is less than 1 per cent that of Jupiter, so they could have been the main small droplets, formed when the original giant planet divided. The fact that our moon closely resembles the four large Jovian satellites favors the idea, while the differing compositions of the four inner planets suggest that separation of material had time to take place somewhere before they finally formed as separate bodies.

As this brief survey of the various theories of the origin of our system suggests, current cosmogonical thinking is along lines vastly different from that of a few years ago. Whereas it had been thought earlier that planets could form only as a result of an excessively rare combination of events, and consequently that solar systems might be equally rare, the trend today is toward regarding them as fairly commonplace objects.

We know with certainty that there are an enormous number of stars available to play the role of a central sun. We know, too, that the conditions suitable for the development and maintenance of life on a planet depend on a special relationship between the planet and its star-sun—the type of star, the separation distance and the size of the planet are all involved. But there seems little doubt that here and there a planet-star relationship fulfilling all the necessary conditions will exist and that the evolutionary process could lead to the development of intelligent life from living matter.

It may be, on the other hand, that life and the universe have always existed together; certainly it needs the former for any appreciation of the latter. The solar system cannot go on forever; sooner or later the earth will become uninhabitable, for the sun will eventually, in one way or another, cease to shine and maintain conditions suitable to the system. It may become too faint or it may expand to become a red giant and successively swallow the planets. Continued observation of the universe would then require the existence of life elsewhere—unless we accept the view that the universe can exist independently of life, but this is a position that cannot be rationalized. THE END



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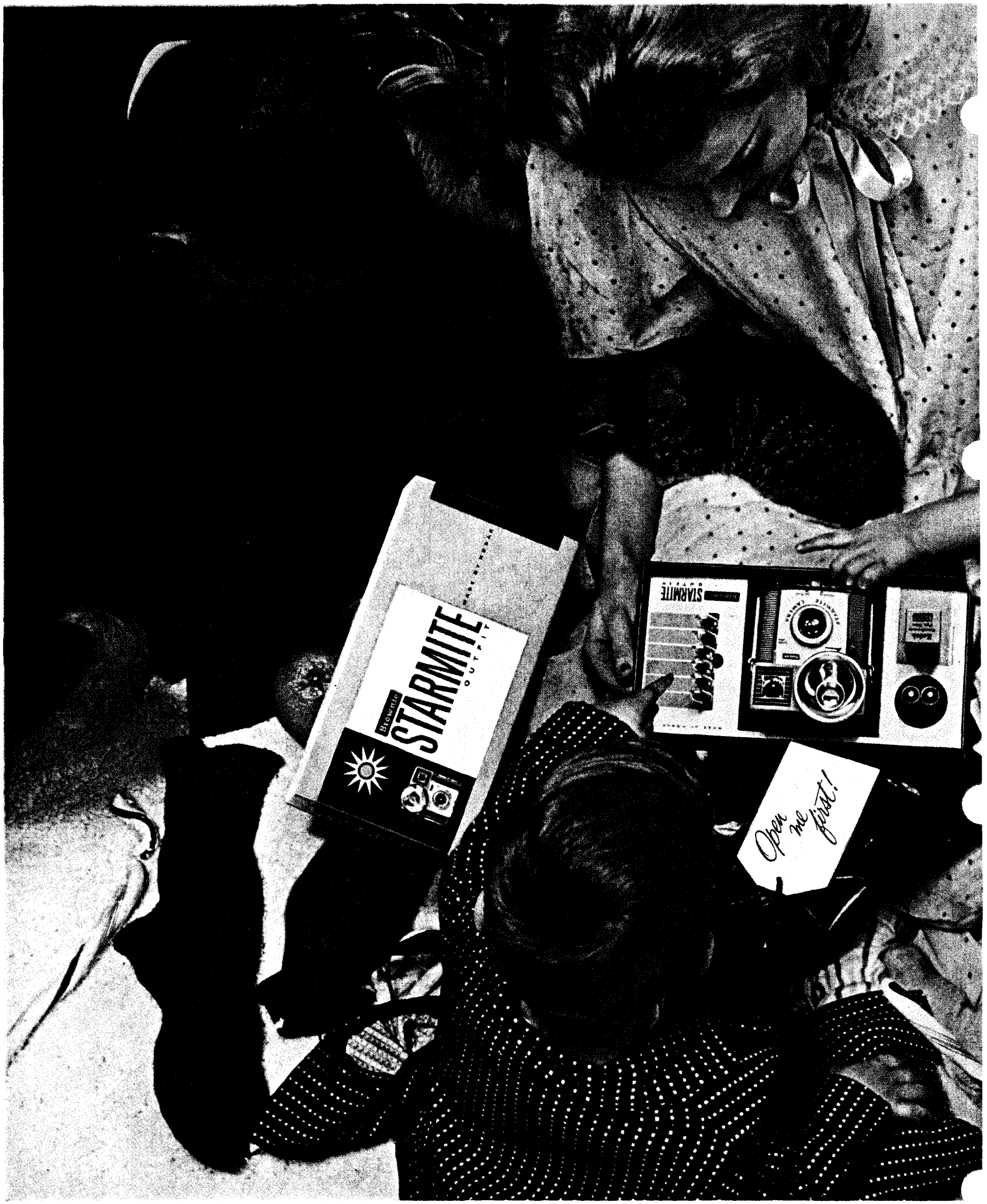

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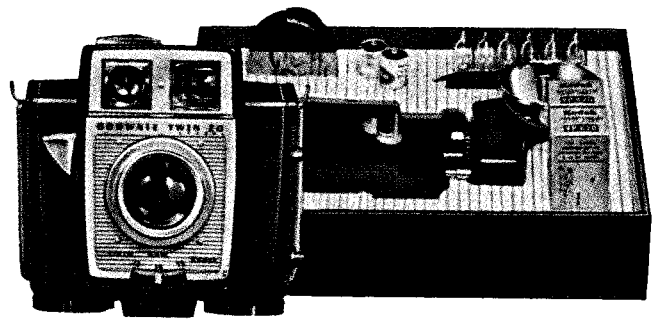

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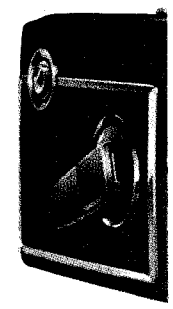

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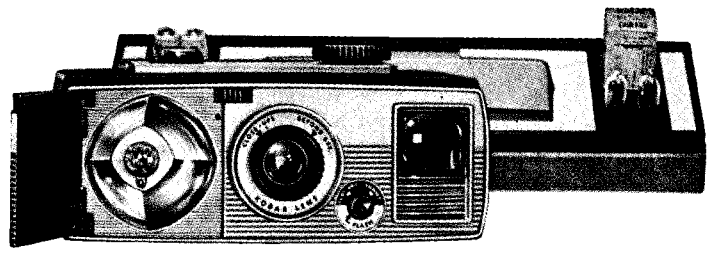

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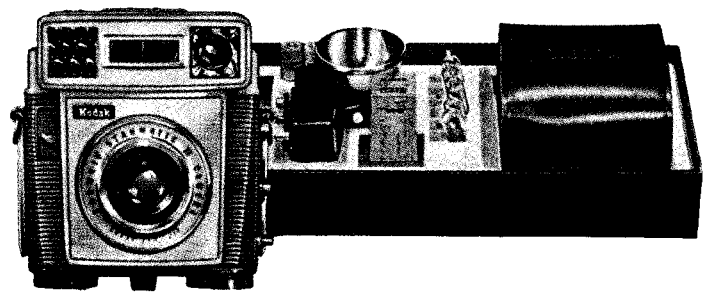

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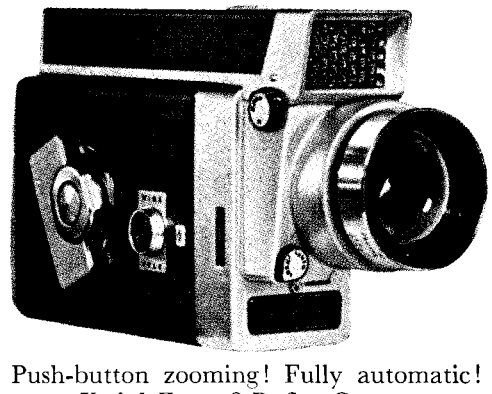

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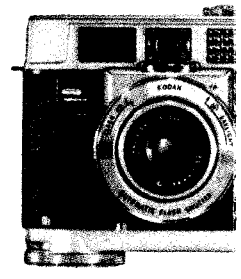

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MY NAME IS EVERYONE

continued from page 21

if she was interested in anything. She seemed kind of numb, almost a machine herself, an automatic phone-company politeness machine.

"How long will you be in town here?" I asked her.

"I stay in each town eight weeks, sir," she said. She had pretty blue eyes, but there sure wasn't much hope or curiosity in them. She told me she had been going from town to town like that for two years, always a stranger.

And I got it in my head that she might make a good Stella for the play. Stella was the wife of the Marlon Brando character, the wife of the character I wanted Harry Nash to play. So I told her where and when we were going to hold tryouts and said the club would be very happy if she'd come.

She looked surprised, and she warmed up a little. "You know," she said, "that's the first time anybody ever asked me to participate in any community thing."

"Well," I said, "there isn't any other way to get to know a lot of nice people faster than to be in a play with 'em."

She said her name was Helene Shaw. She said she might just surprise me—and herself. She said she just might come.

You would think that North Crawford would be fed up with Harry Nash in plays after all the plays he'd been in. But the fact was that North Crawford probably could have gone on enjoying Harry forever, because he was never Harry on stage. When the maroon curtain went up on the stage in the gymnasium of the Consolidated Junior-Senior High School, Harry, body and soul, was exactly what the script and the director told him to be.

Somebody said one time that Harry ought to go to a psychiatrist so he could be something important and colorful in real life too—so he could get married anyway, and maybe get a better job than just clerking in Miller's Hardware Store for fifty dollars a week. But I don't know what a psychiatrist could have turned up about him that the town didn't already know. The trouble with Harry was he'd been left on the doorstep of the Unitarian Church when he was a baby, and he never did find out who his parents were.

When I told him there in Miller's that I'd been appointed director, that I wanted him in my play, he said to me what he always said to anybody who asked him to be in a play—and it was kind of sad, if you think about it.

"Who am I this time?" he said.

So I held the tryouts where they're always held—in the meeting room on the second floor of the North Crawford Public Library. Doris Sawyer, the woman who usually directs, came to give me the benefit of all her experience. The two of us sat in state upstairs, while the people who wanted parts waited below. We called them upstairs one by one.

Harry Nash came to the tryouts, even though it was a waste of time. I guess he wanted to get that little bit more acting in.

For Harry's pleasure, and our pleasure, too, we had him read from the scene where he beats up his wife. It was a play in itself, the way Harry did it, and Tennessee Williams hadn't written it all either. Tennessee Williams didn't write the part, for instance, where Harry, who weighs about 145, who's about five feet, eight inches tall, added fifty pounds to his weight and four inches to his height by just picking up a playbook. He had a short little double-breasted bellows-back grade-school graduation suit coat on and a dinky little red tie with a horsehead on it. He took off the coat and tie, opened his collar, then turned his back to Doris and me, getting up steam for the part. There was a great big rip in the back of his shirt, and it looked like a fairly new shirt too. He'd ripped it on purpose, so he could be that much more like Marlon Brando, right from the first.

When he faced us again, he was huge and handsome and conceited and cruel. Doris read the part of Stella, the wife, and Harry bullied that old, old lady into believing that she was a sweet, pregnant girl married to a sexy gorilla who was going to beat her brains out. She had me believing it too. And I read the lines of Blanche, her sister in the play, and darned if Harry didn't scare me into feeling like a drunk and faded Southern belle.

And then, while Doris and I were getting over our emotional experiences, like people coming out from under ether, Harry put down the playbook, put on his coat and tie, and turned into the pale hardware-store clerk again.

"Was—was that all right?" he said, and he seemed pretty sure he wouldn't get the part.

"Well," I said, "for a first reading, that wasn't too bad."

"Is there a chance I'll get the part?" he said. I don't know why he always had to pretend there was some doubt about his getting a part, but he did.

"I think we can safely say we're leaning powerfully in your direction," I told him.

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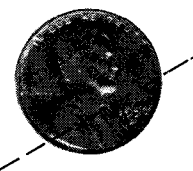

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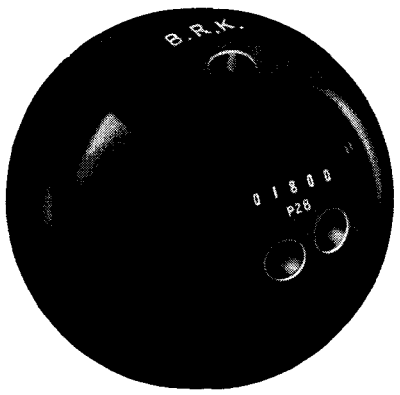

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He was very pleased. "Thanks! Thanks a lot!" he said, and he shook my hand.

"Is there a pretty new girl downstairs?" I said, meaning Helene Shaw.

"I didn't notice," said Harry.

It turned out that Helene Shaw *had* come for the tryouts, and Doris and I had our hearts broken. We thought the North Crawford Mask and Wig Club was finally going to put a really good-looking, really young girl on stage, instead of one of the beat-up forty-year-old women we generally have to palm off as a girl.

But Helene Shaw couldn't act for sour apples. No matter what we gave her to read, she was the same girl with the same smile for anybody who had a complaint about his phone bill.

Doris tried to coach her some, to make her understand that Stella in the play was a very passionate girl who loved a gorilla because she needed a gorilla. But Helene just read the lines the same way again. I don't think a volcano could have stirred her up enough to say, "Oo."

"Dear," said Doris, "I'm going to ask you a personal question."

"All right," said Helene.

"Have you ever been in love?" said Doris. "The reason I ask," she said, "remembering some old love might help you put more warmth in your acting."

Helene frowned and thought hard. "Well," she said, "I travel a lot, you know. And practically all the men in the different companies I visit are married and I never stay anyplace long enough to know many people who aren't."

"What about school?" said Doris. "What about puppy love and all the other kinds of love in school?"

So Helene thought hard about that, and then she said, "Even in school I was always moving around a lot. My father was a construction worker, following jobs around, so I was always saying hello or good-by to someplace, without anything in between."

"Um," said Doris.

"Would movie stars count?" said Helene. "I don't mean in real life. I never knew any. I just mean up on the screen."

Doris looked at me and rolled her eyes. "I guess that's love of a kind," she said.

And then Helene got a little enthusiastic. "I used to sit through movies over and over again," she said, "and pretend I was married to whoever the man movie star was. They were the only people who came with us. No matter where we moved, movie stars were there."

"Uh huh," said Doris.

"Well, thank you, Miss Shaw," I said. "You go downstairs and wait with the rest. We'll let you know."

So we tried to find another Stella. And there just wasn't one, not one woman in the club with the dew still on her. "All we've got are Blanches," I said, meaning all we had were faded women who could play the part of Blanche, Stella's faded sister. "That's life, I guess—twenty Blanches to one Stella."

"And when you find a Stella," said Doris, "it turns out she doesn't know what love is."

Doris and I decided there was one last thing we could try. We could get Harry Nash to play a scene along with her. "He just might make her bubble the least little bit," I said.

"That girl hasn't got a bubble in her," said Doris.

So we called down the stairs for Helene to come back on up, and we told somebody to go find Harry. Harry never sat with the rest of the people at tryouts—or at rehearsals either. The minute he didn't have a part to play, he'd disappear into some hiding place where he could hear people call him, but where he couldn't be seen. At tryouts in the library he generally hid in the reference room, passing the time looking at flags of different countries in the front of the dictionary.

Helene came back upstairs, and we were very sorry and surprised to see that she'd been crying.

"Oh, dear," said Doris. "Oh, my—now what on earth's the trouble, dear?"

"I was terrible, wasn't I?" said Helene, hanging her head.

Doris said the only thing anybody can say in an amateur theatrical society when somebody cries. She said, "Why, no dear—you were marvelous."

"No I wasn't," said Helene. "I'm a walking icebox, and I know it."

"Nobody could look at you and say that," said Doris.

"When they get to know me, they can say it," said Helene. "When people get to know me, that's what they *do* say." Her tears got worse. "I don't want to be the way I am," she said. "I just can't help it, living the way I've lived all my life. The only experiences I've had have been in crazy dreams of movie stars. When I meet somebody nice in real life, I feel as though I were in some kind of big bottle, as though I couldn't touch that person, no matter how hard I tried." And Helene pushed on air as though it were a big bottle all around her.

"You ask me if I've ever been in love," she said to Doris. "No—but I want to be. I know what this play's about. I know what Stella's supposed to feel and why she feels it. I—I—I ——" she said, and her tears wouldn't let her go on.

"You what, dear?" said Doris gently.

"I ——" said Helene, and she pushed on the imaginary bottle again. "I just don't know how to begin," she said.

There was heavy clumping on the library stairs. It sounded like a deep-sea diver coming upstairs in his lead shoes. It was Harry Nash, turning himself into Marlon Brando. In he came, practically dragging his knuckles on the floor. And he was so much in character that the sight of a weeping woman made him sneer.

"Harry," I said, "I'd like you to meet Helene Shaw. Helene—this is Harry Nash. If you get the part of Stella, he'll be your husband in the play." Harry didn't offer to shake hands. He put his hands in his pockets, and he hunched over, and he looked her up and down, gave her looks that left her naked. Her tears stopped right then and there.

"I wonder if you two would play the fight scene," I said, "and then the reunion scene right after it."

"Sure," said Harry, his eyes still on her. Those eyes burned up clothes faster than she could put them on. "Sure," he said, "if Stell's game."

"What?" said Helene. She'd turned the color of cranberry juice.

"Stell—Stella," said Harry. "That's you. Stell's my wife."

I handed the two of them playbooks. Harry snatched his from me without a word of thanks. Helene's hands weren't working very well, and I had to kind of mold them around the book.

"I'll want something I can throw," said Harry.

"What?" I said.

"There's one place where I throw a radio out a window," said Harry. "What can I throw?"

So I said an iron paperweight was the radio, and I opened the window wide. Helene Shaw looked scared to death.

"Where you want us to start?" said Harry, and he rolled his shoulders like a prize fighter warming up.

"Start a few lines back from where you throw the radio out the window," I said.

"O.K., O.K.," said Harry, warming up, warming up. He scanned the stage directions. "Let's see," he said, "after I throw the radio, she runs off stage, and I chase her, and I sock her one."

"Right," I said.

"O.K., baby," Harry said to Helene, his eyelids drooping. What was about to happen was wilder than the chariot race in *Ben Hur*. "On your mark," said Harry. "Get ready, baby. Go!"

When the scene was over, Helene Shaw was as hot as a hod carrier, as limp as an eel. She sat down with her mouth open and her head hanging to one side. She wasn't in any bottle any more. There wasn't any bottle to hold her up and keep her safe and clean. The bottle was gone.

"Do I get the part or don't I?" Harry snarled at me.

"You'll do," I said.

"You said a mouthful!" he said. "I'll be going now. . . . See you around, Stella," he said to Helene, and he left. He slammed the door behind him.

"Helene?" I said. "Miss Shaw?"

"Mf?" she said.

"The part of Stella is yours," I said. "You were great!"

"I was?" she said.

"I had no idea you had that much fire in you, dear," Doris said to her.

"Fire?" said Helene. She didn't know if she was afoot or on horseback.

"Skyrockets! Pinwheels! Roman candles!" said Doris.

"Mf," said Helene. And that was all she said. She looked as though she were going to sit in the chair with her mouth open forever.

"Stella," I said.

"Huh?" she said.

"You have my permission to go."

So we started having rehearsals four nights a week on the stage of the Consolidated School. And Harry and Helene set such a pace that everybody in the production was half crazy with excitement and exhaustion before we'd rehearsed four times. Usually a director has to beg people to learn their lines, but I had no such trouble. Harry and Helene were working so well together that everybody else in the

In Next Week's Post

Philip Wylie Speaks Out:

ARE THEY SPOILING FLORIDA?

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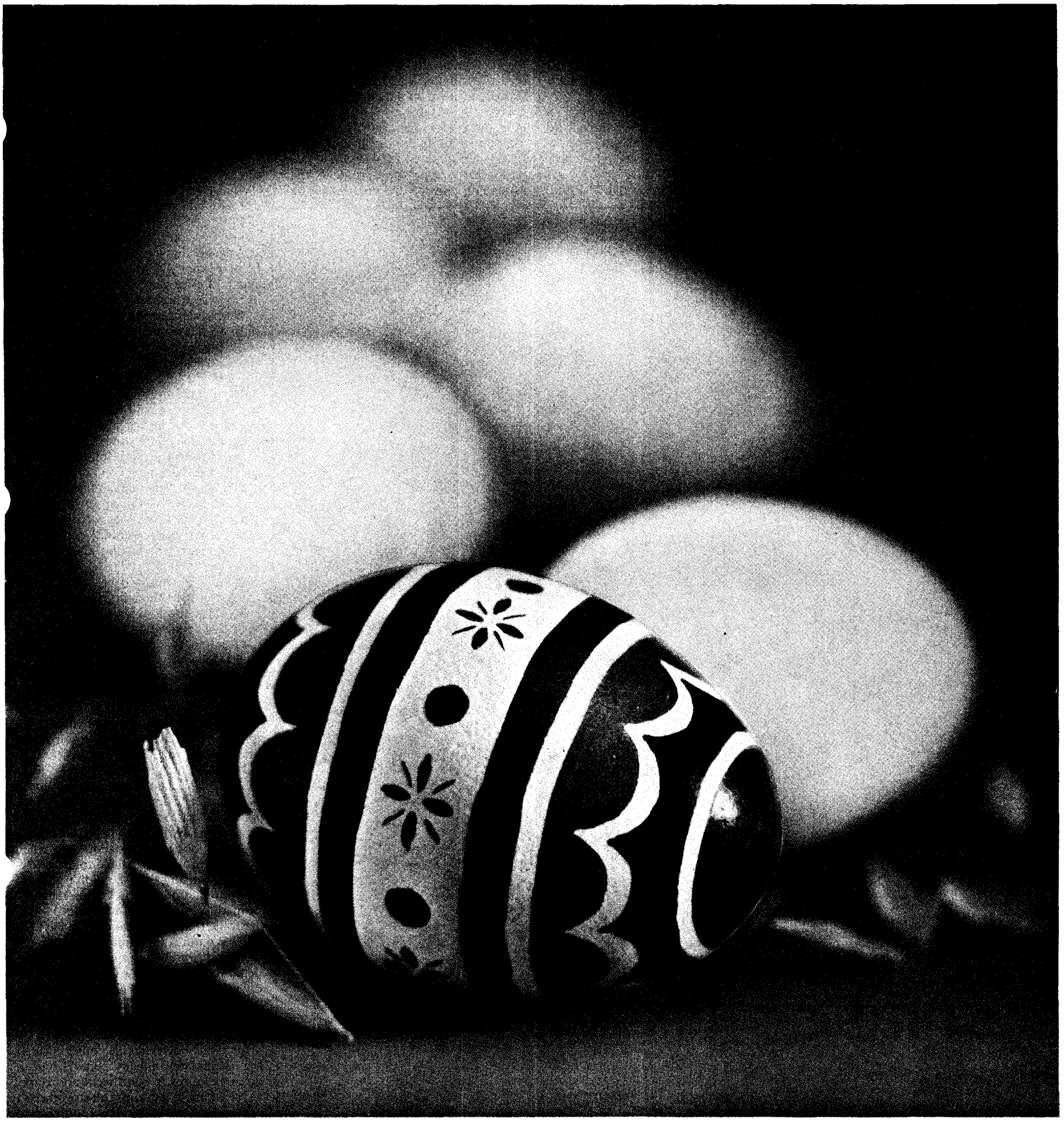

Mighty pretty...but will it hatch?

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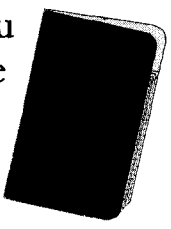

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EVERYONE cast regarded it as a duty and an honor and a pleasure to support them.

I was certainly lucky—or thought I was. Things were going so well, so hot and heavy, so early in the game that I had to say to Harry and Helene after one love scene, "Hold a little something back for the actual performance, would you please? You'll burn yourselves out."

I said that at the fourth or fifth rehearsal, and Lydia Miller, who was playing Blanche, the faded sister, was sitting next to me in the audience. In real life, she's the wife of Verne Miller. Verne owns Miller's Hardware Store. Verne was Harry's boss.

"Lydia," I said to her, "have we got a play or have we got a play?"

"Yes," she said, "you've got a play, all right." She made it sound as though I'd committed some kind of crime, done something just terrible. "You should be very proud of yourself."

"What do you mean by that?" I said.

Before Lydia could answer, Harry yelled at me from the stage, asked if I was through with him, asked if he could go home. I told him he could and, still Marlon Brando, he left, kicking furniture out of his way and slamming doors. Helene was left all alone on the stage, sitting on a couch with the same ga-ga look she'd had after the tryouts. That girl was drained.

I turned to Lydia again and I said, "Well—until now, I thought I had every reason to be happy and proud. Is there something going on I don't know about?"

"Do you know that girl's in love with Harry?" said Lydia.

"In the play?" I said.

"What play?" said Lydia. "There isn't any play going on now, and look at her up there." She gave a sad cackle. "You aren't directing this play."

"Who is?" I said.

"Mother Nature at her worst," said Lydia. "And think what it's going to do to that girl when she discovers what Harry really is." She corrected herself. "What Harry really isn't," she said.

I didn't do anything about it, because I didn't figure it was any of my business. I heard Lydia try to do something about it, but she didn't get very far.

"You know," Lydia said to Helene one night, "I once played Ann Rutledge, and Harry was Abraham Lincoln."

Helene clapped her hands. "That must have been heaven!" she said.

"It was, in a way," said Lydia. "Sometimes I'd get so worked up, I'd love Harry the way I'd love Abraham Lincoln. I'd have to come back to earth and remind myself that he wasn't ever going to free the slaves, that he was just a clerk in my husband's hardware store."

"He's the most marvelous man I ever met," said Helene.

"Of course, one thing you have to get set for, when you're in a play with Harry," said Lydia, "is what happens after the last performance."

"What are you talking about?" said Helene.

"Once the show's over," said Lydia, "whatever you thought Harry was just evaporates into thin air."

"I don't believe it," said Helene.

"I admit it's hard to believe," said Lydia.

Then Helene got a little sore. "Anyway, why tell me about it?" she said. "Even if it is true, what do I care?"

"I—I don't know," said Lydia, backing away. "I—I just thought you might find it interesting."

"Well, I don't," said Helene.

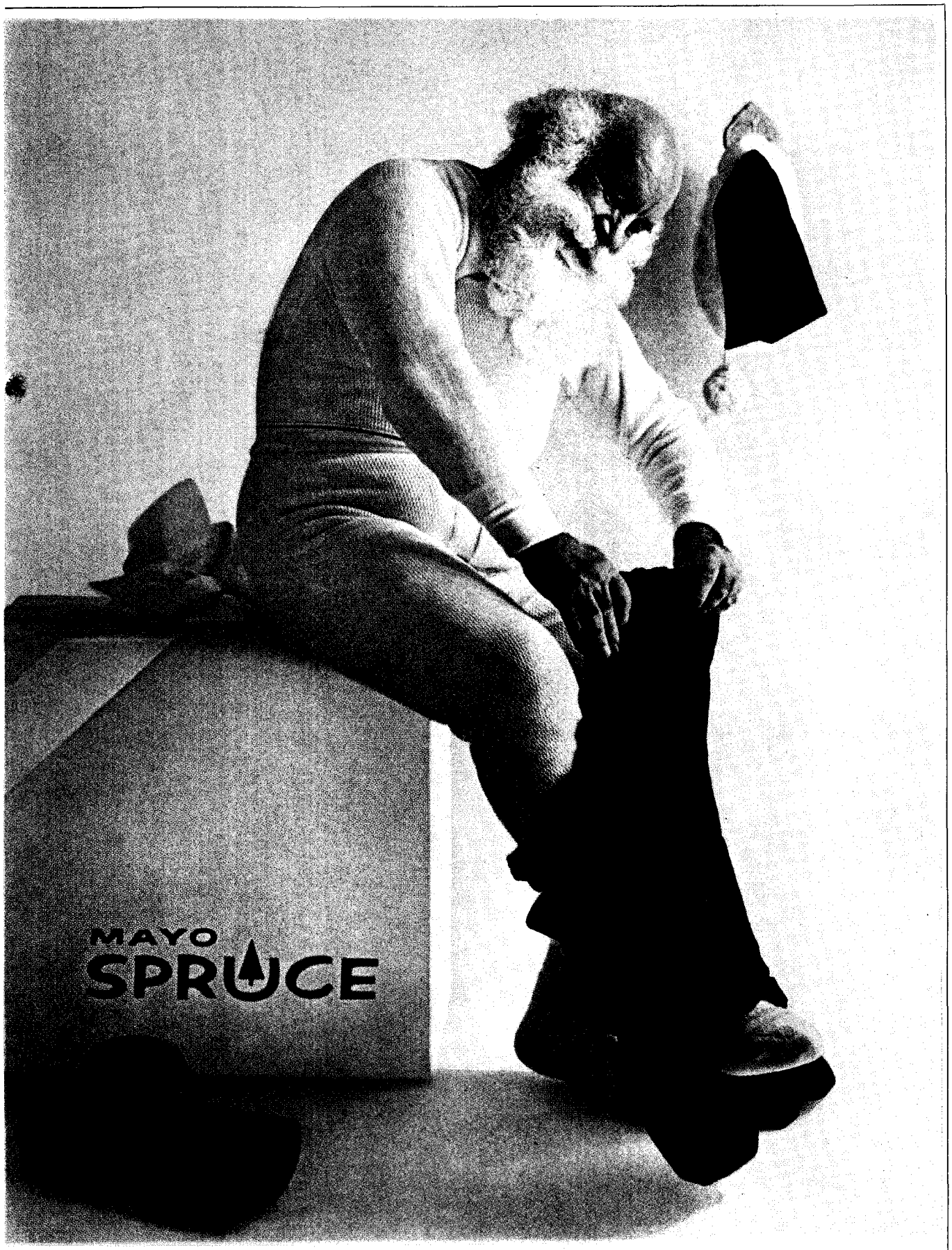
And Lydia slunk away, feeling about as frowzy and unloved as she was supposed to feel in the play. After that nobody said anything more to Helene to warn her about Harry, not even when word got around that she'd told the telephone company that she didn't want to be moved around any more, that she wanted to stay in North Crawford.

So the time finally came to put on the play. We ran it for three nights—Thursday, Friday and Saturday—and we murdered those audiences. They believed every word that was said on stage, and when the maroon curtain came down they were ready to go to the nut house along with Blanche, the faded sister.

On Thursday night the other girls at the telephone company sent Helene a dozen red roses. When Helene and Harry were taking a curtain call together, I passed the roses over the footlights to her. She came forward for them, took one rose from the bouquet to give to Harry. But when she went back to give Harry the rose in front of everybody, Harry was gone. The curtain came down on that extra little scene—that girl offering a rose to nothing and nobody.

I went backstage, and I found her still holding that one rose. She'd put the rest of the bouquet aside. There were tears in her eyes. "What did I do wrong?" she said to me. "Did I insult him some way?"

"No," I said. "He always does that after a performance. The minute it's over, he clears out as fast as he can."



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"And tomorrow he'll disappear again?"

"Without even taking off his make-up."

"And Saturday?" she said. "He'll stay for the cast party on Saturday, won't he?"

"Harry never goes to parties," I said. "When the curtain comes down on Saturday, that's the last anybody will see of him till he goes to work on Monday."

"How sad," she said.

Helene's performance on Friday night wasn't nearly so good as Thursday's. She seemed to be thinking about other things. She watched Harry take off after curtain call. She didn't say a word.

On Saturday she put on the best performance yet. Ordinarily it was Harry who set the pace. But on Saturday Harry had to work to keep up with Helene.

When the curtain came down on the final curtain call, Harry wanted to get away, but he couldn't. Helene wouldn't let go his hand. The rest of the cast and the stage crew and a lot of well-wishers from the audience were all standing around Harry and Helene, and Harry was trying to get his hand back.

"Well," he said, "I've got to go."

"Where?" she said.

"Oh," he said, "home."

"Won't you please take me to the cast party?" she said.

He got very red. "I'm afraid I'm not much on parties," he said. All the Marlon Brando in him was gone. He was tongue-tied, he was scared, he was shy—he was everything Harry was famous for being between plays.

"All right," she said. "I'll let you go—if you promise me one thing."

"What's that?" he said, and I thought he would jump out a window if she let go of him then.

"I want you to promise to stay here until I get you your present," she said.

"Present?" he said, getting even more panicky.

"Promise?" she said.

He promised. It was the only way he could get his hand back. And he stood there miserably while Helene went down to the ladies' dressing room for the present. While he waited, a lot of people congratulated him on being such a fine actor. But congratulations never made him happy. He just wanted to get away.

Helene came back with the present. It turned out to be a little blue book with a big red ribbon for a place marker. It was a copy of *Romeo and Juliet*. Harry was very embarrassed. It was all he could do to say "Thank you."

"The marker marks my favorite scene," said Helene.

"Um," said Harry.

"Don't you want to see what my favorite scene is?" she said.

So Harry had to open the book to the red ribbon. Helene got close to him, and read a line of Juliet's. "'How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?'" she read. "'The orchard walls are high and hard to climb, and the place death, considering who thou art, if any of my kinsmen find thee here.'" She pointed to the next line. "Now, look what Romeo says," she said to Harry.

"Um," said Harry.

"Read what Romeo says," said Helene.

Harry cleared his throat. He didn't want to read the line, but he had to. "'With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,'" he read out loud in his everyday voice. But then a change came over him. "'For stony limits cannot hold love out,'" he read, and he straightened up, and eight years dropped away from him, and he was brave and gay. "'And what love can do, that dares love attempt;'" he read, "'therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.'"

"'If they do see thee they will murther thee,'" said Helene, and she started him walking toward the wings.

"'Alack!'" said Harry, "'there lies more peril in thine eye than twenty of their swords.'" Helene led him toward the backstage exit. "'Look thou but sweet,'" said Harry, "'and I am proof against their enmity.'"

"'I would not for the world they saw thee here,'" said Helene, and that was the last we heard. The two of them were out the door and gone.

They never did show up at the cast party. One week later they were married.

They seem very happy, although they're kind of strange from time to time, depending on which play they're reading to each other at the time.

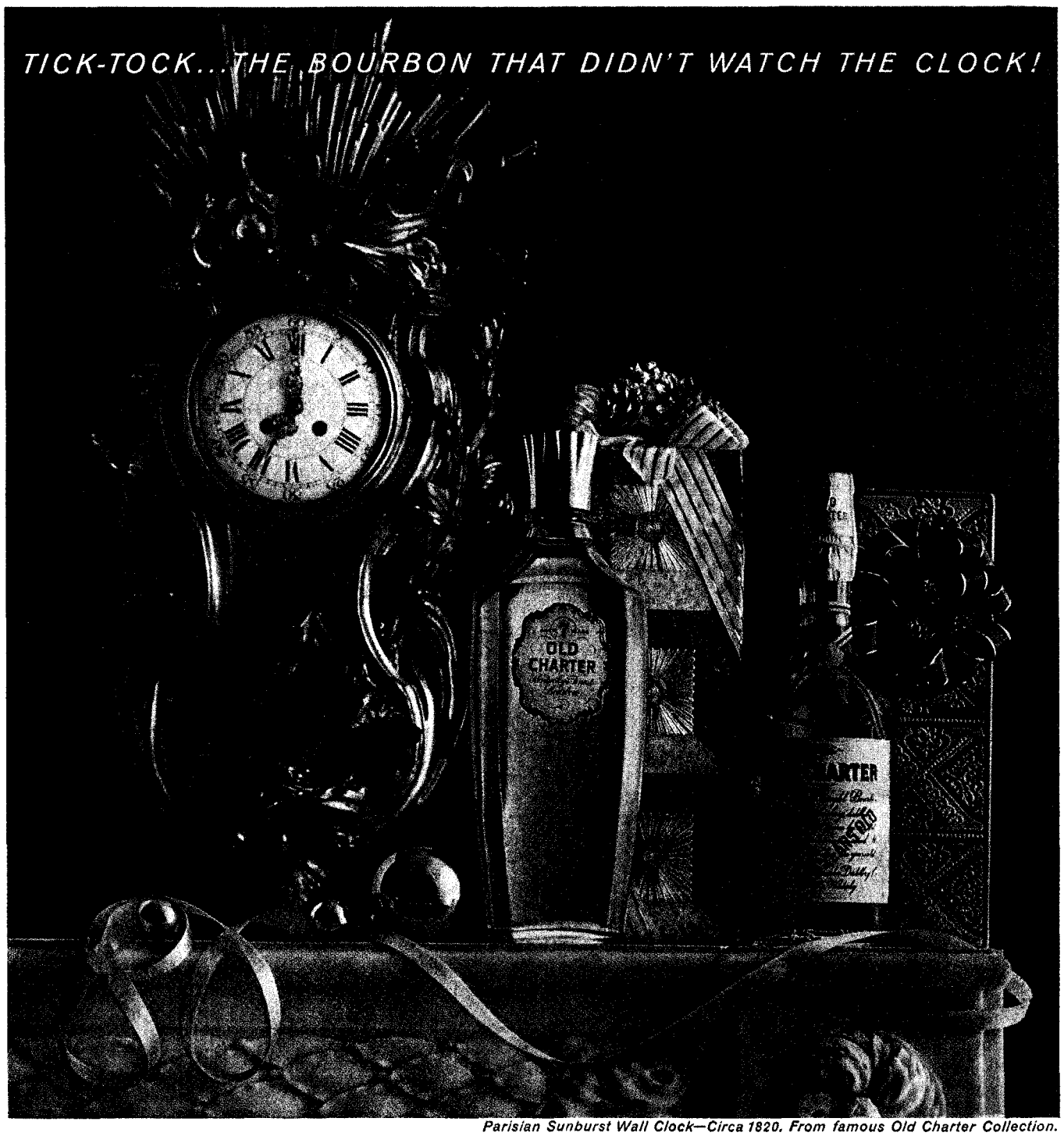
I dropped into the phone company office the other day, on account of the billing machine was making dumb mistakes again. I asked her what plays she and Harry'd been reading lately.

"In the past week," she said, "I've been married to Othello, been loved by Faust and been kidnaped by Paris. Wouldn't you say I was the luckiest girl in town?"

I said I thought so, and I told her most of the women in town thought so too.

"They had their chance," she said.

"Most of 'em couldn't stand the excitement," I said. And I told her I'd been asked to direct another play. I asked if she and Harry would be available for the cast. She gave me a big smile and said, "Who are we this time?" THE END



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The Adventure that Made a President

PT 59, Lieutenant Kennedy's second command in the South Pacific.

continued from page 28

use it as a target. Bent on saving ammunition, he refused. But they asked every time the boat passed the latrine.

On October 26, 1943, United States forces made a minor move which was to become a matter of life or death to eighty-seven Marines and every man on board *PT 59*. Before it was over, a man would die in Kennedy's bunk, and the PT would lie helpless, without fuel, in enemy waters.

The move began with Allied action to launch a major invasion of Bougainville. As a diversion to mislead the enemy, the 2nd (Marine) Parachute Battalion, Lt. Col. Victor H. Krulak commanding, was landed by boat at Voza, on the southwest coast of the nearby island of Choiseul. The battalion acted under orders to wreak so much destruction that the Japanese would mistake it for a large force making the main attack—a big order even for Marines. To spread the effect, a patrol of eighty-seven men crept up the coast in two LCPR's—small landing craft—to bombard the Japanese base at Choiseul Bay with mortars.

This patrol headed into the Warrior River, about sixty-five miles from the PT base at Lambu Lambu. Maj. Warner T. Bigger, twenty-six, led the unit with Capt. William R. Day, commander of Company G. Nearly all the men came from Company G.

Everything went wrong. The river proved much shallower than charts indicated—too shallow even for the flat-bottomed landing craft. Major Bigger got his men ashore, established a base camp and set out to follow the curve of the river bank toward Choiseul Bay. The Marines soon found themselves bogged in a large swamp. Two native guides assigned to them admitted they were lost—they did not know the area. Bigger bivouacked overnight in the swamp and sent a squad back to the base camp to radio news of his plight to Colonel Krulak. The squad discovered Japanese closing in around the camp, but got the message through. Krulak radioed for PT's to evacuate the trapped Marines.

With the Japanese preparing for the kill, Lieutenant Berndtson, the commander at Lambu Lambu, received an "urgent" message in midafternoon on November second. It asked him to send boats at once to save the eighty-seven Marines. Only a few hours of daylight remained.

Berndtson's entire flotilla consisted of five boats. One was laid up for repairs. Two were already out on their way to make a night patrol. That left only two PT's, and Berndtson had no idea whether they were refueled. Refueling without a hose-equipped dock was a slow, back-breaking process of pouring gasoline into the tanks from big steel drums.

PT 59 lay at the dock refueling, with Kennedy, in shorts, khaki shirt and Army fatigue cap, supervising. "Jack, look at this message," Berndtson said. "How much gas have you on board?"

"What have we got on now, Drawdy?" Kennedy called to his senior motor machinist's mate. Filled, the PT tanks would hold 2200 gallons.

"Seven hundred gallons," Drawdy replied quickly.

"That would get you over," Berndtson said pointedly.

"Yes, we could get *over*," Kennedy agreed. The problem was getting back.

For a round trip of more than 130 miles, across The Slot and back, at high speed, 700 gallons would not be nearly enough. Yet there was no time to take on more gas. The one other available boat, fortunately, was fully fueled. Berndtson proposed that both boats start to the rescue, as one alone could not carry the eighty-seven trapped Marines. When Kennedy's PT ran out of fuel, as it was certain to do, the other boat would tow it. The PT officers agreed to try it.

"Get going then!" Berndtson ordered.

Kennedy hopped aboard *PT 59* and called to his crew, "Let's go get them!"

The radio message asking help had not given the exact location where the Marines could be found. Instead it designated a compass bearing on the Choiseul shore, where a guide boat would meet the PT's and lead them inshore. Berndtson had marked the bearing on a chart. Kennedy handed the chart to Rhoads, who was regarded by those who knew him as an excellent navigator.

With *PT 59* leading, both craft sped into The Slot at 4:35 P.M. Those on board *PT 59* were worried. It wouldn't be easy to find a guide boat sixty-five miles away by following a compass heading. Rhoads wondered whether the compass was true and wished they had taken better care of it. In the engine room Drawdy, obsessed by the shortage of gas, stood worrying over the gauges. At the wheel Kennedy, squinting at the rugged Choiseul coast rising ahead, wished there were more daylight left and worried over whether they could find the Marines at all.

PT 59 approached the shore at sundown. No guide boat greeted them. Rhoads felt sure they had hit the right spot. Kennedy, not so sure, turned north and speeded up the engines. Half their gasoline was gone. After a fast run they sighted an island with a red cliff. They recognized this as Moli. It meant they had gone too far north. Kennedy swung south. A while later they saw an American landing craft 300 yards off shore. It was the guide boat, which had been damaged and delayed by repair work. On the guide boat Kennedy, to his surprise, recognized another PT skipper, Lt. (j.g.) Richard E. Keresey, of Montclair, New Jersey. "Dick, what are you doing here?" he asked as Keresey jumped aboard. "Never mind that now," Keresey replied. "We've got to get up the line in a hurry—some Marines are in real trouble."

On the way Keresey explained the situation to Kennedy. He had been sent ahead with the Marines to pick out a possible PT base site on Choiseul. Now the Marines were in an awful jam. After surprising and killing three Japanese at an outpost, they had shelled enemy installations on Guppy Island, near Choiseul Bay, firing their 60-mm. mortars emplaced in the water of a mangrove swamp, with only a few inches of muzzle above the surface. They got off 120 rounds of high explosive and saw enemy fuel tanks blaze up. Then the Japanese struck back, and the Marines cleared out. Two smaller detachments meanwhile tangled with Japanese nearer to the Warrior River base and suffered casualties. The main patrol got back to the base only to meet Japanese machine-gun fire ripping from nearly all sides.

The two LCPR's would go up the river to evacuate the Marines, Keresey told Kennedy, but the guns of the PT's would be needed to keep the Japanese back from the shore and prevent them from making a shambles of the debarkation. Kennedy ordered his gunners to stand ready to cover the debarkation. The two LCPR's moved toward the beach, to be met by a furious barrage in the darkness. The ensign steering the lead LCPR swore that nothing could get through such a hail of fire and started to turn back—so the story goes. Sgt. Rahland Wilson, whose little Marine detachment had got out to the landing craft earlier, drew his .45 automatic, pointed it at the ensign and said, "Go in."

The Marines already in the landing craft opened up with small-arms fire at the Japanese, while Bigger's men waded out over a coral flat.

The first LCPR, crammed, got safely away. The second started out from the shore heavily laden. Aboard this craft were Major Bigger, Lt. John S. Stevens, twenty-eight, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, a Navy doctor, and Stevens's special charge at the time, young Cpl. Edward James Schnell, of Wilmette, Illinois. Schnell had been critically wounded by a bullet in the chest.

As the second craft set out, it began to leak from pounding on the coral. To the exhausted Marines, rescued at the moment of disaster, the leak seemed trivial. But as the craft moved out to sea through an opening in the reef, water flooded the engine housing. The engine stalled. The crew could not get a cough out of it. The other LCPR had disappeared into the night. The exultation of escape was snuffed out by the terrible realization that the sea was about to deliver them back to Japanese on the shore.

At the height of despair a voice among the Marines shouted almost hysterically, "Here's a PT boat!"

PT 59, engines throbbing and exhausts splashing, cut toward them through the darkly shimmering waves. The sinking LCPR was now so low in the water that the PT loomed above it like a battleship.

Protectively Kennedy steered between the landing craft and the shore. With his engines idling, he edged his boat against the LCPR. The PT crew began hauling aboard soaked and weary Marines who were almost incoherent with gratitude.

Soon more than fifty Marines crowded the PT. They jammed the crew's quarters, perched on the dayroom canopy, massed on the fantail, lay over every square foot of deck. The PT sailors could scarcely move about their boat.

Throughout the transfer Kennedy dared not think what a perfect target *PT 59* made. The boat lay almost motionless only a few hundred yards from shore. If a single flare burst overhead and illuminated it, Japanese gunfire might tear the PT apart in a few minutes. There was also the worrying possibility that Japanese barges might attack.

"Any left?" Kennedy called from the wheel. A Marine turned and relayed his question, "Major Bigger, this here officer wants to know if everybody is aboard?"

Bigger replied, "It's O.K. to go now."

(Until this was written, neither Bigger—now a colonel—nor Doctor Stevens had the slightest idea that their PT rescuer was Kennedy—now President Kennedy. Given the facts, Stevens said, "You're pulling my leg.")

Every man on board was aching to get out of range of the Japanese guns. Kennedy pushed his throttles forward. *PT 59*, greatly overloaded, responded sluggishly. Kennedy felt alarmed at its leaden heaviness. His boat, old and shaky as PT's went, already labored under the weight of its added armor. Now with some fifty-five to sixty passengers—nobody ever stopped to get an exact count—*PT 59* seemed to Kennedy ready to fall apart.

Somewhere on deck a young Marine cracked under the emotional release of escape and became hysterical. Patiently Major Bigger calmed him. Seaman Mauer, the ship's cook, gave the Marines all the food he could scrape together in the galley. In the engine room Drawdy watched with resignation as the engines overheated from the excessive load and the gasoline began to run out.

Soon after *PT 59* got under way, a path was cleared through the mass of passengers so the severely wounded Schnell could be carried below. He was laid in Kennedy's bunk. At the first opportunity Kennedy dropped down and asked

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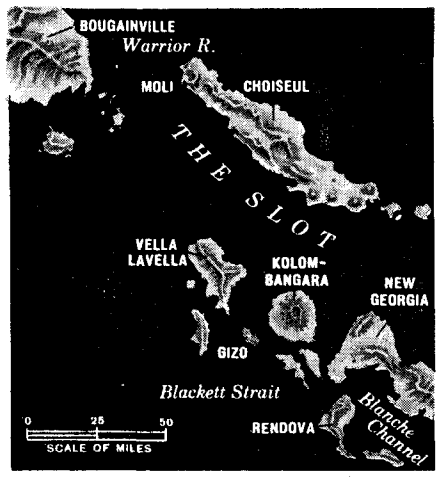
Doctor Stevens if anything could be done to assist him in treating Schnell. Stevens replied that he would rig up a plasma bottle and sew Schnell's wounds as best he could with the few instruments on hand.

"Am I all right, Doc?" Schnell asked the doctor weakly.

"Jimmy, don't worry about it," Stevens replied. "You're going to be all right."

Actually the boy was dying. The doctor knew it, but could not say so.

The PT arrived safely at Voza, the battalion headquarters, and placed the rest of the Marines in landing craft to rejoin their battalion. Schnell's condition was so critical, however, that he could not be moved. Doctor Stevens remained on board with him for the trip back to Vella Lavella. The doctor had sewed the wounds in the boy's chest and back and was holding his hand as *PT 59* headed home across The Slot. It was after midnight. From time to time Kennedy left the wheel to a seaman and went below to see how Schnell was doing. The light in the youngster's eyes was fading; there was no hope. At one A.M. on November



In October, 1943, *PT 59* operated in the Vella Lavella-Choiseul-Bougainville area.

3, 1943, Corporal Schnell died quietly in Kennedy's bunk.

Kennedy was up in the cockpit at the time. Stevens went up and told him that Schnell had gone. Kennedy shook his head, but did not say anything.

At three A.M. the engines choked and stopped. The gasoline was gone. The other PT boat, which had kept them company throughout, tossed over a line.

Ingloriously but safely *PT 59* was towed into the base at Lambu Lambu.

The next night found *PT 59*, fully refueled, headed back to Choiseul with four other PT's. Their assignment was to escort three landing craft evacuating more Marines, the Marine mission now having been completed. The movement was made uneventfully. For once that suited Kennedy. He felt far from well.

John F. Kennedy's combat service was nearly over. Although he did not want to face it, the cumulative effects of hardship and injuries were catching up with him. He had increasing spells of feeling poorly. Finally he consulted a Navy doctor on Vella Lavella. While the doctor considered his case, Kennedy continued as skipper of *PT 59*.

For *PT 59* there was no letup in the war. It spent the night of November 8–9 with three other boats, prowling off Choiseul Bay for Japanese barges that did not appear. On the night of November 11–12 Kennedy's boat chased two barges which emerged from the Emerald Entrance to the bay, but they turned back into the safety of the harbor before the PT could sink them.

Two nights later Kennedy was sent back to the Choiseul Bay area. This time *PT 59* shelled Japanese installations on Sipasa and Guppy islands. On the return trip to Lambu Lambu a Japanese plane sneaked up from behind at 4:35 A.M. The PT gunners sent up a blast of fire, and the plane hastily disappeared.

To the end the Japanese privy on the shore of one of the little islands that they passed and repassed stood as a challenge to the gunners. Again they begged Kennedy for permission to take the proper military action against this obvious target. His earlier ruling about saving ammunition no longer seemed important. By radio Kennedy obtained authorization for "target practice." As *PT 59* passed abeam of the privy, he roared "Fire!" The guns crackled, and the last remnant of Hirohito's empire on that beach went up in smoke and splinters.

In good humor despite his aches and pains, Kennedy returned to the PT base to find a letter from his parents. It enclosed a newspaper photograph of brother Robert [now Attorney General of the United States] being sworn in as a Navy V-12 student at Milton Academy, a prep school. Robert was then not quite eighteen. Kennedy studied the photograph intently. Then he dashed off a letter to his younger brother.

"The folks sent me a clipping of you taking the oath," the future President wrote. "The sight of you up there, just as a boy, was really moving, particularly as a close examination showed that you had my checked London coat on. I'd like to know what the hell I'm doing out here while you go stroking around in my drape coat, but I suppose that what we are out here for, or so they tell us, [is] so that our sisters and younger brothers will be safe and secure—frankly I don't see it quite that way—at least, if you're going to be safe and secure, that's fine with me, but not in my coat, brother, not in my coat. In that picture you looked as if you were going to step outside the room, grab your gun and knock off several of the houseboys before lunch. After reading Dad's letter, I gathered that cold vicious look in your eye was due to the thought of that big blocking back from Groton. I understand you are going to be there (in preparatory school) till Feb., which is very nice because it is on the playing fields of Milton and Groton, and maybe Choate, that the seeds will be sown that in later years, and on other fields, will cause you to turn in to sick bay with a bad back or a football knee.

"Well, black Robert, give those Grotties hell and keep in contact with your old broken-down brother. I took the physical examination for promotion to a full Looie. I coughed hollowly, rolled my eyes, croaked a couple of times, but all to no avail. Out here, if you can breathe, you're one A. And 'good for active duty anywhere,' and by anywhere they don't mean El Morocco or the Bath and Tennis Club, they mean right where you are.

"See you soon, I hope.—JACK."

On the night of November 16–17 Kennedy took *PT 59* up The Slot and around Redman Island in a routine patrol. Nothing happened—except that it turned out to be his last patrol.

The medical report made it clear that Kennedy should go back to the United States. The disc between his fifth vertebra and his sacrum was ruptured. The shock of the *PT 109* ramming, and the protracted swimming afterward, appeared to have done lasting damage to his adrenal glands. Furthermore he had contracted malaria, perhaps while cast away without Atabrine for a week.

The log of *PT 59* for November 18, 1943, reads:

> Moored at base. 0800 Mustered—no absentees. 0900 Took aboard 700 gals. fuel. . . . Lt. J. Kennedy left boat as directed by Dr. at Lambu Lambu.

Kennedy, looking thin and tired, walked quietly along the deck shaking hands with his men. He found it particularly hard to say good-by to the shipmates of *PT 109* who were still with him—Maguire, Kowal, Drawdy, Drewitch and Mauer. Before turning over command of *PT 59* to Ens. J. Mitchell, he said to them, "If there is ever anything I can do for you, ask me. You will always know where you can get in touch with me."

As the years passed, it became easier and easier to know where to get in touch with him. And many of his old PT comrades did.

A float bearing an actual PT boat, numbered 109, appeared in the inaugural parade last January with many of Kennedy's shipmates on it. Not only did this float symbolize the President's wartime service; it expressed the personal allegiance which his crew and other PT veterans maintained through the postwar years and Kennedy's political rise.

This loyalty was manifest during the first of Kennedy's two spinal-disc operations, in the spring of 1944 at Boston. He was then quite sick, with his weight down to 125 pounds. Among the stream of callers while he convalesced was Johnston, retired for disability after the *PT 109* sinking. Johnston barged in and, noting that Kennedy was in the New England Baptist Hospital, asked, "Hey, have they converted you?"

In the 1960 Presidential campaign the PT shipmates were active from the start. Former Ens. Edward Fay Jr. of San Francisco, whom Kennedy had once bawled out and then befriended, came east to help, just as he had earlier when Kennedy ran for Congress. (Fay is now Under Secretary of the Navy by appointment of President Kennedy.)

Former Ensign Ross in Barrington, Illinois; John Maguire in Jacksonville Beach, Florida, and Edmund Drewitch, in Champaign County, Illinois, all headed committees of Citizens for Kennedy and Johnson and campaigned hard in their states. (The President later appointed Ross to the staff of his Committee on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime and made Maguire a United States marshal.) Pat McMahon, whom Kennedy had personally towed for three miles through the sea to safety, yearned to join in but sat frustrated. He had become a mail carrier at Cathedral City, California. Under the Hatch Act, barring Federal employees from political activity, McMahon could not lift a finger or utter a word.

In the South Pacific all ten natives who aided in the rescue more than seventeen years earlier felt excitement at the election news that the young skipper now headed a great tribe, or nation. Biuku Gasa, it developed, still treasures Kennedy's Pacific Area service ribbon which Kennedy gave him as a keepsake before returning home from the islands.

Two of the *PT 109* survivors, unhappily, did not live to see their ex-skipper become President.

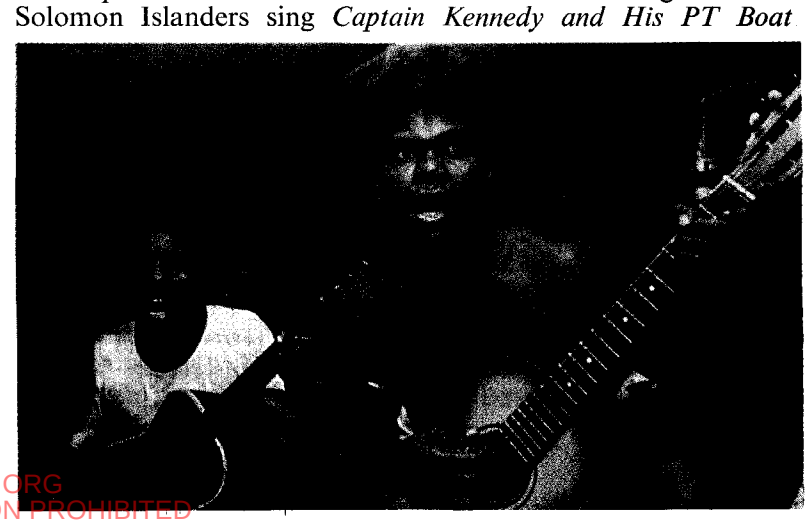
Ens. Leonard J. Thom, the huge, likable former Ohio State tackle who was *PT 109*'s executive officer, got home safely and married his college sweetheart, Kate Holway. Owing to the postwar housing shortage, they lived with her parents in Youngstown, Ohio, while Thom studied for a master's degree at Ohio State, in Columbus, and sold insurance. On October 4, 1946, while he was driving home to Youngstown, a train struck his car near Ravenna. He died the next day. Kennedy interrupted his campaign for Congress in Massachusetts and rushed immediately to Youngstown.

Seaman Raymond Albert, the brash twenty-year-old from Akron, Ohio, did not survive the war. Assigned to guard captured Japanese sailors while serving in *PT 163*, Albert let the toughest of them beguile him into getting a drink of water. As Albert held out the cup, the Japanese snatched away his submachine gun and shot him dead. Several other prisoners leaped up. Another sailor on guard duty cut down all of them, including Albert's killer, with his submachine gun.

The last faint echo of Kennedy's personal war in the South Pacific reached John E. Maguire, the radioman who had stood longest and closest at his side in PT's, in a warm, human little note some weeks after Kennedy left *PT 59* to be flown home. While in Florida awaiting confirmation of a medical survey that he was physically unfit for further duty, Kennedy pecked out a typewritten message to Maguire:

"Went up before the Survey Board the other day—and I'm on the way out. It's going to seem peciliar (sic) paying full prices at those movie theaters again. It won't seem quite right until everyone is out, I don't think. Going to spend Christmas with the folks. . . ." THE END

The exploits of *PT 109* live on in South Pacific legend. Here Solomon Islanders sing *Captain Kennedy and His PT Boat*



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Old Taylor 86

The gift most
likely to be
remembered

THE KENTUCKY BOURBON WITH THE
definitely better taste!

BEAUTIFULLY PACKAGED FOR THE HOLIDAYS • GIVE LIGHT AND MILD OLD TAYLOR 86 PROOF, OR SELECT OLD TAYLOR 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES, THE OLD TAYLOR DIST. CO., FRANKFORT & LOUISVILLE, KY., DISTR. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.

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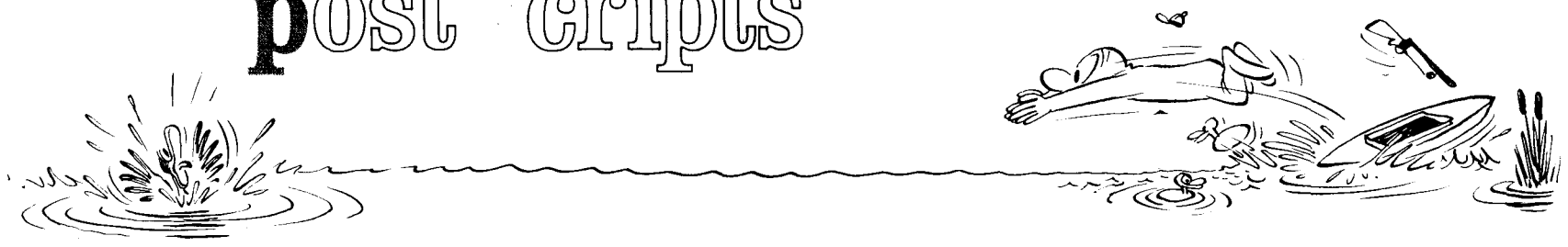
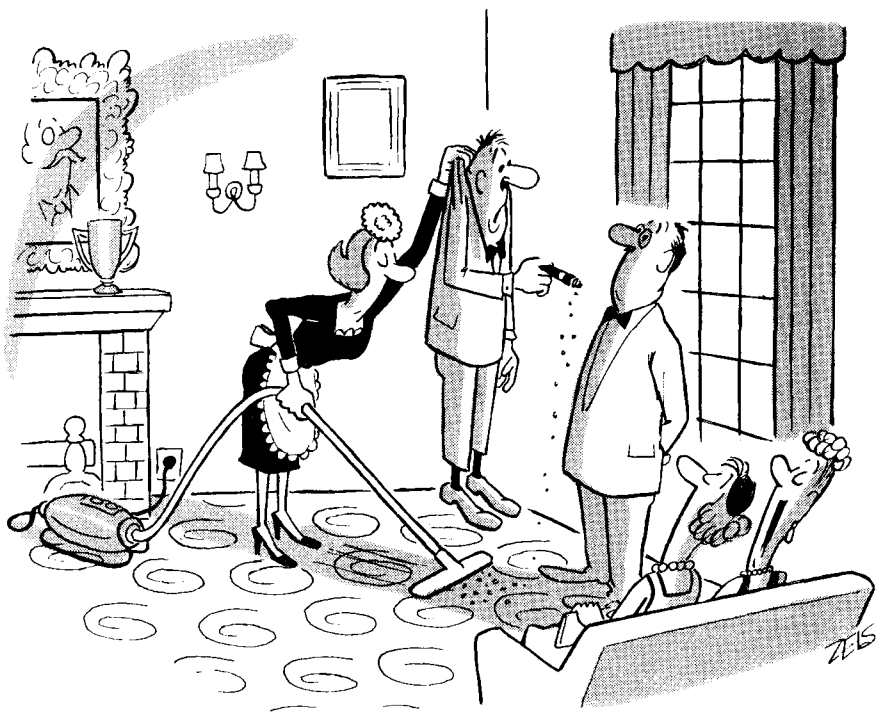
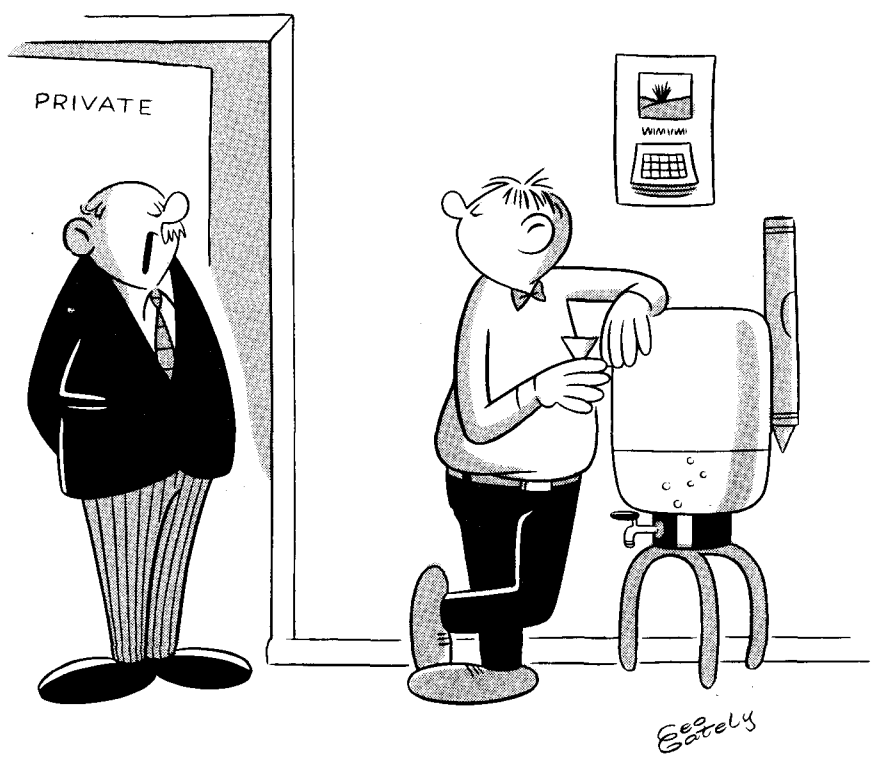




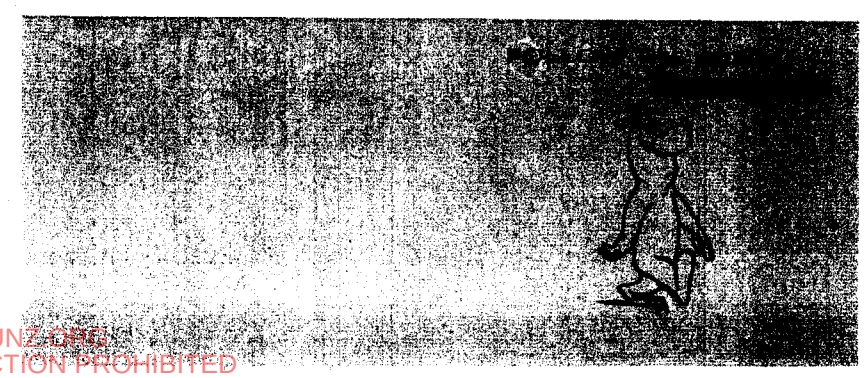
"Best housekeeper we ever had."

"How do you know you don't like it? You can't see it."



"Will you float into my office for a moment, Canfield?"

"Agnes, what the devil do you want for Christmas?"



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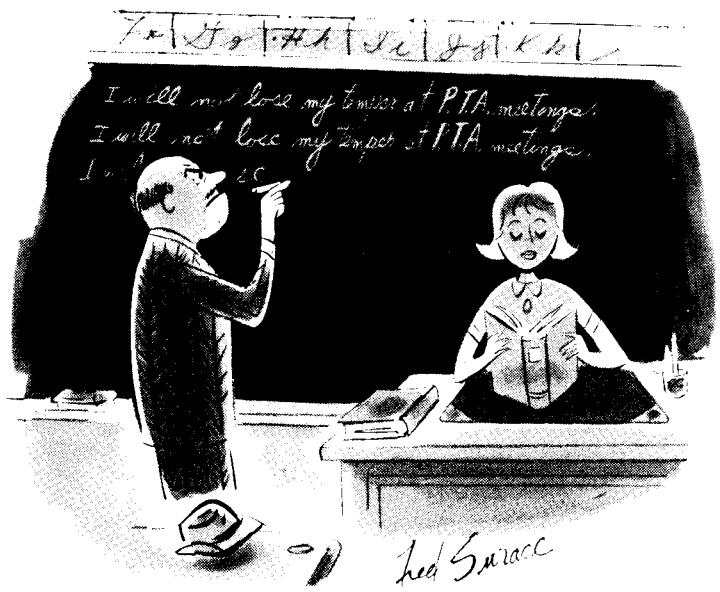

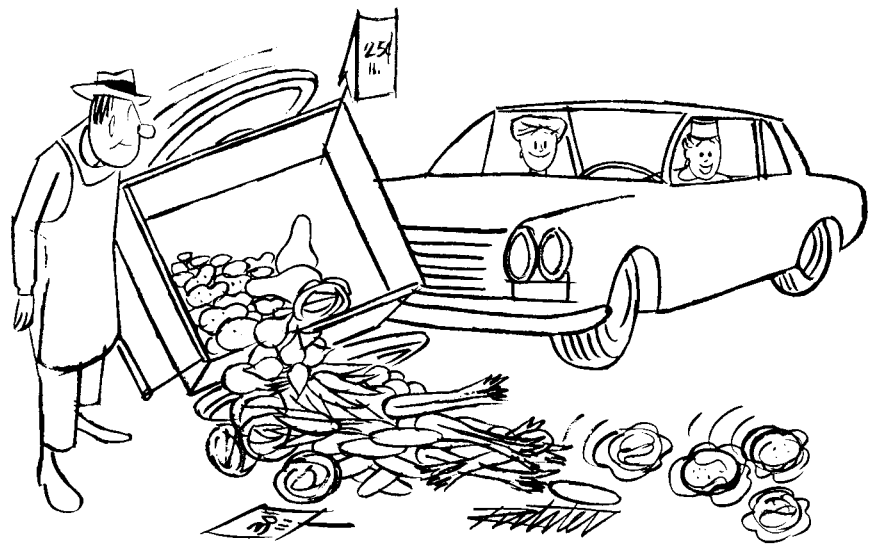

"His cauliflower looks nice!"

"Princeton expelled him, as I understand the story, and he has been getting even ever since."

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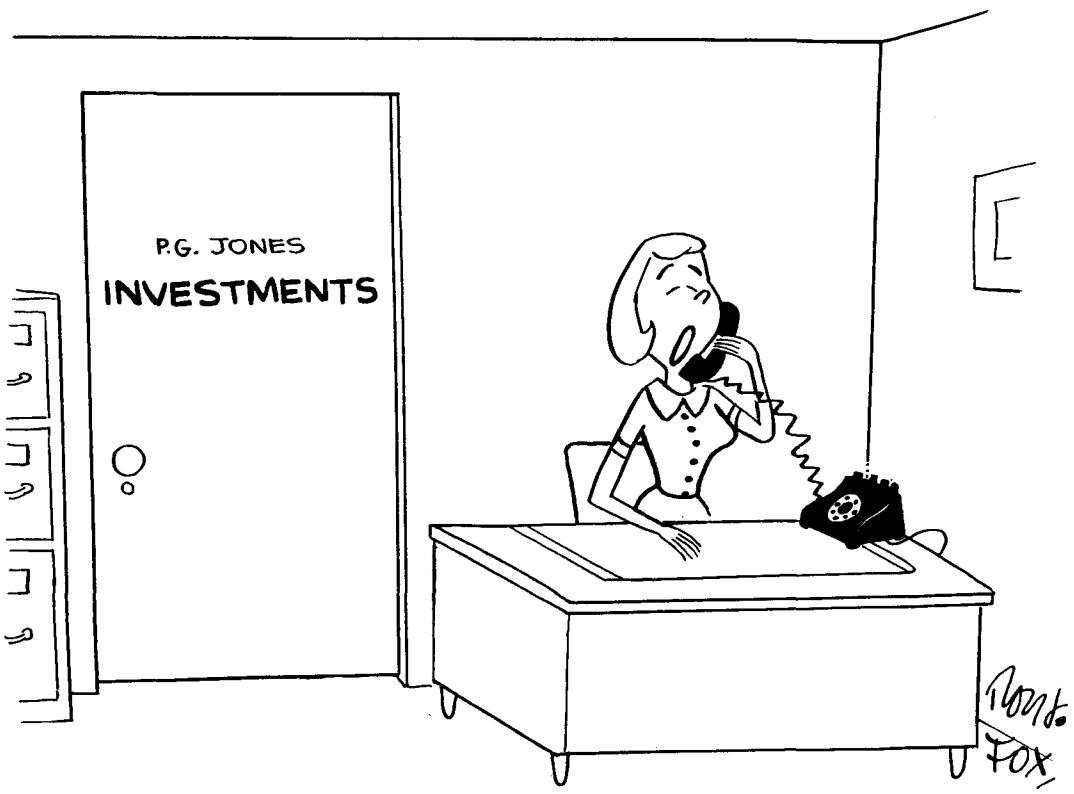
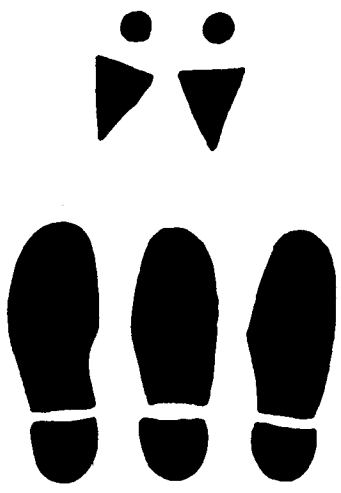
GALLAGHER

"I hear they have a very strong union."

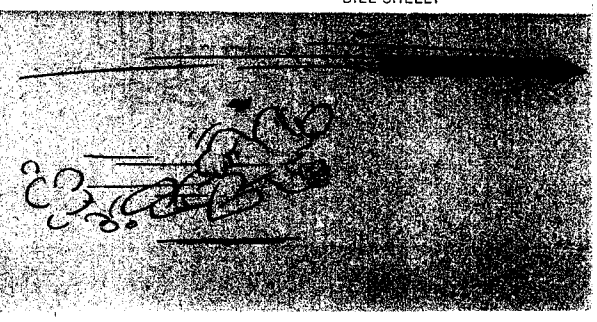


"I'm sorry—Mr. Jones won't be back for ten to twenty years."



"Could you please tell me when Mr. Sullivan auditions new acts?"

BILL SHELLY



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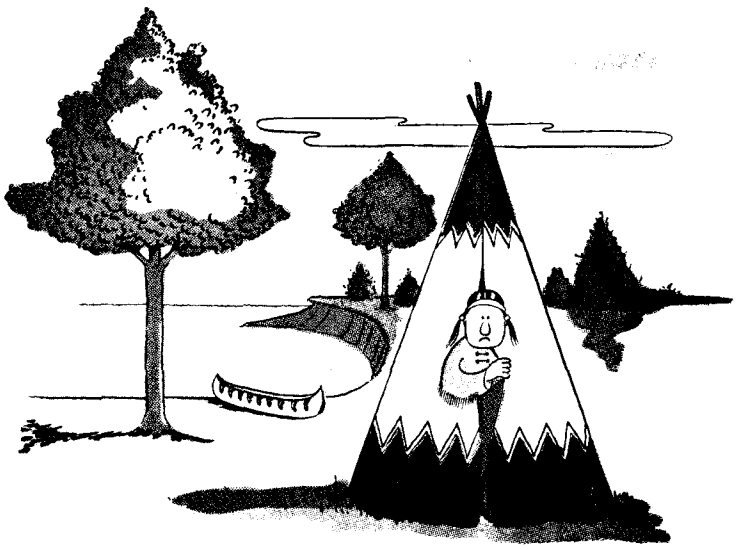
"Johnson, we're waiting!"

"'Tis the season to be jolly, tra-la-la-la-la. . . ."



Rhymers Mein Grossfader Made

Das Youngisch Hierwasser

Closer by das Gitschel Goomisch,
Nearisch to das wasserlaken,
Ben residen Frau Nokomisch,
In ein wiggenwammer dwellen.

Mit der oldisch frau gestayen
Ben ein youngisch Reddenskinner;
Liven in das wiggenwammer
Mit der frau ben Hierwasser.

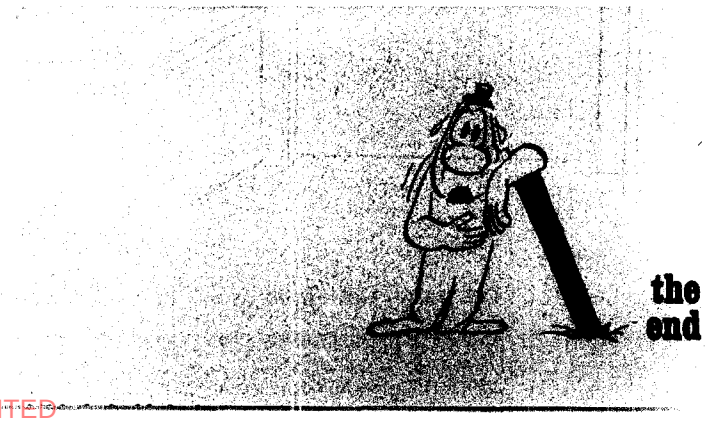
Ven der nighten ben arriven,
Hierwasser nicht ben snoozen,
Nicht ben snoren mit der wheezen,
Hierwasser ben outscreamen!

Vas ist holden off der sleepen?
Vas ist causen all der screamen?
Ach! Der schtunken Frau Nokomisch
Ben der wildisch tale getellen!

Smallisch wonder Hierwasser
Mit der birders ben getalken,
Mit der chippenmunkers playen,
Mit der westerwind ben fighten.

Ist das tale about der ghosters?
Ist das tale concernen beasters?
Nein! Nokomisch ben declaren,
"Kris Kolumbus ist gecomen!"

DAVE MORRAH



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How Can We Tell The Dancer From The Dance?

continued from page 27

school in the market town. It was at breakfast time, and as Mr. Price, Mair's father, answered the phone, the rest of them about the table could hear pieces from the conversation. Some talk of sleeplessness; overtiredness; some pain, some fever. . . .

Both Mrs. Price and old Mr. Jones had stopped eating; they waited for Mr. Price as he came again to the table from the phone set on the white sill of the window of the farmhouse kitchen. They could see that his face had become almost gray, losing suddenly the redness which had been brought on by years of weather. And some of the natural tautness seemed to have gone from the muscles of his farmer's body, so that he was limp and loose and ungainly in his movements.

"What's wrong, dear?" asked Mrs. Price. She knew some of the truth.

Old Mr. Jones said nothing, but he held the wheels of his chair in a fierce grip as he heard his son-in-law say, quite calmly, "They think Mair has developed polio."

Nobody answered him; they were all occupied by the private visions which came viciously to their minds.

After a time Mrs. Price cupped her hands about the earthenware coffeepot and asked, "Where is she now, daddy?"

"Hospital."

Old Mr. Jones trembled then. He had never been inside a hospital in the ninety years of his life; yet now his little darling granddaughter who was only nine had had to go into one. There was no justice in the world, and he spoke his thoughts, "No justice in the world, she's so young."

Both his daughter and son-in-law looked at him. He could tell by the bewilderment on their faces that they wanted to be alone. He, too, desired privacy for his agony of grief, and he turned and bowled his chair away from the quiet kitchen. He moved slowly, for his arms now felt older than ever before. The others, sensing the need for his independence today, made no move to help him. The only noises were the faint squeak of the rubber tires on the tiled floor and the calling of newborn lambs from the security of the distant orchard.

The day was as long as a year for all of them. Mr. and Mrs. Price went in by car to the hospital. There they met kindly, concerned and hopeful persons, who told of all that was being done; of the chances, simply, of life and death. Of the other chances, more complicated, of degrees of paralysis. The little girl was sleeping, which was the best thing in the world that could happen to her.

"Come back in the morning," the Sister said. "We'll be a little nearer knowing the truth by then."

Mr. and Mrs. Price went away; back to the home which contained old Mr. Jones; back to the farm which held, in its every stone and on every acre, some memory of the playtime of the little girl who was now white and still in a neat but foreign bed.

At the farm old Mr. Jones asked them, "My Mair, better or worse?"

Mr. Price answered with the weary patience of a man who has been asked a question to which he himself longs for the hoped-for answer. He said wearily, "Tomorrow we'll know more."

"Try and get your afternoon nap, granddad," said Mrs. Price.

The old man moved his chair into the sunshine by the lounge window. Always, with simplicity, he prayed before he slept, for he knew that each closing of his eyes might be the last. But today he prayed very selfishly: that he might wake again to live and see Mair well and dancing.

He prayed aloud, in the unashamed way of the very old, ". . . dancing and singing about the Maypole, with her voice reaching the tops of the old poplars."

His daughter and son-in-law heard him and looked at each other briefly. The old man had spoken their thoughts too. Then they went to the farm work.

The next morning they met at breakfast. For the first time in five years old Mr. Jones had left his chair and was sitting at table. Neither his daughter nor his son-in-law remarked upon it. After the meal the old man said quietly, "I think I'll come with you this morning to the hospital. Will it be all right?"

"Of course," said Mr. Price.

"You'll make her get well quickly," said Mrs. Price gently.

"Right," said old Mr. Jones briskly. "Oh, yes, and on the way through the village I want you to call at the caretaker's house at the Village Hall."

Neither Mr. Price nor Mrs. Price thought much about the request; some strange whim of granddad's, probably. The worry and the grief of Mair's being ill had made his mind a little remote and strange, but his body more strong.

Breakfast over, they all got into the car and went to the village.

"Don't forget the caretaker's house," said the old man anxiously.

"Any message I can give?" asked his daughter.

The old man shook his head, "Oh, no, leave it all to me."

He climbed out of the car as if he were aged sixty instead of ninety and went up to the caretaker's house. He knocked on the door and went inside; it was a full two minutes before he came out again. The woman who looked after the hall was behind him, serious-faced. She was carrying the collapsible, telescopic Maypole which had been bought three years ago. The ribbons were wrapped gaily around it, and the trestle feet had been folded back.

Old Mr. Jones climbed into the car and spoke to the woman, "There's just about room for it inside here."

The woman smiled a little uneasily as she answered, "Lucky that it wasn't the old model. It would have taken a pole wagon to carry *that*. Hope it serves its purpose all right."

"We'll soon see. . . . Off you go, son-in-law."

Mr. Price meekly drove the car away, and neither he nor his wife wanted to ask granddad just why he wanted the local Maypole. He was an old man, and the old were always very wise or very foolish, according to time's fancy.

Arrived at the hospital, Mrs. Price turned around from the front seat and said to her father, "Granddad, will you come in now, or perhaps later?"

"I'll come in now, but won't stay a moment. I'll leave all the time to you."

The three of them got out, Mr. Price steadying the old man for a moment. Mair's father tried to be gay. "I'm glad you're not bringing the Maypole in with you, granddad," he said. "The doctors would hardly allow that."

The three of them laughed, but there was hardly any true merriment in their voices. They were all thinking of the dancing that had been, and would Mair dance ever again?

They were admitted to the ward after a little while. The Sister whispered to them, "Oh, she's wonderfully better, we think. It's turning out a mild case. Just fever, and as long as we keep her warm and comfortable and quiet in bed, we think she'll escape any paralysis."

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Price said anything. Old Mr. Jones spoke briefly, "It was a long night."

Then they went to the ward.

Mair was lying on the whitest sheets they had ever seen. There was a little radio above her head, but it was silent. And they had given her gaily dressed dollies and a great drink of some syrupy medicine with a yellow straw in it. She was white and ill, and the blue of her eyes was quite stark against her skin. Some nurse had done her hair in a new way, with a great stiff ribbon.

Old Mr. Jones whispered first, "They have made you like a queen here, Mair."

She looked up at her grandfather, and then at her father and mother, and she spoke back softly, "They're awfully nice to me, really. They say the worst pain is all over."

"All over, I'm quite sure," said old Mr. Jones, adding, "Well, I must be going now. But while you are with your mommy and daddy, just you have a look sometimes through the window at the hospital lawn. Can you see out easily without lifting your head?"

What a lot of people need in a battle of wits is reinforcements.

Dave Murray

"Oh, yes, granddad, I have been watching some blackbirds all morning."

"Fine. I'll be going then, and leave you to mommy and daddy. But you just peep out sometimes to the lawn. You'll see a very old blackbird in a minute."

With a sudden chuckle shaking his old body, Mr. Jones walked across the room.

Mrs. Price said, "Mair darling, granddad seems to have had a new lease of life."

"I expect he misses me pushing his chair, mommy."

"He's quite an old rascal, is granddad," said Mr. Price. Now that the strain was lessening, he wanted to be away from it all; back on the farm, doing some plowing and counting the days until Mair could be playing with the farm dogs again, or giving far too much milk to overfed kittens.

In the ward they talked of simple things, with simple words. Then, after a while, the Sister came in to say that they had better go; they could call and see Mair again in the evening.

It was the Sister, a young, cheerful woman, who suddenly pointed through the window of the ward and said in rather a shocked voice, "Good gracious me, whatever is that?"

They all looked through the window.

There, on the hospital lawn, was old Mr. Jones. He had set down the portable Maypole and was erecting the telescopic pole. The bright colors of the paintwork shone as after a washing by rain in the sunshine of the April morning. The gaily colored ribbons shook out from the top of the pole, and were carnival bright in the spring wind.

The Sister said again, "Whoever is that? And just what is he doing? Is it some performing tramp? I hope that matron doesn't see him, or she'll call the police."

Mr. and Mrs. Price laughed. There was a new sound of strength already in the voice of Mair as she called from the bed, "That's no tramp, that's my granddad."

Sister, still puzzled, turned round from the window. The sun glinted on the medals at the top of her uniform, on the bright clip of her fountain pen, and on the lapel watch she was wearing.

"Your grandfather, Mair?"

"Yes, that's right. I'm sure he's going to dance —— Look, there he goes."

Mair clapped her hands together with a happy gesture of childish delight.

Looking through the window, Mr. and Mrs. Price and the Sister could see that old Mr. Jones had gathered up the ribbons into a great bunch in his hands and was actually dancing around the Maypole. Some of his steps trembled, and once or twice he tripped over and fell onto a flower bed, but he was making a brave show of dancing.

Sister was laughing. She said, "Did you often dance around the Maypole, Mair?"

Her mother answered for her proudly, "She was the leader last year."

Sister opened the ward door and smiled and said, "You'd better go now anyway. Your Mair will soon be dancing again."

"This year, Sister?" called Mair from the bed.

"Well," replied Sister, "perhaps not this year, but next year for certain."

Mr. Price smoothed a strip of fair hair from his daughter's forehead. He noticed how it had been made stiff with sweat, like the manes of horses after a long spell of hunting. He said, "We'll make granddad dance instead this year."

Then, happily, Mr. and Mrs. Price went away from the ward; Mair and the Sister still watched the last antics of old Mr. Jones.

Once outside Mr. and Mrs. Price went quickly to the old gentleman and helped him to fold up the Maypole.

"You are a disgrace to the family," said Mr. Price very cheerfully.

Old Mr. Jones was out of breath, but otherwise seemed to be very fit and unharmed. He asked, rather anxiously "Did she like it?"

"Why yes," said Mrs. Price; then, pointing to the windows of the hospital, went on, "So did all the others."

Looking there, old Mr. Jones saw that there were many faces looking out, gay with amusement.

"You did them a world of good," said Mr. Price as he carried the Maypole toward the car by the hospital entrance.

"Better than going about in a wheel chair anyway," answered old Mr. Jones.

"You are an old hypocrite, granddad, making people push you about all these years when you can dance like a child."

The old man said nothing as he took his place in the back of the car and watched his son-in-law carefully placing the collapsed Maypole on the seat beside him. Then, as Mr. and Mrs. Price got in, the old man waved briefly to the windows of the hospital. The agony and the merriment were all over. She would be well, and he had repaid her in the only way he could for all the times she had been patient with him, all the miles they had perambulated together. He had danced for her when the world was breaking; would be easy to be quiet under the apple trees, encompassed by the sunshine of a last tomorrow, watching the living justice of a once sick child practicing the dance again.

THE END

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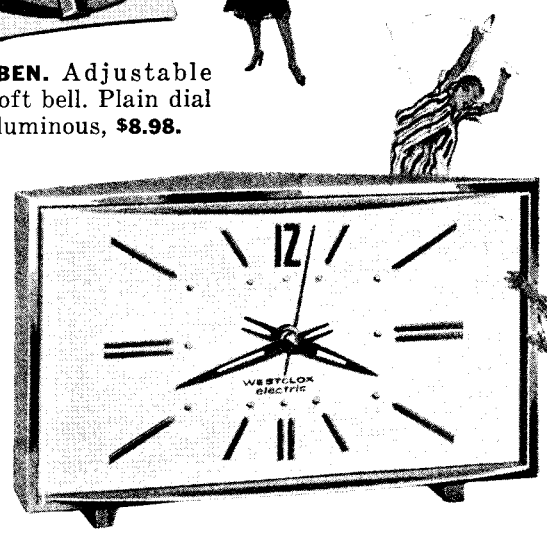

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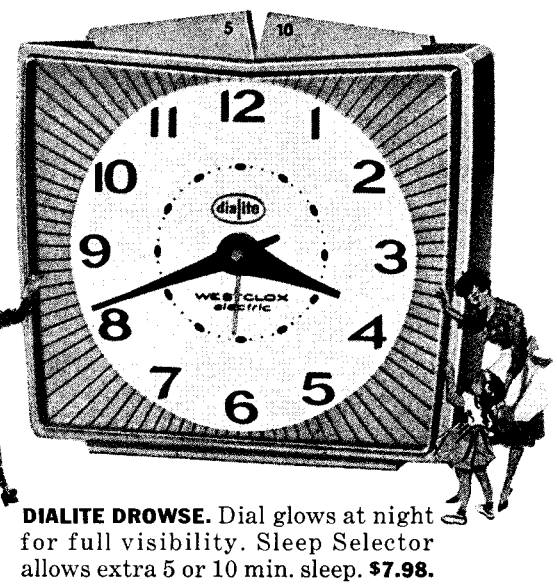

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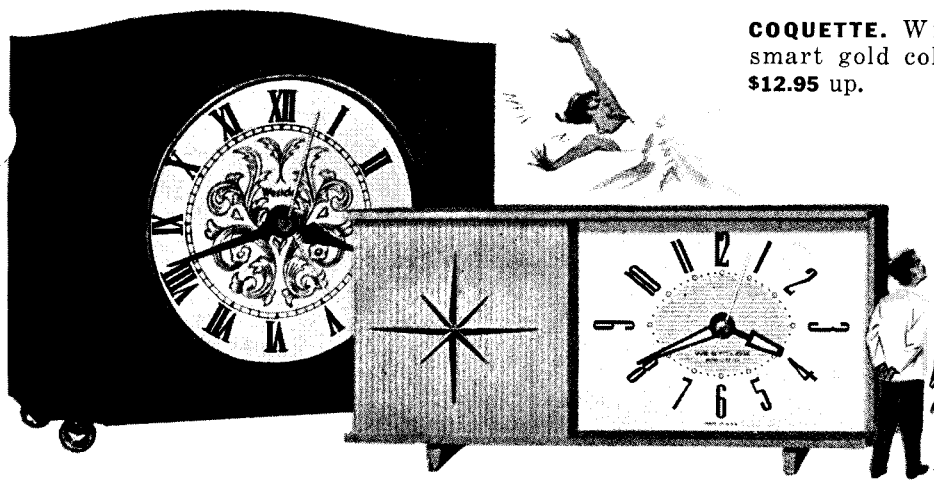

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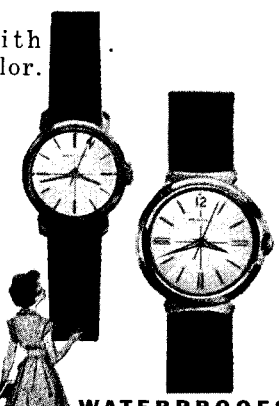
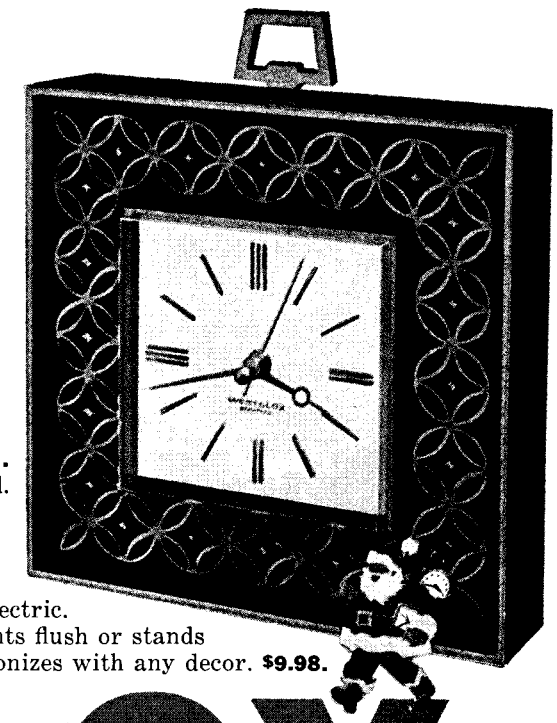
MOONBEAM. Silent electric alarm. Arouses you with soft flashing light, then audible signal. **$11.95.**

COQUETTE. With smart gold color. **$12.95** up.



WATERPROOFS. Handsome, rugged. **$10.95** up.



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At the study's conclusion, these noted dermatologists agreed that Remington—because of its adjustable roller combs—offers the best combination of a safe close shave with the least irritation.

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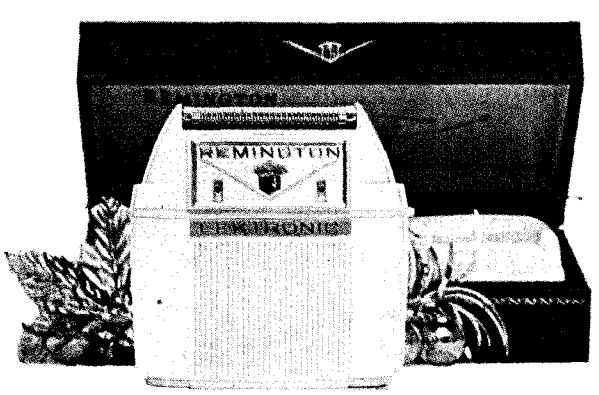

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HIS MILLIONS for the BIG OUTDOORS

Laurance Rockefeller's great ambition is simply to preserve what's left of our unspoiled wilderness.

By FRANK J. TAYLOR

The most munificent merchandiser of American scenery and fresh air is lean, sharp-featured, Laurance S. Rockefeller, one of the five dynamic sons of the late John D. Rockefeller Jr. Day after day this fifty-one-year-old New Yorker is pushing a crusade to provide more of the great green outdoors—at less cost—for his fellow citizens.

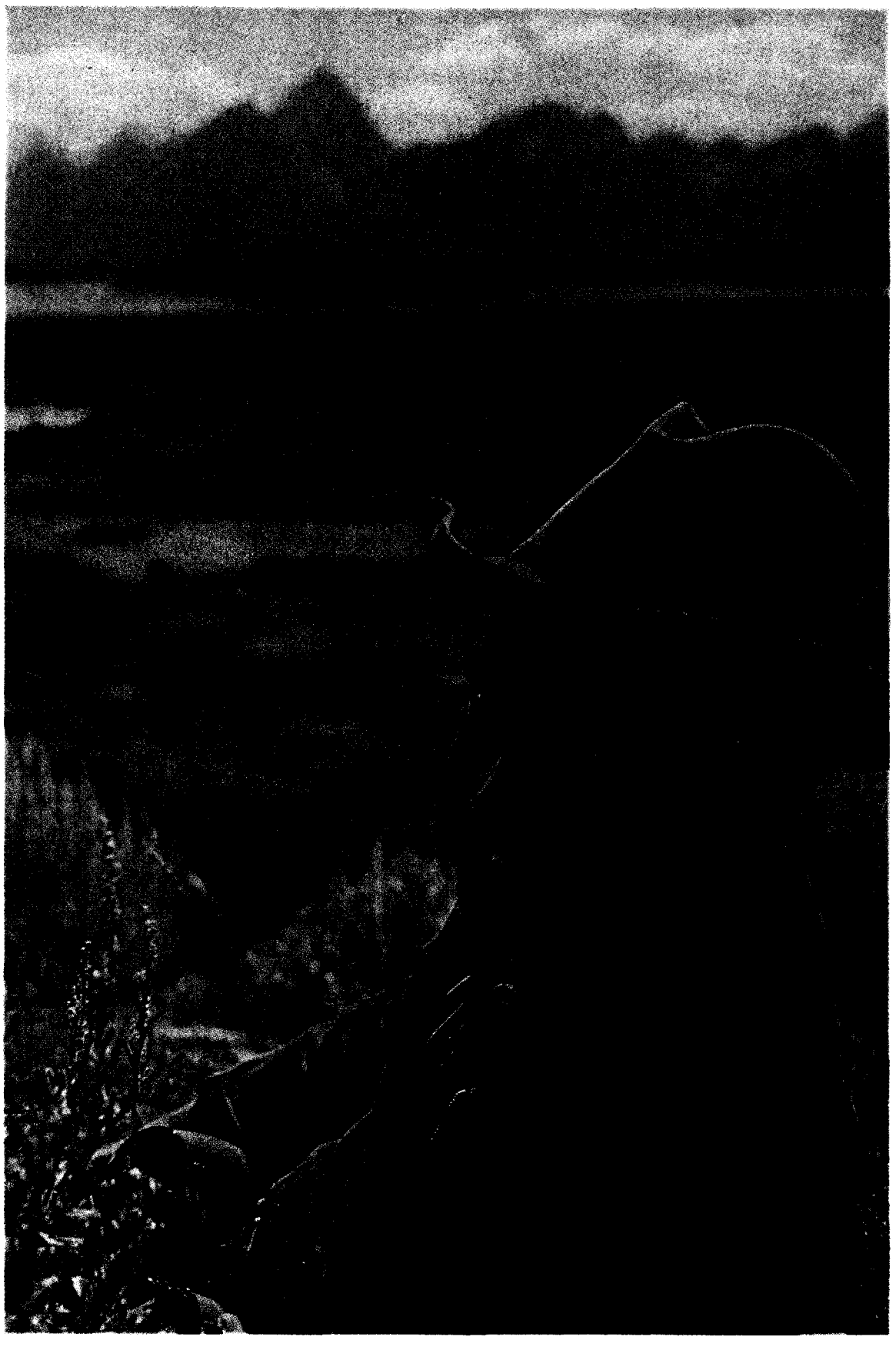
More than 60,000,000 Americans visit our national parks and monuments each year. Millions more use national forests and state outdoor recreation areas. But Laurance Rockefeller thinks even more people should take the nature cure regularly—not just once a year. He firmly believes that outdoor recreation is the best medicine for the growing spiritual, physical and moral flabbiness of a nation blessed—or afflicted—with the luxury of leisure time.

In recent years deep thinkers have been brooding over this problem. Rockefeller, trained as a philosopher at Princeton—but a financier by heritage—wastes no time brooding.

As head of ORRRC—Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission—he has been authorized by Congress to make the first nationwide inventory of outdoor recreation facilities. ORRRC is conducting a survey of fifty states and will report to Congress early next year. In its report ORRRC will project the nation's outdoor recreational needs for 1962, 1976 and 2000.

"We'd like to give outdoor recreation lands the recognized status of forests, power, mining, grazing and other national resources," Rockefeller says. "But all we can do is provide the inventory. Congress makes the nation's policies."

While his ORRRC staff assembles facts, Rockefeller pushes his own one-man crusade to conserve more wilderness for his fellow Americans.



Nature-saver Rockefeller in his element, ıe Wyoming plains, with Jackson Lake and the peaks of the Tetons behind him.

Photographs by Toern Gerdts

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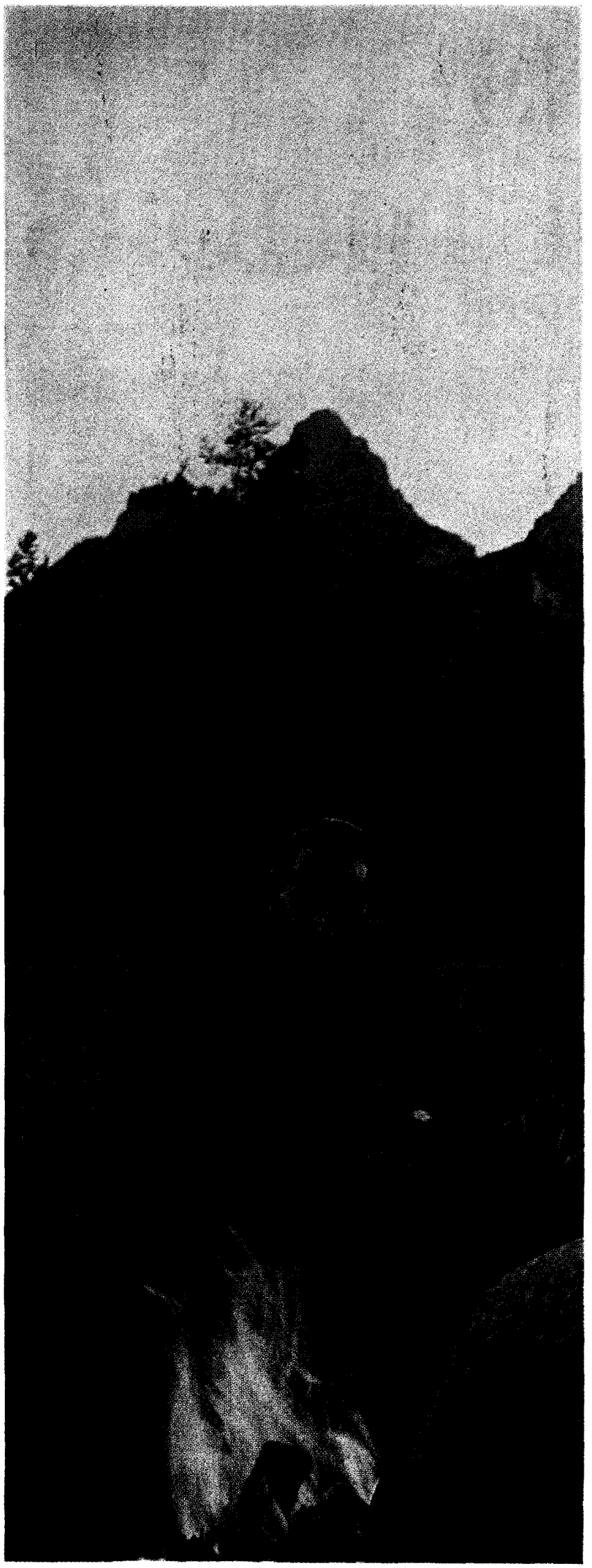

Outdoorsman Rockefeller at a Teton campsite, deep in the wilderness he knows intimately and has fought to preserve.

BIG OUTDOORS

His energy is boundless. Aviation-minded, he drops out of the sky anywhere there is a landing strip. Last July Rockefeller and a friend surprised the curator of the Buffalo Bill Museum in Cody, Wyoming, by winging in over the Rockies in a single-engine plane for an inspection visit.

Earlier this year anglers fishing a 500-mile stretch of the Missouri River above Sioux City, Iowa, were startled one Saturday morning by the roar of a low-flying transport plane. The plane was Rockefeller's. In it were Rockefeller, his pilot and a party of influential people.

A series of Federal dams had turned the Missouri into a narrow 500-mile long lake. Many bends and oxbows along the meandering river had been cut off. Before the abandoned acreage could be preempted by homesteaders, Rockefeller invited a group of legislators, engineers and park officials to make a quick tour of the area at his expense.

"Why not save them for wildlife and recreational areas now, while they are still public lands?" Rockefeller asked.

During the weekends following the Missouri River hedgehop, Rockefeller planed or jeeped over large chunks of Wyoming, Hawaii, California, The Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, and the Hudson and Delaware River valleys, searching for more out-of-doors to capture. Rockefeller continuously coaxes public agencies to acquire recreation lands he discovers. When coaxing fails, he sometimes reaches for his checkbook.

He and his family have put many millions of dollars into recreational ventures. Much of this money has been plunked down without the slightest prospect of making a nickel in return.

Jackson Hole, Wyoming, is an outstanding example of Laurance Rockefeller's outdoor philanthropy. Here, in a long narrow valley in the Teton Range of the Rocky Mountains, the Rockefeller clan has found a spiritually rewarding escape from the hectic world of civilization for many summers.

Between 1927 and 1932 the Rockefeller family bought up more than 33,000 acres of private holdings inside the then proposed Grand Teton National Park. Unfortunately, John D. Rockefeller Jr. had to wait for years until Congress passed a bill permitting him to deed the land to the National Park Service.

On the Wyoming lands the Rockefellers bought for park use stood several log lodges and camps. These were inadequate to handle the wilderness lovers flocking to the Government's new Grand Teton National Park in the early '50's, and concessionaires had declined to risk more capital on new lodges. Hearing that tourists were sleeping in their cars and on the ground, the Rockefellers advanced $10,000,000 to Jackson Hole Preserve, Inc., a family conservation foundation, to finance a fireproof lodge.

This is "an investment on behalf of the American people," the kind of capital risk Rockefeller insists Federal or state governments should assume in outdoor recreational areas. The 10,000,000 Rockefeller dollars invested by nonprofit Jackson Hole Preserve, Inc., built Jackson Lake Lodge and smaller Jenny Lake Lodge nearby, provided a transportation system and paid for a new recreation complex at Colter Bay.

Then, turning his hat around, Rockefeller organized a taxpaying subsidiary of Jackson Hole Preserve, known as The Grand Teton Lodge Company, to operate the lodges, the bus line and the other facilities. Profits taken by The Grand Teton Lodge Company are siphoned back into Jackson Hole Preserve for further conservation efforts.

The unusual Colter Bay complex is Rockefeller's particular pride. It is partnership undertaking in which th National Park Service shares. The NPS built roads, a plaza, developed camping grounds, installed sanitary facilities and provided the land and the water system. The NPS also built a museum, an outdoor amphitheater, and launching ramps for motorists who haul their own boats. Rockefeller's Grand Teton Lodge Company pumped $2,000,000 into low-cost lodging, a laundryette, public baths, a cafeteria, a store and a snack bar.

Colter Bay is a motorist's Shangri-La in the heart of the Rockies. The bay, alive with fish, is an inlet of Jackson Lake, which stretches for thirty miles at the base of the Teton Range. Wooded trails wind around the lake and into the Tetons. On concrete foundations near the lake are 160 picturesque log cabins, acquired when the Rockefellers bought the lands. Equipped with showers and baths and decorated rustically, they are rente for as little as seven dollars per night.

At a site near the cabins, the NPS provides free campsites with water, toilets, and outdoor cooking facilities without cost. There is also an area landscaped for trailer travelers, with electricity, water and sanitary connections available for $1.50 per day.

Up the slope above the lodge that serves the occupants of the log cabins there are log-walled tents equipped with foam-rubber mattresses, potbellied wood stoves, and a grill for outdoor cooking. A tent with bunks for four rents for seven dollars per day. Nylon sleeping bags, camp chairs, bath towels, axes, cooking kits, eating utensils, metal plates and an icebox cooler can be rented for an additional five dollars.

"All they have to bring is a toothbrush and pajamas," explains Ray Lillie, general manager of the Grand Teton Lodge Company. "We'll provide the rest."

Laurance Rockefeller is duplicating th Colter Bay project, on a miniature scal in the Virgin Islands National Park, his personal contribution to the national-park chain. Its history goes back to the mid-'30's, when the National Park Service assigned a staff man, Harold Hubler, to make a study of the isle of St. John in the Virgin Islands group. Hubler reported enthusiastically that St. John would make an ideal Caribbean park. His report gathered dust until 1955, when Laurance Rockefeller saw it at the home of Frank Stick, a sportsman and conservationist. Stick and Rockefeller agreed enthusiastically that St. John could be a magnificent national park.

"See how much of the island can be bought," Rockefeller told Stick.

Quickly Stick signed options for almost half of the island's 12,000 acres. Then Rockefeller dug into his pocket and forked over $1,750,000 to Jackson Hole Preserve, Inc. The preserve bought the land that Stick controlled and deeded it to the National Park Service. Rockefeller's Virgin Islands National Park dream cam true in 1956, with Hubler as its fir superintendent.

Rockefeller organized the Caneel Bay Company to experiment with miniature Colter Bay-type accommodations on St. John. From these two projects he hopes

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soon to have the blueprint for low-cost accommodations for wilderness tourists.

He has also gone into several hotel ventures for profit. One is a 100-room operation on Virgin Gorda Island in the British Virgins. His most ambitious innkeeping enterprise is at Dorado Beach in uerto Rico, a hotel, golf and beach club nd airstrip which he opened in 1958. It is a part of "Operation Bootstrap," providing jobs for poverty-bound Puerto Ricans. Rockefeller's Dorado Beach project was a $9,000,000 gamble that turned the corner quickly, thanks to Fidel Castro. When Castro began to get tough, thousands of sun-seekers scratched Cuba from their vacation plans, discovered Puerto Rico and quickly filled the Dorado Beach Hotel. Rockefeller's latest plunge in the hotel business is on the big island of Hawaii, where he is developing a new beach resort near the sunny old cattle port of Kawaihae.

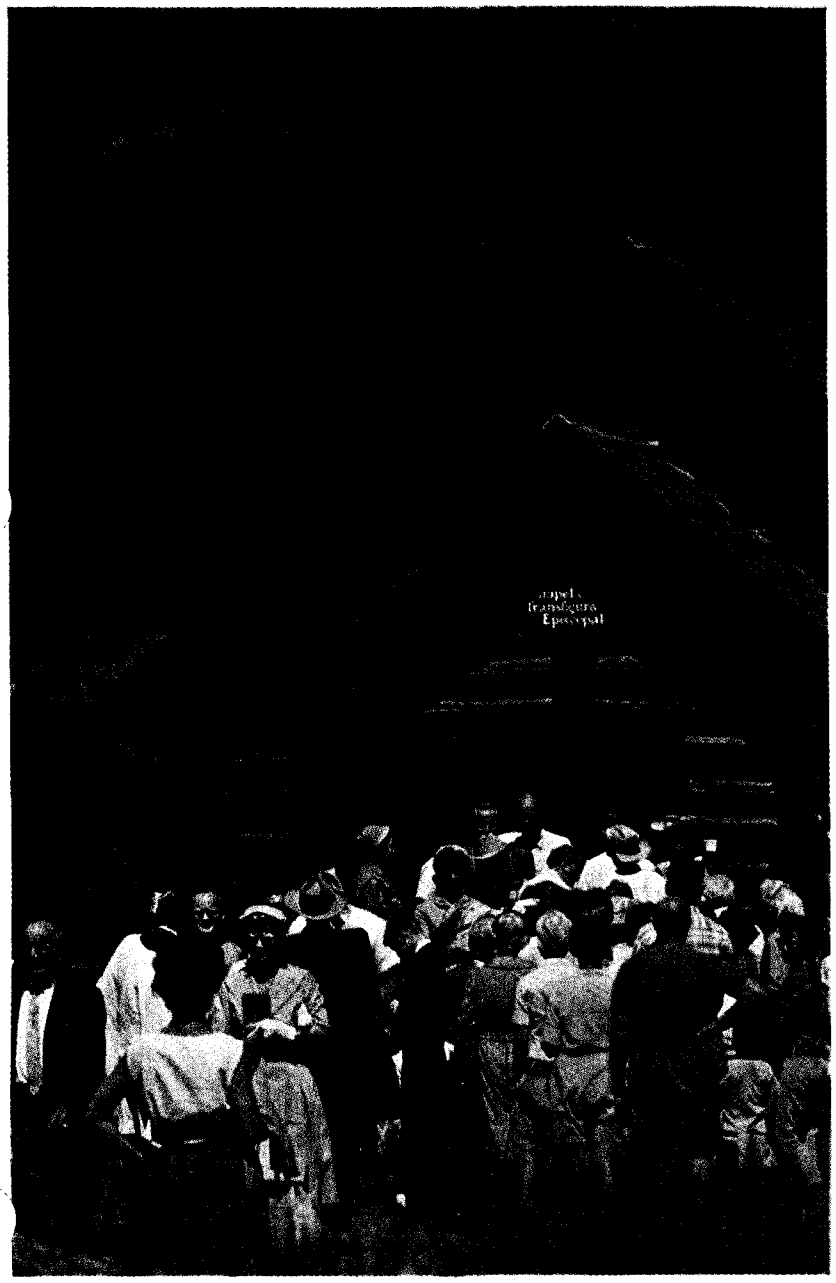
These private hotel ventures fall into an entirely different category from Rockefeller's investments in behalf of the public. They fascinate him because they make employment where jobs are needed and offer the excitement of financial risk.

"I like pioneering long-range projects—viation, electronics, resort hotels," he plains. "They're a challenge."

In the past quarter century Laurance Rockefeller has turned a number of challenges into profitable enterprises. He backed Eastern Air Lines, McDonnell Aircraft, Reaction Motors, Marquardt Aircraft, Itek Corporation, Geophysics Corporation, and Nuclear Development Corporation, to mention a few, when they were in their corporate infancy. Unlike his father, who inherited half a billion dollars and devoted his entire life to philanthropies, Laurance Rockefeller has to make money before he can give it away. His father parted with more than $100,000,000 for projects such as the Great Smoky National Park and the Williamsburg restoration, but Laurance Rockefeller has to make sure his money will be wisely invested by conducting cautious experimental projects. In these pilot operations Rockefeller believes that he is doing the financing the Government ought to do.

"Colter Bay gave us an opportunity to co-operate with the National Park Service," he says. "They put in $1,000,000 and made the land available. But we put in $2,000,000 to try to meet a need. We're convinced that private enterprise won't provide the capital for facilities in these short-season areas. The Government will just have to put up more money if the people are going to have adequate accommodations."

Rockefeller has been able to gamble largely because there is a unique family



Tourists and townspeople crowd into chapel services near Moose. About 1,500,000 persons visit Grand Teton yearly.

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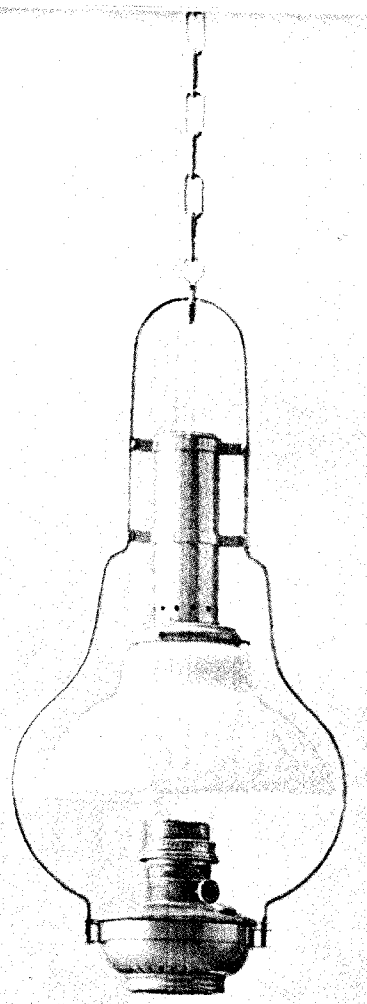

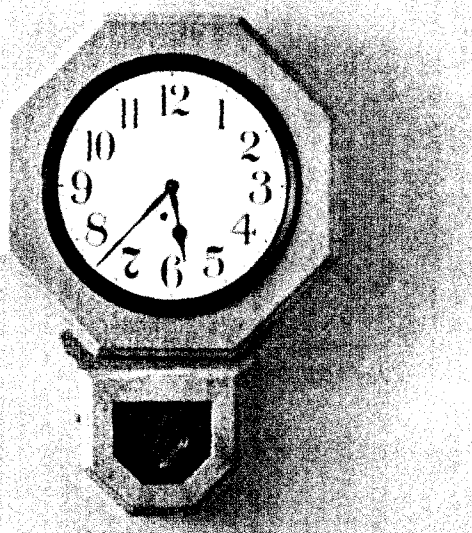

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Elk roam unmolested at Jackson Hole on the preserve named for Rockefeller (foreground).

arrangement. His wealthy brothers and his sister come to his aid if he runs short of dollars. The directory of the tallest skyscraper in New York City's Rockefeller Center provides an insight into the operation. Beneath the listing, OFFICES OF THE MESSRS. ROCKEFELLER, ROOM 5600, there are others of special significance.

One is ROCKEFELLER BROTHERS, INC. This is a moneymaking partnership of the five brothers. It brings in dollars which the brothers work hard to give away intelligently through three other offices that are listed on the board. These are ROCKEFELLER BROTHERS FUND, (their sister, Mrs. Abby Rockefeller Mauzé, also chips in); JACKSON HOLE PRESERVE, INC.; and the AMERICAN CONSERVATION ASSOCIATION. (Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., which has absorbed more than 60,000,000 Rockefeller dollars, has its own endowment.)

Laurance Rockefeller, like his father before him, soaks up advice from experts before making his wilderness investments. Several experts are on his payroll. But the most influential of his advisers are selfless conservationists like Horace M. Albright, former superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, former director of the National Park Service and a longtime family friend.

Over three decades Albright has helped the Rockefellers divest themselves of millions of dollars for conservation efforts such as the splendid Palisades Interstate Park, which lies across the Hudson River from New York City. Albright, who is now retired, is still an unpaid, unofficial adviser whose counsel is gospel with Laurance Rockefeller.

"Horace is to our projects what yeast is to bread," Rockefeller says. Smiling, he adds, "Father provided the dough."

Rockefeller doesn't advocate the purist theory of buying up vast wilderness areas and sealing them off from the public.

"For two centuries we fought to conquer nature," he says. "Now we must save some of nature before it's too late. But I don't agree with the wilderness boys who want to put these natural areas in deep freeze for future generations. I'm for conservation and *use*."

Spurred by conservationists who disagree with him, Laurance Rockefeller's most driving obsession is selling national park and forest officials on greater use of wilderness areas now in "deep freeze." Yellowstone, ironically the most crowded of our national parks, is his favorite example of mismanaged wilderness acreage.

"Less than five per cent of the Yellowstone is developed," Rockefeller says. "They crowd all of the tourists into this five per cent. We need new thinking about the use of wilderness recreation lands."

To illustrate this need, Rockefeller tells a story of a ranger he met near Yellowstone's Old Faithful. The ranger had been asked by an irate visitor, "Where the hell is the wilderness?"

"Lady," he said, "keep walking straight ahead. When you pass the last Coke bottle, you're in the wilderness."

Laurance Rockefeller has a unique background for his voluntary role as merchant of the out-of-doors. Born in New York City on May 26, 1910, his boyhood summers were spent on Mt. Desert Island off the coast of Maine, where his family maintained a vacation home. His father provided Laurance and his brothers with a healthy dose of nature by putting them to work with axes and picks on the island's trails and wagon roads. In later years the Rockefellers donated 2700 acres of the picturesque isle for Acadia National Park. John D. Rockefeller Jr. also took his sons on frequent junkets through the wildernesses of the West.

At Princeton, Laurance Rockefeller majored in philosophy. He still thinks he chose the right field.

"Conservation is a job for a philosopher," he says. "It's a study in values. Bringing man and nature together harmoniously is an art. Fitness and outdoor recreation go hand in hand. Tension and stress are the causes of many ailments. If you can restore peace of mind and re-create a person, you've given him a new lease on life."

After leaving Princeton, Laurance Rockefeller's flair for betting on brains, particularly in the aviation and electronics fields, won him a fortune of his own. By the time he shed his lieutenant commander's Navy uniform at the close of World War II, Rockefeller was ripe for his role as the family's outdoors champion. He quickly became head of the Rockefeller foundations that participate in outdoor conservation. Then, when ORRRC was created by Act of Congress in 1958 to make a three-year survey of the nation's recreation resources, President Eisenhower chose Rockefeller to organize and direct it. Rockefeller will turn in his report to another ardent outdoorsman and conservationist, John F. Kennedy.

Rockefeller, a New Yorker, is strongly in favor of restoration of wilderness areas accessible to the millions of Americans living in metropolitan areas. He believes the Palisades Interstate Park is an outstanding example of conservation that other population centers should copy.

The Palisades are a series of steep and spectacular escarpments which quarrymen were blasting to rubble when the Rockefellers and other wealthy donors stepped in to save them. The Rockefeller family launched a land-buying drive above the cliffs into which they poured $20,000,000. The result is a forty-mile belt of recaptured wilderness bordering the Hudson. Rockefeller, who is a Palisades Interstate Park Commissioner, hopes that the ORRRC survey will spur similar projects near metropolitan centers all over the nation.

"The two most populous states, New York and California, are doing fine jobs in the field of conservation," says Rockefeller. "But other states need to be aroused. The great problem of our society as we become more and more prosperous is how we use our leisure time. Standing on a mountaintop in a reflective mood is one way to use it to our spiritual and physical advantage."

Through the years Laurance Rockefeller, his wife Mary and their four children have rejuvenated themselves at a ranch hideout on the southern rim of Grand Teton National Park. Here Rockefeller still blazes trails and swings an ax, practicing what he preaches. THE END

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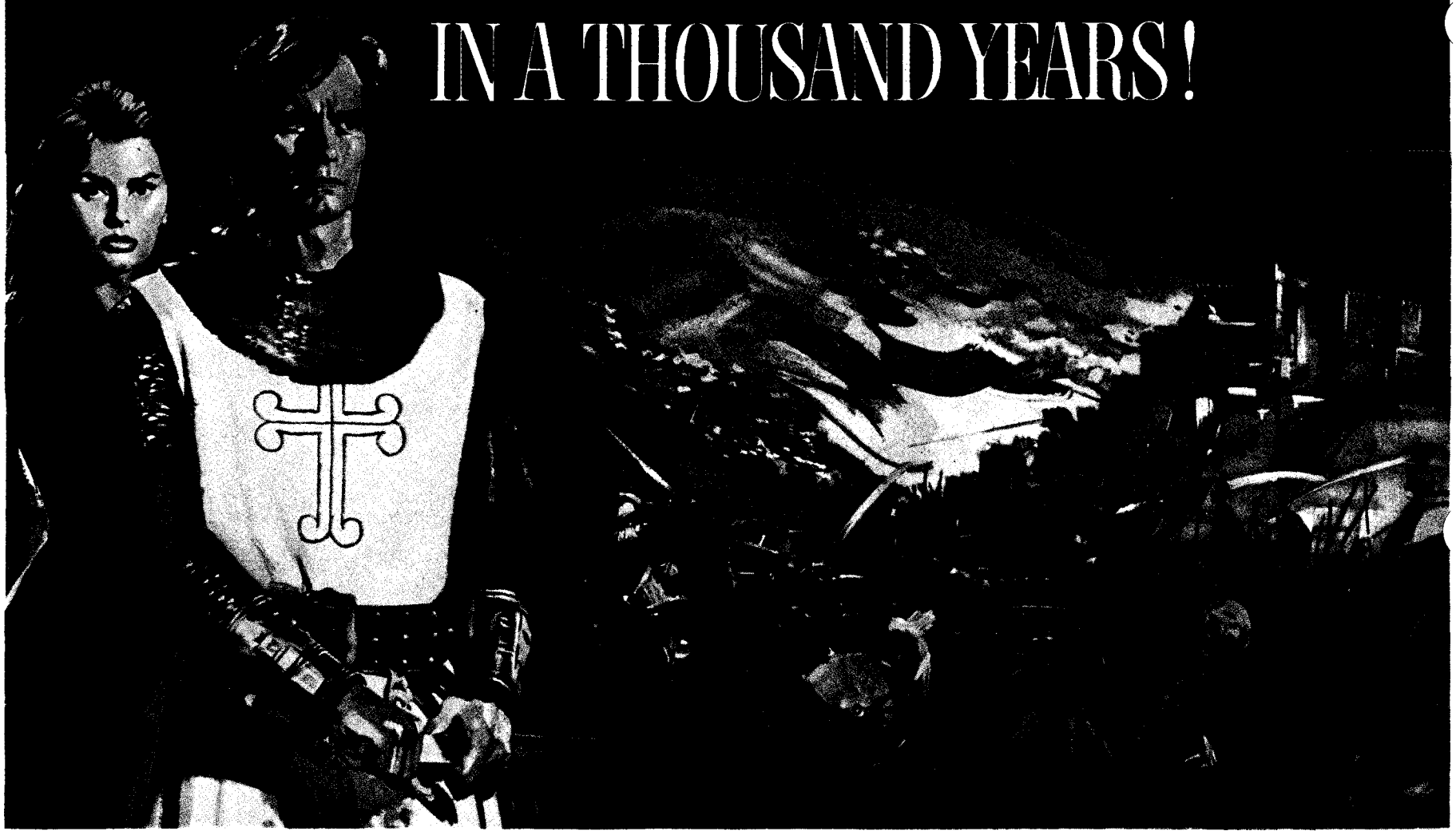

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Wolfe advised his pretty client to sue six people for a million dollars each. One of them was Inspector Cramer of Homicide.

Someone clubbed Dennis Ashby, aggressive young manufacturing executive, and pushed his body from his tenth-floor office. The major suspect, bootblack Peter Vassos, whose patrons included both Ashby and detective Nero Wolfe, was in the building at the time of the murder. Vassos, ho allegedly had killed Ashby because of an affair between him and assos's daughter Elma, was later found dead at the foot of a cliff. The police considered the case solved with the discovery of Vassos's presumed suicide. However, Elma Vassos told Wolfe her father knew she and Ashby had not been lovers; there was no reason for Peter Vassos to have killed himself. Her story satisfied Wolfe and his assistant, Archie Goodwin, who realized that the killer might try for Elma next. To establish Elma's innocence in her widely publicized involvement with Ashby, Wolfe decided to file slander suits in her behalf against Ashby's firm and several of its employees, asking for several million dollars in damages. Wolfe called his lawyer for an immediate conference.

Part II Nathaniel Parker, the lawyer, came on the dot at three, and they barely got it settled in time for Wolfe to keep his afternoon date with the orchids in the plant rooms on the roof. At three minutes to four Wolfe got to his feet and said, "Then tomorrow as early as may be. You'll proceed as soon as Archie phones you that he has explained the matter to Miss Vassos."

Parker shook his head. "The way you operate! You actually haven't mentioned it to her?"

"No. It would have been pointless to mention it until I learned if it was feasible."

Wolfe went to the hall to take the elevator to the roof, Parker went along, and I went to hold his coat and let him out. Then I mounted two flights to the south room and knocked on the door, heard a faint, "Come ," and did so. Elma was sitting on the edge of the bed, running her fingers ough her hair. "I guess I fell asleep," she said. "What time is it?"

I would have been willing to help her with the hair. Any man would; it was nice hair. "Four o'clock," I said. I got a chair and sat. "There have been developments. I went to see a cop, an inspector named Cramer, and you're right. They think your father killed Ashby and then himself. You are now Mr. Wolfe's client. That stack of bills in the safe is still your property, but I have taken a dollar from it as a retainer. Do you approve?"

"Of course, but take all of it. I know it's nothing."

"Skip it. That's no inducement for him. And don't thank him. He would rather miss a meal than have anyone think he's a softy, that he would wiggle a finger to help anyone. Don't even hint at it. The idea is that Cramer has flouted him, his word, and therefore he will make a monkey of Cramer. So he has to prove that your father didn't kill Ashby, and the only way he can do that is to find out who did. The question is how. He would have to send me to that building to go over the setup and see people and to invite some of them to come to his office, since he never leaves the house on business, but he can't expect the impossible, even of me. They would toss me out, and they wouldn't come. So he must ——"

"Some of the girls might come. And Mr. Busch might."

"Not enough. We need the ones who wouldn't. So he must drop a bomb. You are going to sue six people for damages, a million dollars each. Slander. The lawyer is preparing the papers and will go ahead as soon as you phone him to. His name is Nathaniel Parker, and he's good. It isn't expected that any of the cases will ever get to a court, or that you will collect anything. The idea is that the fur will begin to fly. Do you want to consult anybody before you tell Parker to go ahead? Do you know a lawyer?"

"No." Her fingers were clasped tight. "Of course I'll do anything Mr. Wolfe says. Who are the six people?"

"One, John Mercer. Two, Andrew Busch. Three, Phillip Horan. Four, Frances Cox. Five, Mrs. Ashby. Six, Inspector Cramer. Anything Cramer says in his official capacity is privileged, but there's a point of law. He may have said something to a reporter, and he told me you're a floozy, or implied it. At least it will be a threat to get him on the witness stand under oath and ask him who told him what about you and Ashby, and just having him summoned will be a pleasure for Mr. Wolfe, and you might as well humor him. You're not listening."

"Yes, I am. I don't think I —— Can't you leave Mr. Busch out?"

"Why should we?"

"Because I don't think he said anything like that about me. I'm sure he

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KILL NOW

wouldn't. If Mr. Wolfe wants to talk to him, I'm pretty sure he would come if I asked him."

I eyed her. "There seems to be an angle you didn't mention this morning. When you told me about Busch, you didn't say he would come if you whistled."

"I'm not saying it now!" She was indignant. "All I'm saying is that he's a nice man, and he's decent, and he wouldn't do that!"

"Have you seen much of him out of the office?"

"No. After Mr. Ashby, I decided I wouldn't make any dates with any man in the office, married or not."

"O.K., we'll exclude Busch, with the understanding that you'll produce him if and when we need him." I got up. "We'll go down to the office and phone Parker, and then we'll go and get whatever you want for an indefinite stay. It may be two days, and it may be two months. When Mr. Wolfe ——"

"Stay here two months? I can't!"

"You can and will if necessary. If you get killed, it would be next to impossible for Mr. Wolfe to get back at Cramer and would sour him for good, and he would be unbearable. If you want to do things to your face and hair, not that I see anything wrong with them, I'll be down in the office." I went.

Elma came down much sooner than most girls would have after a nap, and I dialed and got Parker, told him it was all set but that Busch was to be crossed off, and put Elma on. He asked her if he was to proceed on her behalf, as he had been instructed by Wolfe, and she said yes, and that was it. I told her I had another call to make, dialed the number of the *Gazette*, got Lon Cohen and asked him if his offer of a grand for a piece on Pete Vassos was still open. He said he'd have to see the piece first.

"We haven't got time to write it," I said. "We're busy. But if you want something for nothing, Miss Elma Vassos, his daughter, has engaged the services of Nero Wolfe, the famous private detective, and is staying at his house and is not accessible. On his advice she has engaged Nathaniel Parker, the famous counselor, to bring an action against five people: John Mercer, Phillip Horan, Frances Cox, Mrs. Dennis Ashby, and Inspector Cramer of the N.Y.P.D. She is asking for a million dollars for damages for slander from each of them. They will be served tomorrow, probably in time for your first edition. I'm giving you this, exclusive, on instructions from Mr. Wolfe. Parker has been told that you'll probably be phoning him for confirmation, and you'll get it. Yours truly. See you in court."

"Wait a minute, hold it! You can't just ——"

"Sorry, I'm busy. No use calling back, because I won't be here. Print now, pay later."

I hung up and went to the kitchen to tell Fritz we were leaving, and by the time I got to the hall rack Elma had her hat and coat on. Since her place was downtown, we went to 8th Avenue for a taxi. She was all right at walking. Walking with a girl, you can tell pretty well if you'd want to dance with her.

Another mark for her, she didn't apologize for the neighborhood she lived in as the cab turned into Graham Street and stopped in front of No. 314. But I must say the vestibule she led me into would have appreciated some attention and, when she used her key and we entered, the inside was no better. She said, "Up three flights," and went to the stairs, and I followed.

On the third landing she started down the hall toward the rear, stopped after a couple of steps and said, "Why, the light's on!"

I was at her elbow. I whispered, "Which door?" She pointed to the right, to where a strip of light showed through the crack at the bottom of a door. I whispered, "Is there a bell?" and she whispered back, "It isn't working." I went to the door and knocked on it, and after a short wait it opened, and facing me was a man about my height with a broad flat face and a lot of tousled brown hair.

"Good evening," I said.

"Where's Miss Vassos?" he said. "Are you a police —— Oh! Thank God!"

Elma was there. "But you—how did you—this is Mr. Busch, Mr. Goodwin."

"I seem to be ——" He let it hang, apparently undecided how he seemed to be. He looked at me and back at her.

"I'll trade you even," I said. "I'll tell you why I'm here if you'll tell me why you're here. I came to carry a bag of clothes and accessories for Miss Vassos. She is staying at Nero Wolfe's house on 35th Street. My name is Archie Goodwin, and I work for him. Your turn."

"Nero Wolfe the detective?"

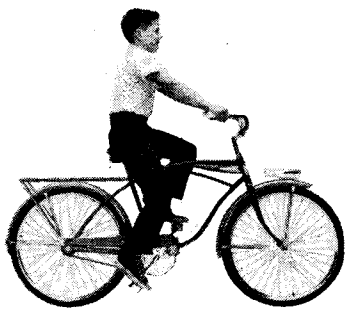
"Right."

He went to her. "You're staying at his house?"

"Yes."

"You were there last night and today?"

"Yes."



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"I wish you had let me know. I came here from the office. I just got here. I was here last night. I got the janitor to let me in; he's worried too. I was afraid you might —— I'm glad to see —— I thought perhaps ——"

"I guess I should have phoned," she said.

"Yes, I wish you had—then at least I would have known."

He didn't sound much like Paladin. Or even an office manager. "If you don't mind," I said, "Miss Vassos would like to come in and pack a bag. She has hired Nero Wolfe to find out who killed Dennis Ashby, and she'll stay at his house until he does. Of course, since you think her father killed Ashby, I don't suppose ——"

"I don't think her father killed Ashby," he said.

"No? Then why did you tell the police that he had found out that Ashby had seduced her?"

He hauled off and swung at me. He meant well, but was so slow that I could have landed a poke while he was still on his backswing. Elma was quicker, jumping between us. He was going through with it anyhow, looping around her, and he would finally have reached the target if I had moved my head eight inches to the left and waited till he got there, but instead I caught his wrist and jerked it down and gave it a twist. That twist hurts, but he didn't squeak. Elma, between us, turned to face me, protesting, "I told you he wouldn't!"

"I didn't," he said.

"Do you know who did?"

"No."

"O.K., you can come along for a talk with Nero Wolfe. You can carry her bag. If there are two, we'll each take one. . . . Go ahead, Miss Vassos, I won't let him hurt me. If he gets me down, I'll yell."

She slipped in past him. Busch looked at his wrist and felt at it, and I told him it might swell a little. He turned and went inside, and I followed. It was a medium-sized room, very neat, good-enough chairs and nice plain rugs, a TV set in a corner, magazines on a table, shelves with books.

When Elma came out of an inner room with a suitcase and a small bag, Busch, who had put his overcoat on, went to relieve her of the load. I looked at my watch: 5:55. Wolfe would be down from the plant rooms by the time we got there. "I'll take one," I offered. "Better give the wrist a rest."

"The wrist's all right," he said, trying not to set his jaw. A hero.

There can be such a thing as too damn much self-control. I should have resigned that day, for the forty-third time, when Wolfe glared at me and said, "I won't see him." It was inexcusable, being childish in front of a client. Leaving Busch in the front room, I had gone with Elma to the office, explained why I had told Parker to leave Busch out, reported the episode at Graham Street, said that I had checked with the janitor on the way out and he had admitted that he had let Busch into the Vassos apartment, and asked if he wanted Elma present while he talked with Busch; and he said, "I won't see him." Top that. He knew he was going to have to see a bunch of them, and he was paying a lawyer to pull a stunt that would make them come. But that would be tomorrow, and this was today, and he was reading a book, and I hadn't phoned to warn him. I should have walked out on him, but there was Elma, so I merely said, "He can have my room, and I'll sleep here on the couch."

His eyes narrowed at me. He knew I meant it, and that I wouldn't back down, and that it was his fault for starting it in front of a witness. If I had just sat and met his gaze, it would have had to end either by his firing me or my quitting, so I arose, said I would take Miss Vassos's luggage up to her room, shook my head no at her on my way to the hall, picked up the bag and suitcase, mounted the two flights, put them in the south room, returned to the landing and stood and listened.

That simplified it for him. With me there it would have been impossible; with me gone all he had to do was to get her to say that it might help if he talked to Busch. Which he did. I could hear the voices, though not the words, for three minutes; then nothing; and then voices again, including Busch's. I descended. Of course I kept my eyes straight ahead as I entered and crossed to my desk, detouring around Busch, who was in one of the yellow chairs that had been drawn up to face Wolfe's desk. Wolfe was talking:

". . . and I intend to do so. I'm not obliged to account for the springs of my interest. Call it pique. Mr. Vassos kept my shoes presentable and never failed me; it won't be easy to replace him; and whoever deprived me of his services will be made to regret it. Let's consider you, since you're here. Discovered by Mr. Goodwin and Miss Vassos in her apartment, you affected concern for her welfare. Real concern, or assumed?"

Busch was sitting straight and stiff. "I don't have to account to you either," he declared, louder than necessary. "How do I know what you're going to do?"

"You don't. But you will. I won't debate it."

Busch looked at Elma, who was in the red-leather chair. That turned his head so I couldn't see his face, but there must have been a question on it, for she answered it. "He's going to do what he says, Mr. Busch. He's going to make a monkey of an inspector named Cramer. If he wants you to tell him anything—and if you want to ——"

"I want —— Will you marry me?"

Her eyes widened. "What?"

"Will you marry me?"

She stared, speechless.

"Effective, Mr. Busch," Wolfe growled. "For establishing briefly and cogently that your concern is real, admirable. Then you don't believe that Miss Vassos was seduced by Mr. Ashby?"

"No. But I knew that the police thought that, or suspected it, from questions they asked me."

"Was that why you were so concerned for Miss Vassos's welfare that you went to her home last night and persuaded the janitor to let you in and repeated the performance today?"

"It was partly that, but I would have done that anyway. Yesterday she was worried about her father, because he hadn't come home, and I tried to find out if he was in the building. Then last night the news came that he was dead, that his body had been found. I phoned her home, and there was no answer, and I went there, and there was no word from her today, and the police didn't know where she was, so I went again. I know what you're getting at—you want to know if I was there waiting for her because I was worried about her, or because I wanted to kill her. Because someone must want to kill her, someone must have lied about her to her father and then lied to the police."

Wolfe nodded. "You're assuming that her father believed the lie and killed Ashby and then killed himself."

"No, I'm not. I only know he might have. I haven't seen her, I haven't had a chance to talk with her. I've been wanting for more than a year to tell her how I feel, that I know how wonderful she is, that there's no girl on earth like her, that I have never ——"

"Yes. You established that point by asking her to marry you. She has probably grasped it. As you will no doubt hear from her when you get a chance, she is certain that her father would not have believed such a lie about her, so he did not kill Ashby, so he did not kill himself. Therefore I need to know as much as possible about people's movements at the critical times. According to the medical examiner, as reported in the paper, Peter Vassos landed at the bottom of that cliff

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and died between ten o'clock and midnight Monday evening. Since Miss Vassos certainly won't marry you if you killed her father, let's eliminate you. Where were you those two hours?"

"I was at home. I went to bed about eleven o'clock."

"You live alone."

"Yes."

"Good. You have no alibi. A man with an alibi is suspect *ipso facto*. Now for Mr. Ashby. Where were you at 10:35 Monday morning?"

"In my room. My office."

"Alone?"

"Yes. I've gone over this with the police. Miss Vassos had been there taking letters, but she left about a quarter past ten. Pete came about a quarter to eleven and gave me a shine. In between those two times I was alone."

"You didn't leave your room during that interval?"

"No."

"Was the door open and did you see anyone pass?"

"The door was open, but my room is at the end of the hall. I never see anyone pass."

"Then you can't help much. But you do corroborate Mr. Vassos's account of his movements. If he came to your room at 10:45, shined your shoes and went straight to Mr. Ashby's room, he entered it about 10:52. He arrived here at three minutes past eleven. Do you know where he had been just before coming to you?"

"Yes, he had been in Mr. Mercer's room, giving him a shine."

"And before that?"

"I don't know. That's what the police wanted to know. They think he had already been in Ashby's room, that he went in by the other door and killed him."

"Did they tell you that?"

"No, but it was obvious from their questions—about him and about that other door."

"Does your room also have a door into the outer hall?"

"No. Ashby's is the only one."

Wolfe turned his head to look up at the wall clock. Half an hour till dinnertime. He looked at Busch. "Now, sir. As I told you at the beginning, I have concluded that Mr. Vassos did not kill Mr. Ashby, and I intend to find out who did and expose him. On this perhaps you can help. Who is safe or satisfied or solvent because Ashby is dead?"

"The police asked me too. I told them I didn't know, and I don't. I saw very little of Ashby personally—I mean outside of business."

"What about people in the office?"

"Nobody liked him. I didn't. I don't think even Mr. Mercer did. We all knew he had saved the business, he was responsible for its success, but we didn't like him. I had complaints from the girls about him. They didn't like to go to his room. A few months ago one girl quit on account of him. But when I say nobody liked him, maybe I ought to say except one." His eyes went to Elma and back to Wolfe.

"Miss Vassos?"

"Good Lord no." He was shocked. "Because I looked at her? I just happened—I just wanted to. Miss Cox, Frances Cox, the receptionist. There was a lot of office gossip about them, but you can't go by office gossip. Only one day last spring Ashby's wife—she was Joan Snyder when she worked there—she came and asked me to fire her."

"To fire Miss Cox?"

"Yes. She said she was a bad influence on her husband. I had to laugh, I couldn't help it—a bad influence on Dennis Ashby. I told her I couldn't fire her, and I couldn't."

Wolfe grunted. "Another name Miss Vassos has mentioned. Phillip Horan. Since he's a salesman, I presume he worked under Ashby?"

"Yes."

"He had expected to get the promotion that Ashby had got?"

"Yes."

"And he resented it?"

"Yes."

"I won't ask if he might have killed Ashby to get it; you're partial and would of course say no." Wolfe looked up at the clock. "Have you ever sat at table with Miss Vassos, had a meal with her?"

"I don't see what bearing that has on ——"

"None, but it's a civil question. Have you?"

"No. I asked her twice, but she declined."

"Then it was foolhardy to ask her to marry you. You can't know what a woman is like until you see her at her food. I invite you to dine with us. There will be

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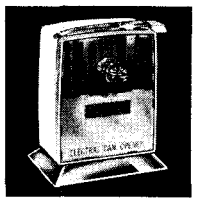

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chicken-sorrel soup with egg yolks and sherry, and roast quail with a sauce of white wine, veal stock and white grapes. You will not be robbing us; there is enough."

I didn't catch his response, because I was commenting to myself. The no-business-at-meals rule was strictly enforced, but I would have to work right through the soup and quail on to the cheese and coffee, as an expert, taking Busch in. When he left, I would be asked if his concern for Miss Vassos was real or phony, yes or no. If I couldn't say, some good grub would have been wasted.

It was wasted.

The fur started to fly, the first flurry, a little after two Thursday afternoon. Parker phoned while we were eating lunch—Elma with us—to say that he had just had a talk with an attorney representing John Mercer, Phillip Horan and Frances Cox. He had called before noon to say that all five of them had been served. He had told the attorney that his client, Elma Vassos, had retained him and told him to bring the actions after she had been advised to do so by Nero Wolfe, who was investigating the situation for her; that he was satisfied that his client had a valid complaint, but he wouldn't discuss it with the opposing counselor until the investigation had progressed further; that after careful consideration he felt that it would probably be impossible to arrive at a settlement without a court trial; and that he would, of course, report the conversation to his client, who was staying at Nero Wolfe's house. I returned to the dining room and relayed it to Wolfe, who would not interrupt a meal to speak on the phone, and he muttered, "Satisfactory."

The next flurry came two hours later, from the widow. Wolfe had gone up to the plant rooms, and Elma had gone with him to look at the orchids. The phone rang, and I answered it. "Nero Wolfe's office, Archie Goodwin speaking."

"I want to talk to Elma Vassos." A woman's voice, peevish.

"Your name, please?"

"Oh, indeed! Is she there?"

"Not in the room, but I can get her. If you don't mind giving me your name?"

"I don't mind a bit. Joan Ashby. Don't bother to get her; you'll do if you're Archie Goodwin. I've just been talking to that lawyer, Parker, and he told me she's at Nero Wolfe's house. I told him if she wants to sue me for a million dollars she can go right ahead, and I thought I might as well tell her too. He said he would prefer to speak with my attorney, and I said that would be fine if I had one. What would I pay an attorney with? Tell Elma Vassos if she gets some of those millions from those others, I would deeply appreciate it if she would pay some of my husband's debts, and then maybe I could eat. I'd like to see her at that."

"She'd like to see you too."

"I'll bet she would."

"She really would. She said so last night. Why don't I take her there? We can be there in twenty minutes. You've lost a husband, and she has lost a father. It would do you both good."

"Sure. We can swap tears. Come ahead, but bring your own hankies. "

She hung up. I buzzed the plant rooms on the house phone, got Wolfe and reported. He growled, "She's probably lying about the debts and bluffing. I'll send Miss Vassos down at once. Don't bring that wretch back with you."

"But you wanted to see all of them."

"Not that one. Not unless it becomes imperative. Pfui. You will judge. Your intelligence guided by experience."

When Elma came—down the stairs, not the elevator—I was waiting for her in the hall with my coat on. When I told her it might be a little hard to take, judging from Mrs. Ashby on the phone, she said she could stand it if I could. After we had got a taxi on 9th Avenue and were crawling crosstown, I gave her the conversation verbatim, and she said, "She sounds awful, but if he left a lot of debts —— Of course, that doesn't matter since we don't expect to get anything."

The number on East 37th Street, which had been in the papers, was between Park and Lexington. If there were any journalists on post they weren't visible, but daylight was gone, nearly five o'clock. Pushing the button marked ASHBY in the vestibule, getting a voice asking who is it and

in the next POST
A WALK IN THE SNOW
a Christmas story by Gerald Kersh

telling the grille our names, I pushed the door when the click came, and we entered. It was a small lobby, aluminum-trim modern, and the elevator was a do-it-yourself. I pushed the "3" button, we were lifted and emerged on the third floor, and there was the widow, leaning against the jamb of an open door.

"Double wake," she said. "I just thought that up." She focused on us as we approached. "I thought up another one too. My husband liked what the ads said—go now, pay later. Eat now, pay later. I thought up kill now, pay later. I like it. I hope you like it." She didn't move.

It had been fairly obvious on the phone that she was tight, and she must have had another go. Under control and in order, she could have been a fine specimen, with big dark eyes and a wide warm mouth, but not at the moment. I said distinctly, "Mrs. Ashby, Miss Vassos. I'm Archie Goodwin. May we come in?"

"You're a surprise," she told Elma. "You're so little. He liked big girls, like me, only he made exsheptions. You've got a nerve, suing me for a million dollars. I ought to be suing you for what he spent on you. Did he give you a gold flower with a pearl in the middle? You haven't got it on. There was one in a Jensen box when I went there that morning, the day he got killed. Kill now, pay later. I like it. I hope you like it." She fluttered a hand.

I was smiling at her, a broad, friendly smile. "About that gold flower with a pearl in the middle, Mrs. Ashby, that you saw on his desk Monday morning. You didn't expect Miss Vassos to be wearing that, did you?"

"Certainly not. They've got that one, the police. I told them I saw it there, and they said they had it." Her eyes went back to Elma, with an effort. "Of course you've got one. They all got one. Eighty bucks at Jensen's, sometimes more."

Elma parted her lips to say something, but I got in ahead. "I suppose your husband was in his room when you were there Monday morning, Mrs. Ashby? What time was it?"

"It was ten o'clock." She grinned at me. "You're a detective." She pointed a wobbly finger at me. "Answer yesh or no."

"Yes, but I'm not a cop."

"I know, I know. Nero Wolfe. Look here, if I'm high I know it. I know what I said and what I signed. I went there that morning at ten o'clock, and I knocked on the door, and he opened it, and I went in, and he gave me forty dollars, and I came out, and I went and bought a pair of shoes with the forty dollars because the accounts at the stores had been stopped." She straightened up, swaying a little, reached and caught the edge of the door, backed up and swung the door shut with a loud slam.

I could have stuck a foot in to stop it, but didn't bother. The shape she was in, it would have taken more than intelligence guided by experience to sort her out, and I already had a better fact than I had expected to get, that she had been in Ashby's room Monday morning, and the cops knew it. Of course they had checked it and, if the clerk who sold her the shoes had confirmed her timetable, she was out. Maybe. I followed Elma to the elevator.

In the taxi Elma said nothing until it stopped at Fifth Avenue for a red light, then turned her head to me and blurted, "It's so ugly! I don't want to sue her. Couldn't we stop it, I mean for her?"

I patted her shoulder. "Quit fussing. The damage has been done, and whoever gets it now has got it coming. You came and asked Mr. Wolfe for something, and you're going to get it, so relax. You have just convinced me, absolutely, that you never went very far with Ashby. Knowing you were going to meet Mrs. Ashby, you put your lipstick on crooked. Not that I had any real doubt, but that settles it."

She opened her bag and got out her mirror.

Paying the hackie at the curb in front of the old brownstone, mounting the stoop with Elma and using my key, I was surprised to find that the chain bolt was on, since it was only 5:30 and Wolfe would still be up in the plant rooms. I was starting my finger to the button when the door opened, and Fritz was there; he must have been in the hall on the lookout. He had his finger to his lips, so I kept my voice low to ask as we entered, "Company?"

He took Elma's coat and put it on a hanger, as I attended to mine, then turned. "Three—Mr. Mercer, Mr. Horan and Miss Cox. The door is closed. I don't like this, Archie, I never do, you know that, having to watch people ——"

"Sure. But if they brought a bomb, it won't go off till they leave. When did they come?"

"Just ten minutes ago. Mr. Wolfe said to tell them to come back in an hour, but they insisted, and he said to put them in

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the office and stay in the hall. I told him I was making *glace de viande*, but he said one of them is a murderer. I want to do my share, you know that, Archie, but I can't make good *glace de viande*, if I have to be watching murderers."

"Certainly not. But he could be wrong."

ned to Elma. "This could be even r, so why don't you go up to your oom? If you're needed later, we'll let you know."

"Thank you, Mr. Goodwin," she said and headed for the stairs. Fritz made for the kitchen, and I followed. I went to the small table against the wall where the house phone was and buzzed the plant rooms.

"Yes?"

"Me. Miss Vassos has gone to her room, and I'm in the kitchen. Report on Mrs. Ashby." I gave it to him. "So it's just as well I wasn't supposed to bring her; I would have had to carry her up the stoop. Notice that I didn't pry it out of her that she was there Monday morning; she tossed it in. Verdict reserved. Any instructions about the company in the office?"

"No."

"Do you want me up there?"

"No. I've been interrupted enough."

ung up.

e genius. If he had a program beyond a fishing party, which I doubted, I could guess my part as we went along. I went to the alcove in the hall and slid the panel, uncovering the hole. On the alcove side the hole is an open rectangle; on the office side it is hidden by a picture of a waterfall which you can see through from the alcove.

John Mercer, president of Mercer's Bobbins Inc., was leaning back in the red-leather chair, patting the chair arms with his palms. His white hair was thin but still there, and he looked more like a retired admiral than a bobbin merchant. Fritz had put yellow chairs in front of Wolfe's desk for the other two. They were talking in the low voices people use in a doctor's waiting room, something about a phone call that had or hadn't come from some customer. Phillip Horan was broad-shouldered and long-armed, with ng bony face and quick-moving eyes. Frances Cox was a big girl, armful, but her poundage was well distributed. Nothing about her smooth smart face suggested that she had been through three tough days, though she must have been. I stayed at the hole, sizing them up, until the sound came of the elevator, then rounded the corner to the office door, opened it and stayed there as Wolfe entered. He crossed to his desk, stood and sent his eyes around. He fixed them on Mercer and spoke.

"You are John Mercer?"

"I am." It came out hoarse, and Mercer cleared his throat. "Miss Frances Cox. Mr. Phillip Horan. We want ——"

Wolfe cut him off. "If you please." I had gone to my desk, and he sent me a glance. "Mr. Goodwin." He stayed on his feet. "I question the propriety of this, Mr. Mercer. Miss Vassos has brought an action at law against you three, and communication should be between her counselor and yours. I'm a detective, not a lawyer."

Mercer had straightened up. "Your ney told mine that you had told Miss s to bring the action."

did."

"And that she's here in your house."

"She is. But you're not going to see her."

"Isn't that a little highhanded?"

"No. It's merely circumspect. She has resorted to the law to right a wrong; let the lawyers do the talking."

"But her lawyer won't talk! He says he won't discuss it until you have gone further with the investigation!"

Wolfe's shoulders went up an eighth of an inch and down. "Very well. Then what are you doing here? Did your attorney tell you to come?"

"No. We're here to tell you there's nothing to investigate. Have you seen the afternoon paper? The *Gazette?*"

"No."

"It's on the front page. Inside are pictures of us and Inspector Cramer and you. That kind of sensational publicity is terrible for a respectable business firm, and it's outrageous. All we've done, we've answered the questions the police asked us investigating a murder, and we had to. What is there for you to investigate?"

"A murder. Two murders. In order to establish the ground for Miss Vassos's action for slander, I need to learn who killed Mr. Ashby and Mr. Vassos. It seems discreet and proper for Miss Vassos's attorney to decline to discuss it with your attorney until I have done so."

"But that's ridiculous! Who killed Ashby and Vassos? *You* learn that? The police already have! My attorney thinks it's just a blackmailing trick, and I think he's right!"

Wolfe shook his head. "He's wrong; attorneys often are. He doesn't know what I know, that the police have *not* identified the murderer. The point is this: whoever killed those men is almost certainly

HEAD OF A FAMILY at the age of 8

A solemn-faced boy—only eight years old—he heads a family of two—himself and his three-year-old sister. His parents may be dead. He doesn't know. All he has time to care about now is food for himself and his little sister... shoes... a place to sleep... a blanket.

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KILL NOW

responsible for the defamation of Miss Vassos's character, and I'm going to expose him. The actions brought by her are merely a step in the process, and manifestly a potent one, for here you are—you and Miss Cox and Mr. Horan—and it is highly likely that one of you is the culprit."

Mercer gawked at him. "One of *us?*"

"Yes, sir. That's my working hypothesis, based on a supportable conclusion. You may reject it with disdain and go, or you may stay and discuss it, as you please."

"You don't mean it. You *can't* mean it!"

"I can and do. That's what I'm going to investigate. The only way to stop me would be to satisfy me that I'm mistaken."

"Of course you're mistaken!"

"Satisfy me."

Mercer looked at Phillip Horan and Frances Cox. They looked back and at each other. Miss Cox said loudly, "It is blackmail."

Horan said, "We should have brought the lawyer."

Miss Cox said, "He wouldn't come."

Mercer looked at Wolfe and said, "How do you expect us to satisfy you?"

Wolfe nodded. "That's the question." He sat, brought the chair forward, and swiveled. "Conceivably you can, and speedily; there's only one way to find out. . . . Mr. Horan, did Mr. Vassos ever shine your shoes?"

The doorbell rang. I got up and detoured around the yellow chairs to the hall and switched on the stoop light. There facing me, his blunt nose almost touching the glass, was Inspector Cramer. From the expression on his big round red face, he hadn't come to bring the million dollars.

It was sometimes necessary, when we had company, to use an alias when announcing a caller who might or might not be welcome, and any name with two D's in it meant Cramer. I stepped into the office and said, "Mr. Judd."

"Ah?" Wolfe cocked his head at me. "Indeed." His brows went up. He turned to the company. "It's a question. Mr. Cramer of the police is at the door. Shall we have him join us? What do you think?"

They just looked. Not a word.

"I think not," Wolfe said, "unless you want him." He pushed his chair back and rose. "You will excuse me." He headed for the door. I stepped aside to let him by and followed him to the front. He slipped the bolt in, opened the door the two inches the chain would allow and spoke through the crack. "I'm busy, Mr. Cramer, and I don't know when I'll be free. Miss Frances Cox, Mr. John Mercer, and Mr. Phillip Horan are with me. I came to tell you instead of sending Mr. Goodwin because it seemed ——"

"Open the door!"

"No. I wouldn't object to your presence while I talk with these people, but you would ——"

"I want to see Elma Vassos. Open the door."

"That's it." Wolfe turned his head, and so did I, at a noise from behind. Phillip Horan's head was sticking out at the office door. Wolfe turned back to the crack. "That's the point. Miss Vassos will not see you. As I have said before, a citizen's rights vis-à-vis an officer of the law are anomalous and nonsensical. I can refuse to let you into my house, but once I admit you I am helpless. So I don't admit you—unless you have a warrant?"

"You know damn well I haven't. Elma Vassos has filed a complaint against me at your instigation, and I'm going to discuss it with her."

"Discuss it with her attorney."

"Bah. Nat Parker. You call the tune, and he plays it. Are you going to open this door?"

"No."

"All right, I *will* get a warrant."

"On what ground? I advise you to watch the wording. You can't claim the right to enter my house in search of evidence. Evidence of what? You can't charge an attempt to obstruct justice; if you say I am hindering an official investigation, I ask what investigation. Not of the death of Dennis Ashby; from the published accounts and from what you said to Mr. Goodwin yesterday morning, I understand that that is closed. As for a warrant to search my house for Miss Vassos, that's absurd. In your official capacity you can assert no right to see her or touch her. She has violated no law by bringing a civil action against you. I advise ——"

"She's a material witness."

"Indeed. In what matter? The People of the State of New York versus Peter Vassos for the murder of Dennis Ashby? Pfui. Peter Vassos is dead. Or have you abandoned that theory? Do you now think that the one who killed Ashby is still alive? If so, who are the suspects and how can Miss Vassos be a material witness against one or more of them? No, Mr. Cramer; it's no good; I'm busy; the cold air rushes through this crack; I'm shutting the door."

"Wait a minute. You know damn well she can't get me for damages."

"Perhaps not. But there's a good chance she can get you put under oa and asked who told you that she h improper relations with Dennis Ashby. Mr. Goodwin asked you that yesterday and you were amused. Offensively. Will you tell me now, not for quotation?"

"No. You know I won't. Are you saying that she didn't? That Vassos didn't kill Ashby?"

"Certainly. That's why I got those people here. That's what I'm going to discuss with them. The actions brought ——"

"Damn it, Wolfe, open the door!"

"I'm shutting it. If you change your mind about answering my question, you know my phone number."

Cramer has his points. Knowing that it would be silly to try to stop the door with his foot, since Wolfe and I together weigh 450 pounds, he didn't. Knowing that if he stood there and shook his fist and made faces we would see him through the one-way glass, he didn't. He turned and went. Wolfe and I about-faced Horan was no longer peeking; he h stepped into the hall and was stand. there. As we approached, he turned ana moved inside and, as we entered the office, he was speaking.

"It was Inspector Cramer. Wolfe shut the door on him. He's gone."

Frances Cox said loudly, "You don't shut the door on a police inspector."

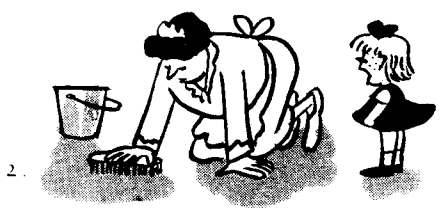
"Wolfe does. He did."

TO BE CONCLUDED

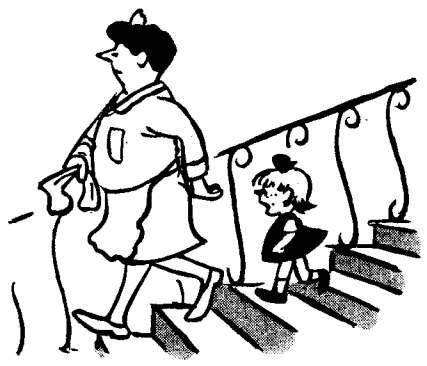
SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

HAZEL *by* Ted Key

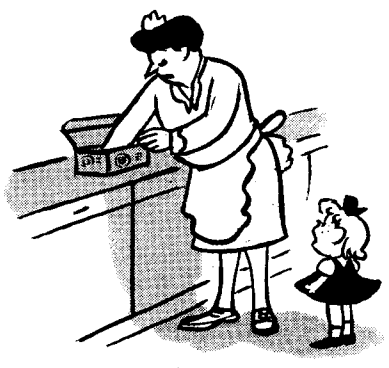
". . . and that's why we moved to this neighborhood. I like it here. My mother doesn't. My father says she has royal blood in her veins. . . ."



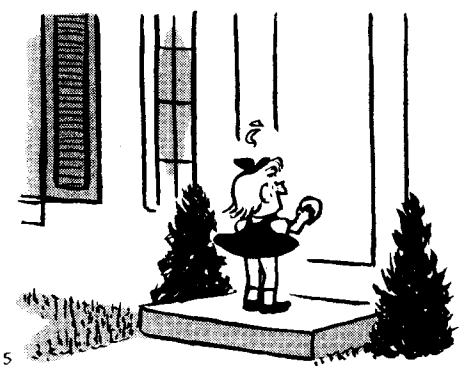
". . . well, you should have heard Aunt Belle. She told Uncle Al to get out and stay out and never come back as long as he lived, and if he dared . . ."



". . . before my brother Joey was born. My mother wants a large family. I like a large family. My father says if he has anything to do with it . . ."



". . . only he hates where he works. They're real skinflints. My mother says if it weren't for the money her father left her, we'd all be out in the . . ."



"THANKS FOR THE COOKY!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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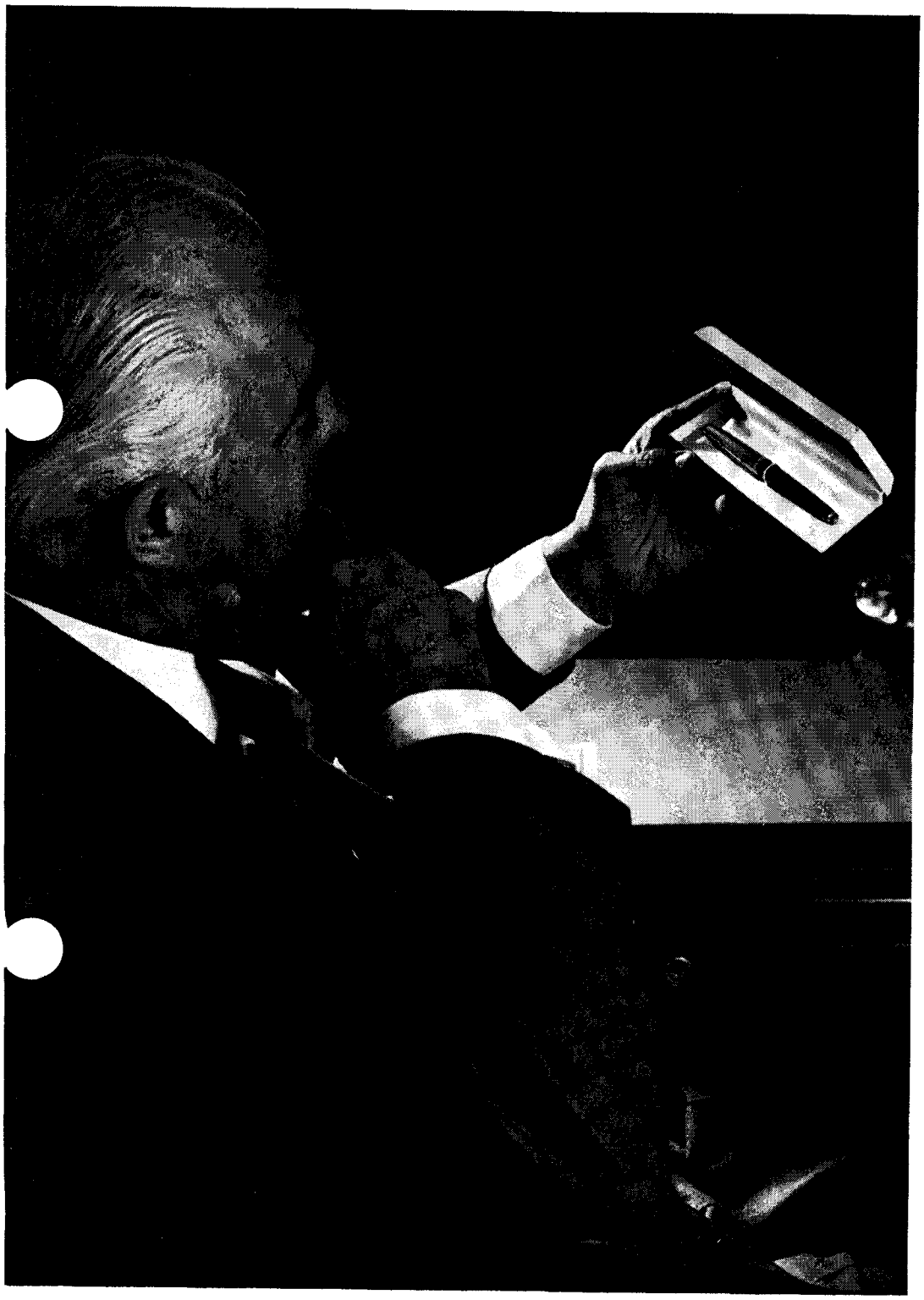
To the man who has a very good friend with $15



Don't expect him to invest in a gift you want, unless you give him a few hints

If a friend is willing to spend $15 on you, he deserves a little help in finding you a present that you won't tuck away in a closet on December 26.

Tell him how fed up you are with ballpoint pens that skip, stutter or quit just when your thoughts are flowing.

Tell him how long it's been since you've held a fountain pen in hand that didn't leave you with ink-stained fingers.

Tell him that Parker has come out with a surprising new pen that even makes its own ink. Ask if he's ever seen one—"the remarkable Parker 61—I think they call it."

You might even tell him it's been a long time since you owned a really fine fountain pen and you wish somebody would have the good taste and common sense to give you one for Christmas.

If hints don't work, why not just buy a 61 for yourself? Prices range from $15 to $150. Choice of 8 points to bring out the best in your handwriting. The 61 is available in Canada at the same prices as in the USA.

PARKER—Maker of the World's most wanted pens

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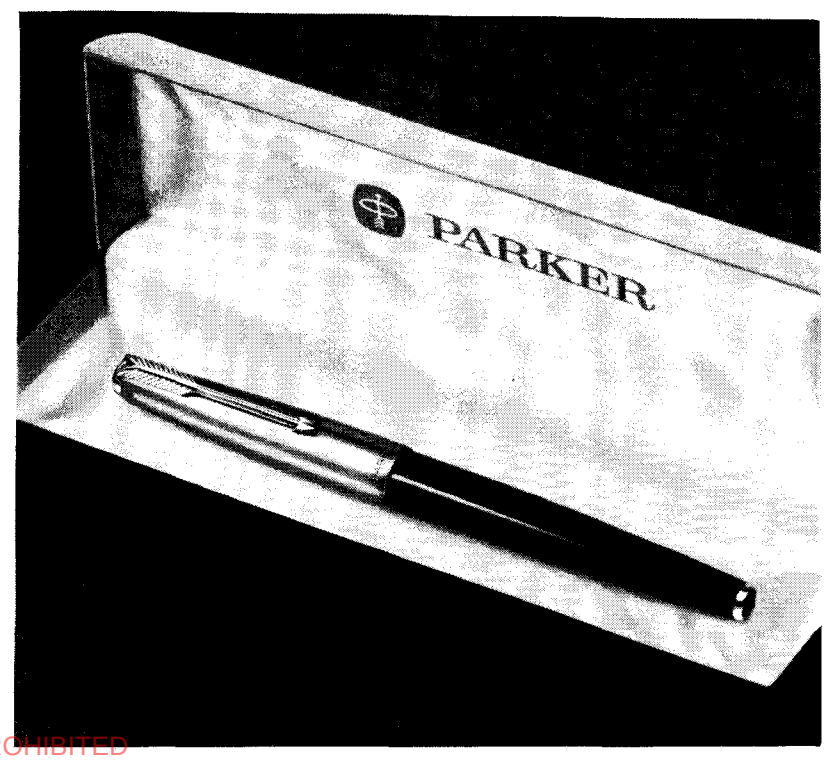
The remarkable Parker 61



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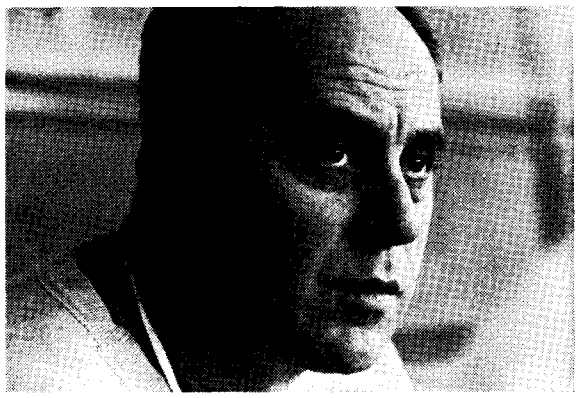
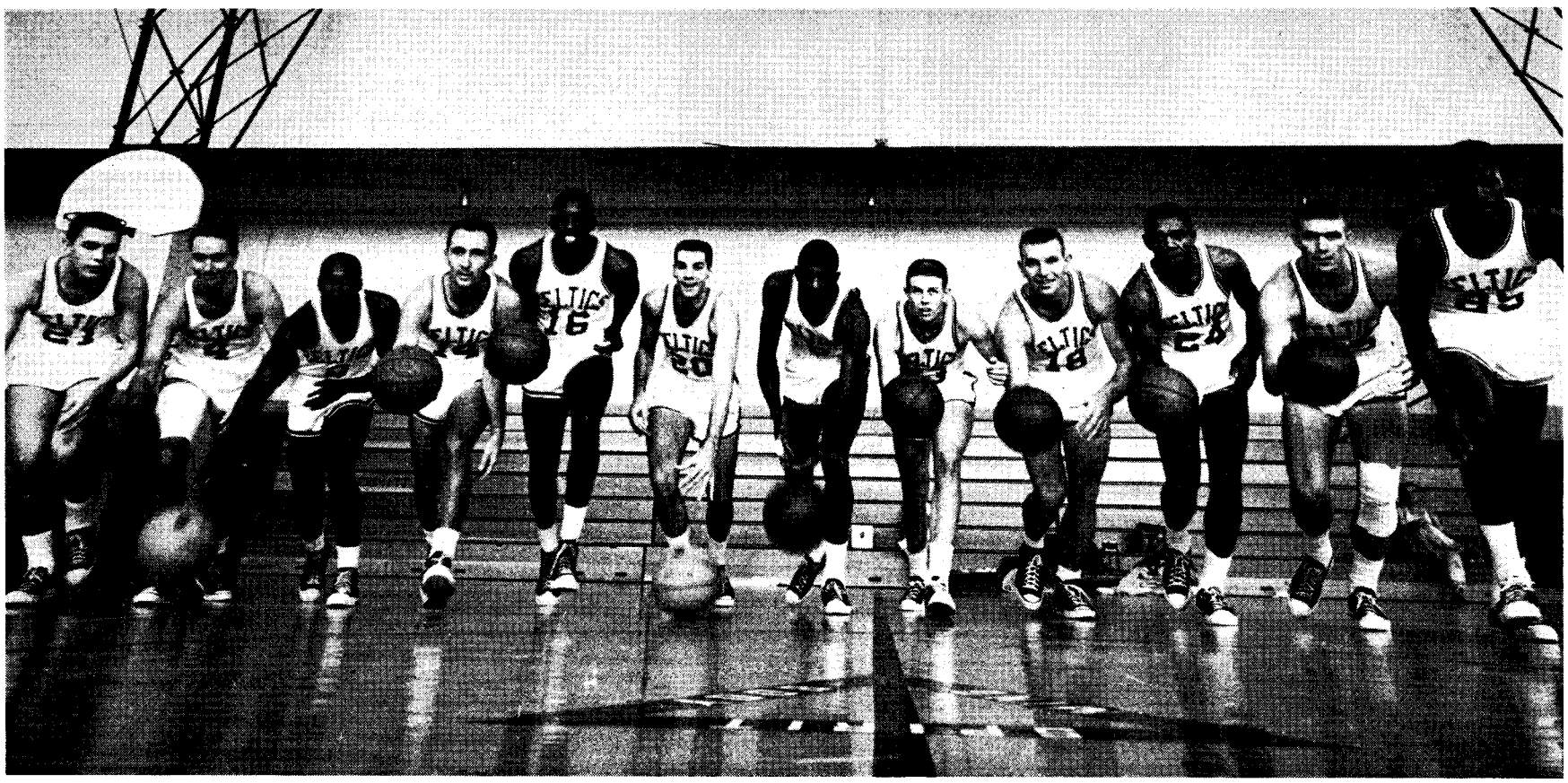
HOW I HANDLE THE BOSTON CELTICS



Things you don't know about the players on basketball's most-renowned team—as revealed by their perceptive coach.

BY ARNOLD (RED) AUERBACH AS TOLD TO AL HIRSHBERG



Phillips Braun Butler Cousy Sanders Guarilia Russell Ramsey Loscutoff Sam Jones Heinsohn K. C. Jones.

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There have been plenty of better basketball coaches than I am, but there's never been a better basketball team than my Boston Celtics. Just look at the record. Playing against the toughest competition in the history of the sport, we've won three straight National Basketball Association championships and four in the last five years, along with five straight Eastern Division titles. The Celtics are to basketball what the Yankees are to baseball—a club with ability, class, confidence, consistency, pride and *esprit de corps*.

In my opinion, the 1961 Celtics were the finest team ever assembled. Inspired by Bob Cousy and sparked by Bill Russell, they had everything—two great centers in Russell and Gene Conley; four bruising corner men in Tom Heinsohn, Frank Ramsey, Jim Loscutoff and Tom Sanders; and four clever back-court men in Cousy, Bill Sharman and the Jones boys, K.C. and Sam. This club was so deep in talent that the starting team and bench were almost interchangeable.

But we didn't win the title automatically. No team ever does, for teams are composed of human beings, complete with human weaknesses. Each man must be handled as an individual, and that's where the coach comes in. The players know all the notes, but they still need somebody to keep them from going off key.

Even Bob Cousy, for my money the greatest all-round basketball player who ever lived, isn't immune. He's so intense that he sometimes goes into action on too high an emotional pitch. One night last winter, in a game against the Philadelphia Warriors, Cousy heaved the ball over Russell's head four times in the first two minutes.

I took him out and said, in calm, conversational tones, "Slow down. Get back with these guys. Russell's not ten feet tall."

"Sorry, Red," he said quietly. "I got carried away. I'll be all right now."

A few minutes later, when I sent him back into the game, he was his usual self. That was typical of Cousy. I never have to raise my voice or talk to him more than once. He never argues, for he knows as well as I do when he's off the beam.

Tom Heinsohn, on the other hand, has to be sat on every so often. Like Cousy, he's from Holy Cross. Heinsohn is an enthusiastic kid who loves to shoot. Sometimes, in his eagerness to get into position to score, he gets careless on defense.

One night in Los Angeles he popped in a couple of beautiful baskets while his opponent was scoring three times during the same period. When I yanked him, he came out with a pained expression on his face and a protest on his lips.

"Sit down and shut up," I said.

"I'm O.K., Red," Heinsohn said.

"Maybe *you're* O.K.," I said, "but the way you're playing defense, the ball club isn't. Now don't talk to me any more. If there's any talking to do, I'll do it."

I let him stew for a while, then sent him back in, and he was all right. Later he came over to me in the locker room and said, "You know what I'm going to do some day, when you and I are long gone from this business? I'm going to walk into your house and talk your ear off."

When I first saw Tom Sanders come out to play for New York University a couple of years ago, I nearly fell off my seat laughing. He wore huge horn-rimmed glasses and homemade foam-rubber kneepads that reached nearly to his ankles. After I'd watched him play a few times, I knew I wanted him for a fourth corner man, but I saw to it that he switched from glasses to contact lenses and gave up his kneepads. I want my players to look like big-leaguers at all times—both on and off the basketball court.

It took me a whole year to get Bill Russell to dress properly. Bill got a pretty good bonus for signing and spent most of it on a car, a set of miniature trains and a down payment on his house. He had never bothered much with clothes and at first didn't see what difference it made how he looked when he wasn't playing basketball. He finally got the idea, then went to the other extreme. Now he's a fashion plate who probably spends more money on what he wears than anyone else on the ball club, if not the whole league.

But my biggest problem with Russell was getting him mad. He was such an easygoing guy that nothing bothered him. As soon as the big men on other clubs realized it, they began pushing him around. He bounced off more elbows and shoulders and hips than anyone else I ever saw, but he didn't do anything to stop it.

One night in New York two or three years ago, Ray Felix, who stands six-eleven, was giving Russell a terrible going-over. When Bill didn't make any move to retaliate, I called time out and said, "Russell, *nobody* can take what you've been taking without getting mad. What's the matter with you? If you'd hit this guy, you'd murder him."

I think my calling him by his last name was what finally got him sore. Anyway, he went back into the game burning. The next time Felix shoved an elbow into his face, Russell hauled off and belted him. Felix went out cold.

Nobody bothered Bill again for a couple of years. Last winter Jim Krebs of Los Angeles took a few too many liberties with him, and Russell knocked *him* cold too, for a perfect five-year career record—two punches, two knockouts.

When Russell first came to us in the middle of the 1956-57 season, he brought with him great natural talent, a flaming will to win and a tremendous desire to learn. Arnie Risen, a veteran center we had picked up from Rochester the previous year, was an excellent teacher for Bill. Cousy and Sharman also helped him no end. By the time the season was over, Russell was already recognized as the best rebounder the game had ever seen, and today he rates in my book as the finest center in basketball history.

Then there's big Jim Loscutoff of Oregon. He's burly and powerful—a valuable man under the backboards—and the most courageous ballplayer I've ever had. He went through a whole season with a knee that had to be operated on right afterward. Later he was on the shelf because of a spinal-disc operation, but he came back again to play some good basketball for us, and he's still doing it.

Frank Ramsey of Kentucky is a pro's pro and has been from the day he joined the ball club in 1954. Most college All-Americans are rank rookies when they turn pro, but we didn't have to teach Ramsey much. He knew most of the moves instinctively. He's got a perfect disposition for this business. He isn't fazed by play-offs, clutch situations or anything else. All he wants to do is win.

For ten or fifteen minutes before a game Ramsey sits in a corner of the locker room without saying a word. By the time the game starts, he has worked himself into the proper mental state. From then on he's ready for anything I want him to do—start, sit on the bench, play in a corner up front or go into the back court.

Ramsey ranks next to Cousy for being easy to handle. Cousy did have a lot to learn when he first broke in. He knew little about defensive play, and his passing was a puzzle to his teammates. He could throw the ball from all sorts of angles, but he was the only one who knew where it was going.

Cousy and I had dozens of talks about this. "Every time a pass is dropped it's your fault," I told him. "I don't care if you throw it behind your back, between your legs, off your ear, or how—just as long as the guy it's meant for catches it. The criterion of a great passer is the completion of the pass."

Cousy is a smart guy. He knew we couldn't win without having the ball. He also knew that I wouldn't play him if he kept throwing it away, and to him that was the worst punishment of all. So he cut down on the monkey business and became the most effective playmaker basketball has ever known.

No matter how hopeless the situation, Cousy never gives up. Larry Costello of the Syracuse Nats stole the ball from him in a crucial moment of a play-off game two years ago. Without a chance in the world of catching up to the man, Cousy took after him. Costello knew Cousy was there and got rattled. He missed his shot, and Cousy arrived in time to grab the rebound.

For ten years Cousy and Sharman gave us the strongest back court in the league. Sharman could shoot as well as Cousy could pass, which made them an ideal combination. If Sharman could have accepted—as Cousy did—the fact that he's not so young as he used to be, he might still be with the Celtics. Last year, at thirty-four, he resented the additional time he had to spend on the bench. He thought it meant we didn't want him, so he left us at the end of the season to become coach of the Los Angeles team in the new American Basketball League.

Sharman was such an outstanding shot that people didn't realize how many other things he could do well. He was a marvelous defensive player. A fighter who wouldn't back off from anyone, he was a tough guy to tangle with. And he was a model athlete—never smoked or drank, exercised regularly, took a nap before every game and lived as a great athlete should live.

While Cousy and Sharman were the best back-court men I ever saw, the Jones boys aren't too far behind them. Sam is very fast, a remarkably accurate shooter and so graceful that he makes everything look easy. K.C.—no relation to Sam—is one of the best playmakers in the game.

Sometimes Sam, whom the boys on our club call "Nonchalant Jones," is too smooth. One night last year he was prancing up and down the court looking pretty, but not getting the job done. There's no substitute for hustle, and that can often mean leaving your feet and diving after a loose ball. Sam was doing no diving that night, and his man was consistently beating him to the punch.

I called time out and said, "Sam, you're the smoothest thing out there. Now you just come and be the smoothest thing on the bench. Sit down a while and watch the clumsy guys play. You might learn something."

"Gee, Red, I didn't realize I was that bad," he said. When he went back into action, he gave his opponent a rough time the rest of the night.

Like Bill Russell, Sam has a nervous stomach, and I handle both the same way. We go through a routine of seeing the doctor, getting pills and agreeing that he shouldn't dress for the game if he doesn't want to. Then Sam—or Bill—tells me at the last minute that maybe he'll suit up after all, and the next thing I know he's running around the court as frisky as ever.

Sam was a real sleeper. He went to a little Negro school, North Carolina College. I drafted

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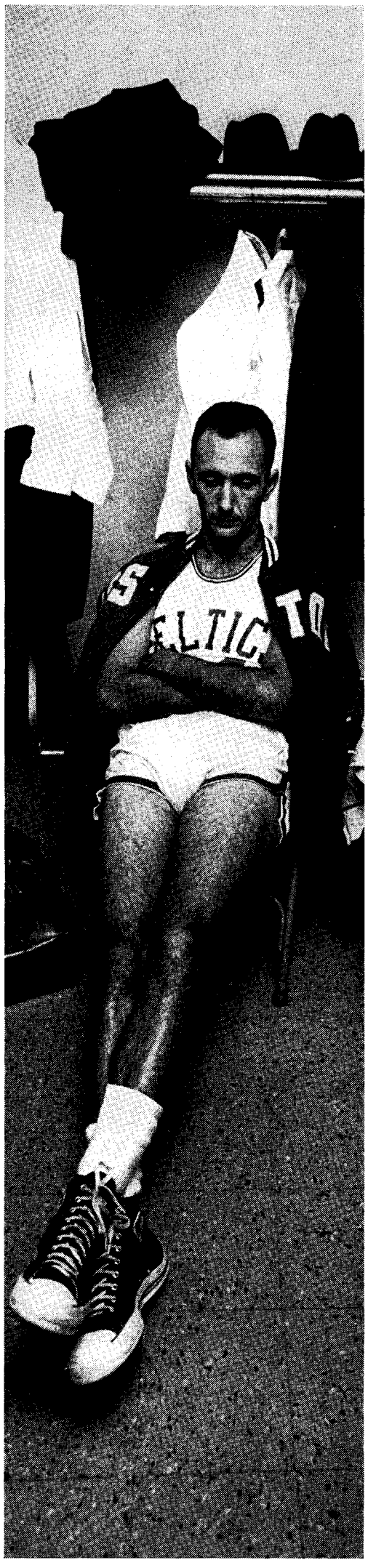

Wily veteran of many hardwood campaigns, the Celtics' brilliant Bob Cousy still suffers attacks of pregame jitters.

him in 1957 on the recommendation of Bones McKinney, the Wake Forest College basketball coach, one of my former players. The boy made a million mistakes at first, but he was lightning fast and refused to give up. Cousy practically took him over as a personal project and helped to make a fine basketball player out of him.

K.C. Jones was better known. He played with Bill Russell at the University of San Francisco. K.C. also tried to model himself after Cousy, and he's succeeded pretty well. But sometimes he goes too far. Like Cousy, he has a tendency to get hopped up and throw the ball away in his excitement. When that happens, I have to pull him out and give him time to cool off.

The only time I get mad at K.C. is when he won't take a shot at the basket. One night last winter, with a set-up in front of him, he passed the ball to someone else. I yanked him and asked him why he didn't shoot.

"I didn't think you wanted me to," he said.

"Of course I want you to," I said. "I want anyone to shoot when he's in position. All you're doing is eliminating yourself as a scoring threat. If you've got a shot, shoot it."

I brought K.C. Jones along slowly at first and used him in spots. He didn't score much, but he was a tiger on defense. Whenever I put him in, we gained a few points and, if we were ahead, we stayed there. By the end of his first season he had it made.

Gene Conley was a surprise star. A big-league baseball pitcher, he had played a season with us in 1952–53 and then given up basketball. One day nearly six years later, when he was with the Philadelphia Phillies, he phoned me and said, "After being away from basketball for so long, I know this is ridiculous, Red, but I'd like to give it another shot."

"Come ahead," I said. I was delighted. I needed someone to relieve Russell, and I was sure Gene could do the job. I wanted him mostly to control the backboards while Russell was resting. "Gene," I used to say, "I don't care if you never score a point or set up a play. Just get me the ball, get rid of it and get into position for rebounds as fast as you can."

One night we faced a game against the Warriors in Philadelphia without Russell. Bill was hurt, so Conley had to take over against Wilt Chamberlain, who averages nearly forty points a game. Gene swarmed all over the big guy, kept him in the lower thirties and scored twenty-eight points himself. We won the ball game.

Gene was a sensitive, highly emotional fellow, although he looked as if nothing bothered him. I learned never to ridicule him or yell at him. He needed frequent compliments and pats on the back. But he was a great team player.

We lost him this year in a special draft for stocking the new Chicago team in our league. It came down to a point where we had to risk losing either Gene, who is thirty-one, or Sanders, who's twenty-three. Naturally, we elected to keep the younger man. Conley never reported to Chicago, but signed with Washington in the American Basketball League just before the current season began.

After being notified that he was no longer with the Celtics, Conley told me, "Red, I just want you to know there are no hard feelings. I understand why you had to let me go."

That was really the ultimate in team spirit. But it has been typical of the whole ball club. We've had no prima donnas, no point hogs, no one who thought of himself ahead of the team. Heinsohn, our scoring leader last season, was only thirteenth in the league. Except for Sharman, the foul-shooting king, and Cousy, who usually tops the N.B.A. in assists, the Celtics have rarely had an individual league leader in anything.

Statistics aren't a true measure of a ballplayer's value to his team. If they could show me figures where a guy makes a clutch basket, or where he stops or fails to stop an opponent from scoring, I'd pay more attention to them. The only true statistics are the foul-shooting figures, which everyone can see and count. Everything else is garbage.

Give me a ball club—like the Celtics—where almost everyone is in double figures almost every game, and with no one man dominating the scoring. You can have the team that has one man who is up in the thirties, maybe two others in double figures and everyone else down to one or two baskets.

Scoring champions don't make a championship team. Bill Russell, our big guy, is one of the poorest shots in the league, yet one of the most valuable players. He can't shoot from the outside, and he misses fouls all over the place. But he's great on defense and can outjump everyone—including Chamberlain, who is four inches taller. Russell's timing is fantastic. He can get the ball off the backboard and pass it to a teammate faster than anyone else in the game. He's perfect for our fast-breaking style of play.

I'm convinced that the 1961 Boston Celtics could have toyed with any of the top basketball teams of the past. The original Celtics of New York, dream team of the 1920's, couldn't have beaten our club one game in a hundred. They were too small. The Minneapolis Lakers of George Mikan's time, who won five world's championships in six years beginning in 1949, would have lost to us consistently. They didn't have our depth.

Mikan was a stickout because there wasn't another good tall man in the league then. He had smaller courts to play on, so he didn't have to run as far as the boys do today. There was no twenty-four-second rule, which requires a team to take a shot within twenty-four seconds after getting the ball, so he didn't have to run as fast either. His teammates could wait for him to get into position and then feed the ball to him.

Playing today's rules, a fellow like Russell could practically shut Mikan out. Russell would outlast him, outsmart him, murder him at the backboards and block all his hook shots, if he ever got any off. The only baskets Mikan would make would be on pure muscle, by pushing his weight around. Even then, his tactics would be so obvious that he'd foul out before the game was half over.

Pro basketball has changed since I started coaching. I'm forty-four now—the oldest coach in the league, the only one who has been in it since its formation in 1946. I had the Washington Caps for three years, then switched to Boston. By the 1956–57 season we had a championship club.

Today, in spite of the loss of Sharman and Conley, I'm not too concerned about the Celtics' future. We've added a rookie, Gary Phillips from Houston University, and a veteran, Carl Braun, who got fired as coach of the New York Knickerbockers last spring. He's thirty-four and we can squeeze a couple more good years out of him.

Cousy is thirty-three, but he's far from through. The only others thirty or more are Ramsey and Loscutoff. Ramsey shows no signs of slowing up, and there's more mileage in Loscutoff if he doesn't come unglued. The rest are all in their twenties, and I don't worry about them. Barring unforeseen disaster, I would say the Celtics will stay on top for some time to come. THE END

Photographs by Larry Fried

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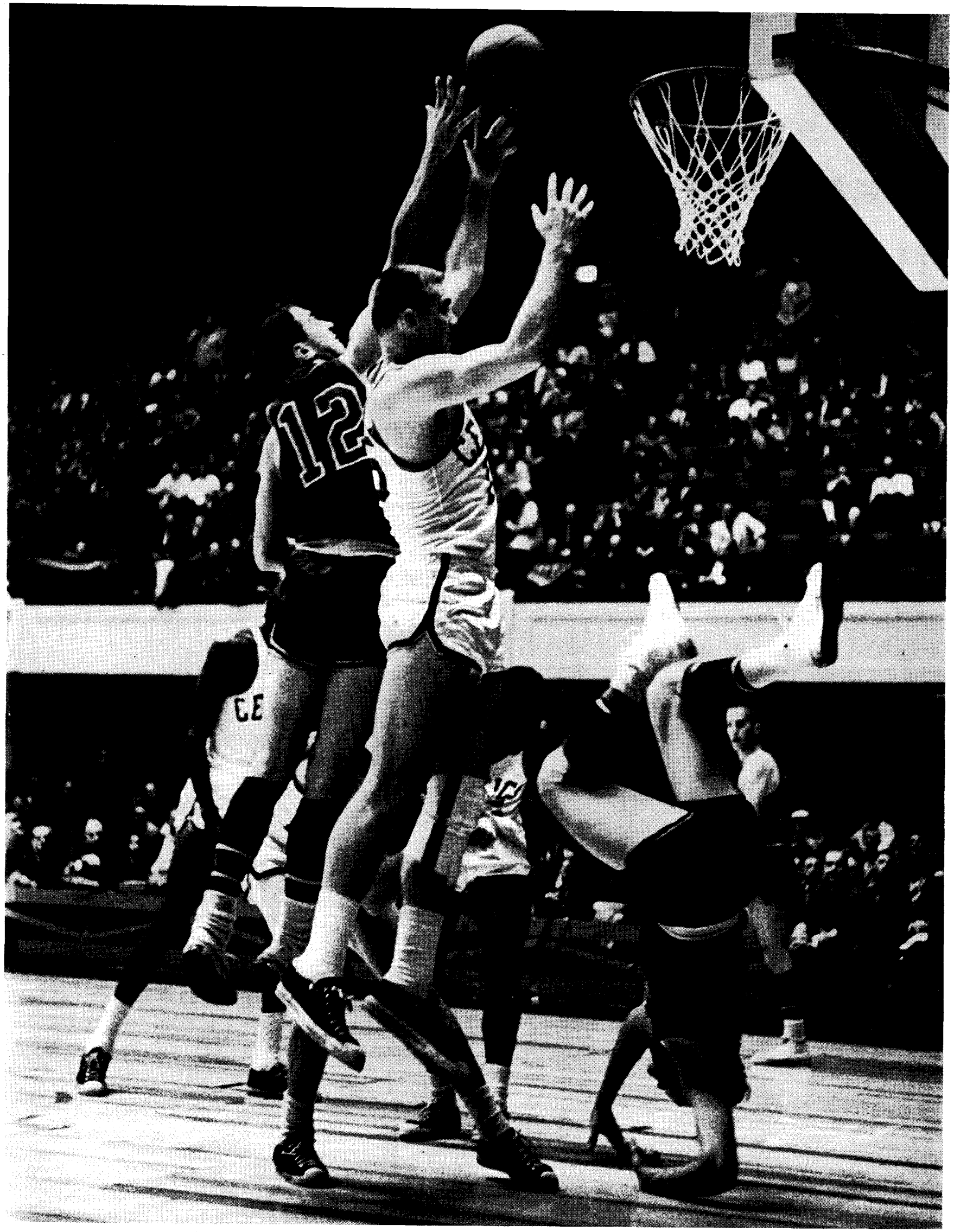

Detroit's Bob Ferry tumbles off the boards as Celtic Heinsohn (white jersey) and Piston George Lee scrap for a rebound.

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For an Anticolonialist, Sukarno Is Building Quite an Empire

Despite his frequent sneers at colonialists, President Sukarno of Indonesia cannot look in the mirror without seeing one. Not content with holding many parts of his present empire against the will of the inhabitants, he is reaching out to annex half of the second-largest island in the world, New Guinea. Sukarno, who already rules 90,000,000 brown subjects in his misnamed "guided democracy," opposes self-determination for the black folk to the east of Indonesia. He has threatened war unless the Dutch turn their last colony over to him.

The gigantic island lies directly north of Australia, and its eastern half is under Australian rule. The western half, controlled by the Dutch, is called Netherlands New Guinea. The primitive people whom the Dutch are civilizing are 700,000 Papuans, many of whom have never learned that eating people is wrong. Such epicures also like to save the heads as trophies of battle. There are places where a woman suckles her child at one breast and an orphaned little pig at the other.

Because the Papuans have been isolated in tiny groups by the stupendous mountains and the swamps and jungles, they have developed more than 200 separate languages. The vast majority of the people belong to what is known as the melanodermic (black-skinned) group. If Sukarno, the empire grabber, should succeed in annexing Netherlands New Guinea, he will then go on to demand the Australian half. There are nearly 1,500,000 Papuans there, and he will insist on getting them without a vote.

The Dutch have told the UN that they are willing to keep on contributing $30,000,000 a year to guide western New Guinea out of the Stone Age. Working hard and skillfully, the Dutch are developing an educated minority. About 50,000 Papuan children receive elementary education. More than half the government jobs are held by Papuans. Some Papuans are legislators. Missionaries from the Netherlands and the United States are active in educational and medical work.

In a speech at the UN General Assembly, Foreign Minister Luns of the Netherlands has asked that the UN set up an authority to administer the territory. The Dutch will request their civil-service staff to remain as UN employees as long as they are needed, and thus prevent such terror and bloodshed as followed Belgium's withdrawal from the Congo.

What proposal could be fairer?

LET'S STOP GIVING RED PROPAGANDA A FREE RIDE

The United States is supposed to be fighting Communist propaganda. Why then do we assist the Soviet Union and other iron-curtain countries in distributing tons of propaganda material in this country among refugees, minority groups, student and youth organizations? This is just what we have been doing.

Previous to a presidential order of last March, second- and third-class mail—including some gaudy propaganda magazines—was rejected by the customs authorities at the ports of entry. Recipients in the U.S.A. of such material from iron-curtain countries were asked if they wished to accept it. If not accepted, the letters were returned to the sender. Thus a harassed Czech or Ukrainian need not reveal his whereabouts for possible threats or blackmail.

Today there is no means of holding up the truckloads of propaganda material sent to Communist agents in the United States for distribution where it will do the most harm. Irving Fishman, deputy collector of customs in New York, told the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security that "the effect of the Soviet material can best be evaluated by the reaction of the people of foreign origin who have been in almost daily communication with us from all over the country, asking us to withhold delivery of this material and explaining that it is dangerous to circulate it among the people of the United States, especially those who have their heritage in these foreign countries."

Besides the millions of packages of tracts and magazines, there is a persistent campaign by letter, directed to exiles in this country. A Ukrainian or a Hungarian who receives a letter by registered mail from his homeland realizes that, despite the fact that he has moved or changed his first name, the authorities in the Communist country have a line on him. Dr. Bela Fabian, chairman of the Federation of Hungarian Former Political Prisoners, states that "these exiles are constantly harassed by government-inspired letters from relatives in the Ukraine and not infrequently accosted or approached by alleged agents of the Soviet Government. They are alternately implored, threatened or blackmailed into returning to their homeland, to work for their homeland in the country of their adoption or even solicited to act as spies."

Apparently in the hope of creating good will, the United States finds itself acting as finger man on behalf of the Communists, at the same time facilitating the distribution of enticing pictures of life in the slave countries. Could we not at least demand equal treatment for our own publications?

STATES RISK RIGHTS BY HUCKSTERING FOR NEW INDUSTRIES

The states are in danger of losing a most important evidence of their sovereignty: the exemption from Federal income tax of interest on state and municipal bonds. Moreover, some of them have contributed to this threat by their own unsound practices on industrial financing.

To attract industry to depressed or underdeveloped areas, some states encourage their municipalities to sell tax-exempt public bonds to finance the construction of plants, which are then leased to private concerns. Industrialists and bankers, teamed with ambitious politicians, have sponsored the sale of more than 300 such bond issues in eight states for a total of $143,000,000. This perversion of public credit to private ends threatens not only the tax-exempt status of all local bonds but also the sovereignty of the states upon which tax exemption rests.

However, the remedy is not a blanket assault on this basic element in the Federal system. It is commonly believed that rich people live on interest from tax-exempt local bonds. Undoubtedly some do profit from this situation, but the investment by individuals represents less than one sixth of their investments in taxable securities. The big investors in municipal bonds are insurance companies, corporations, banks and state funds.

Another misconception is that an important source of revenue is being denied the Federal treasury. Actually, if all local bonds were subject to Federal income tax, the gain would be less than eight tenths of 1 per cent of the national budget! On the other hand, citizens of the states benefit from Federal tax immunity through lower local taxes and fees.

In the wise belief that local governments are important, the men who made the Constitution incorporated into it provisions to protect state sovereignty. An incidental by-product has been the exemption from Federal taxation of state and local bonds. Congress and the courts have unceasingly supported interpretations of the Constitution defending the tax immunity of local bonds. To eliminate this feature would seriously impair the ability of the states and subdivisions to finance their needs. It would be a drastic blow to state sovereignty.

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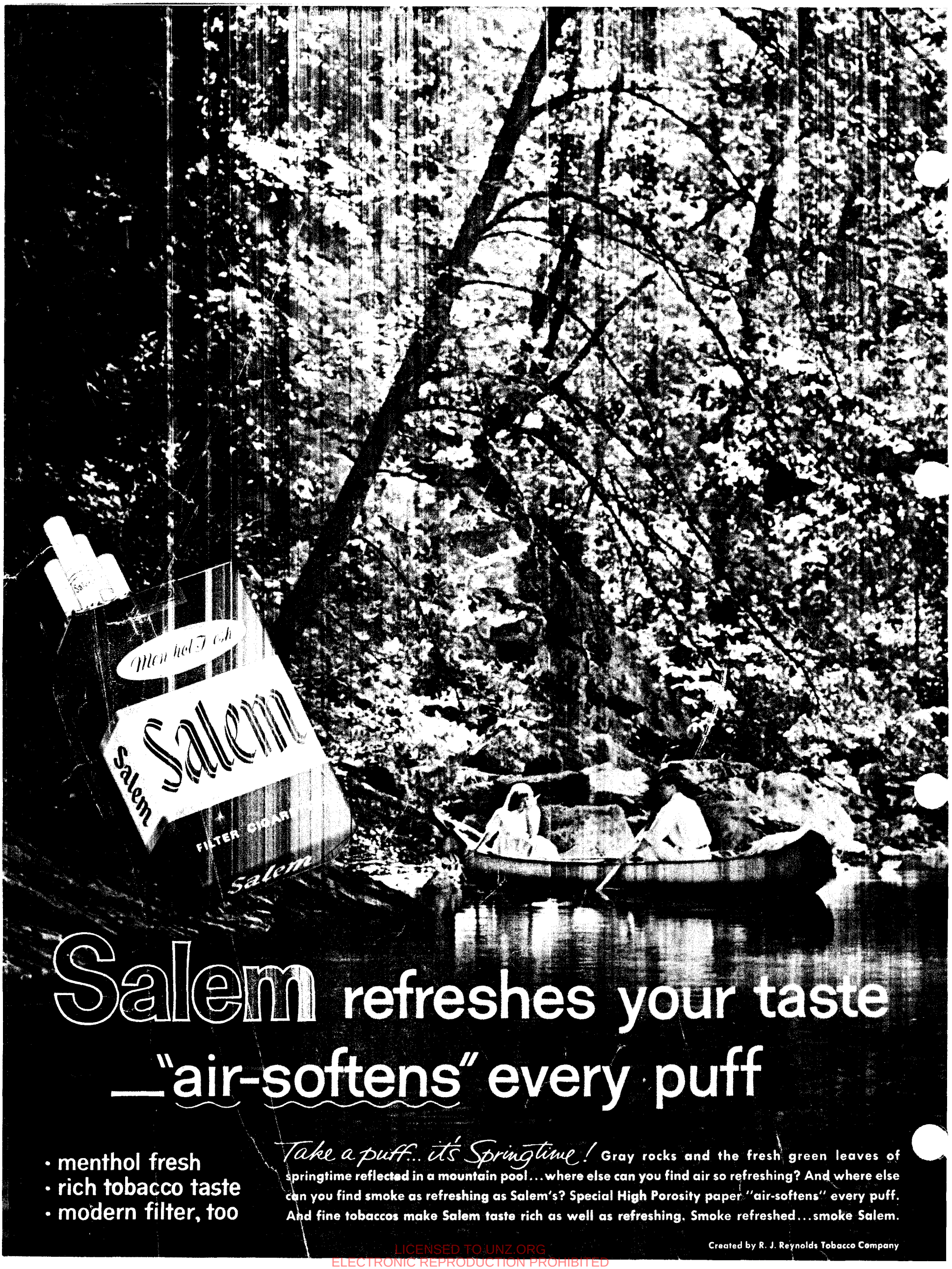

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